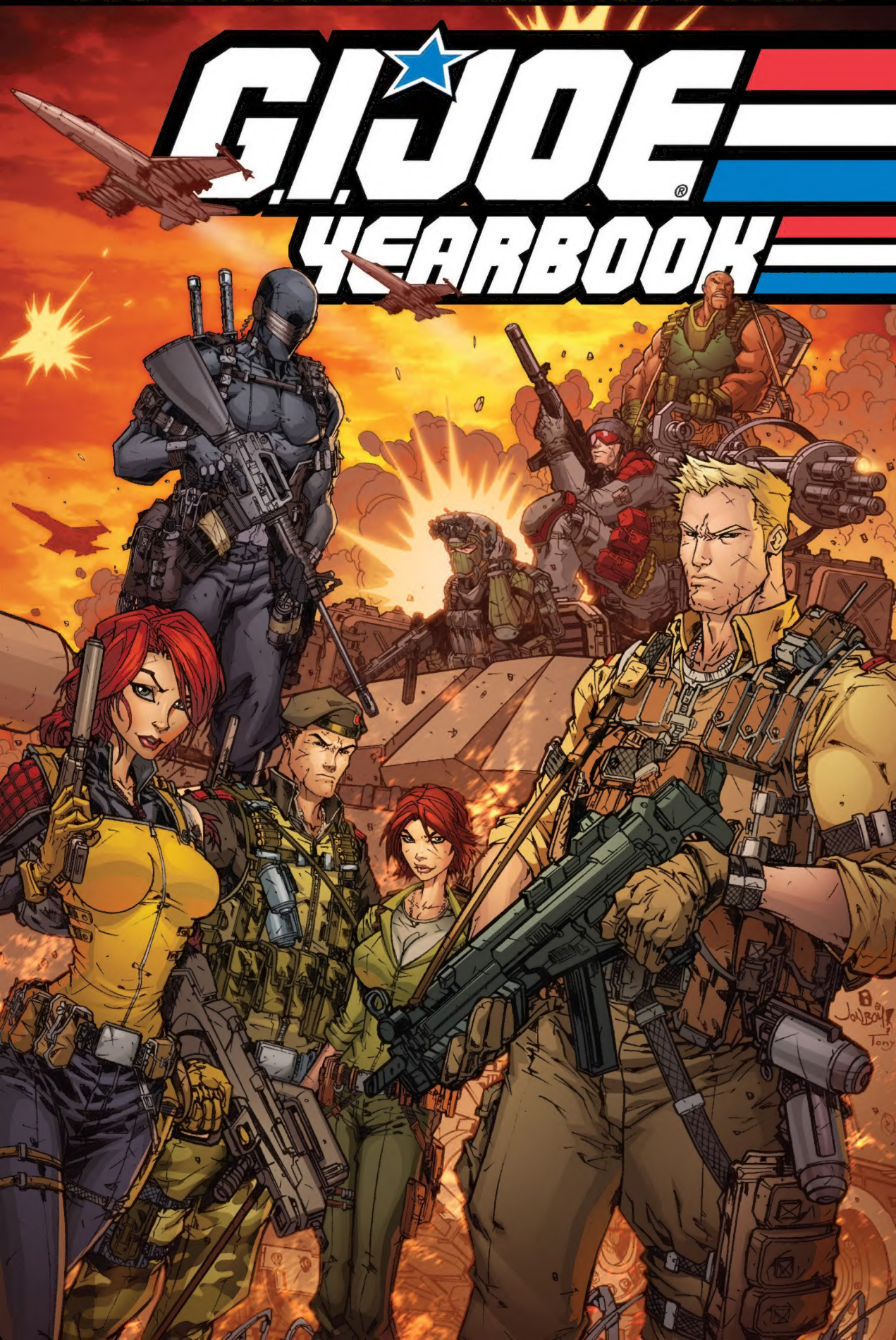
COLLECTED FOR THE FIRST TIME!

G.I. JOE® YEARBOOK



G.I.JOE
YEARBOOK

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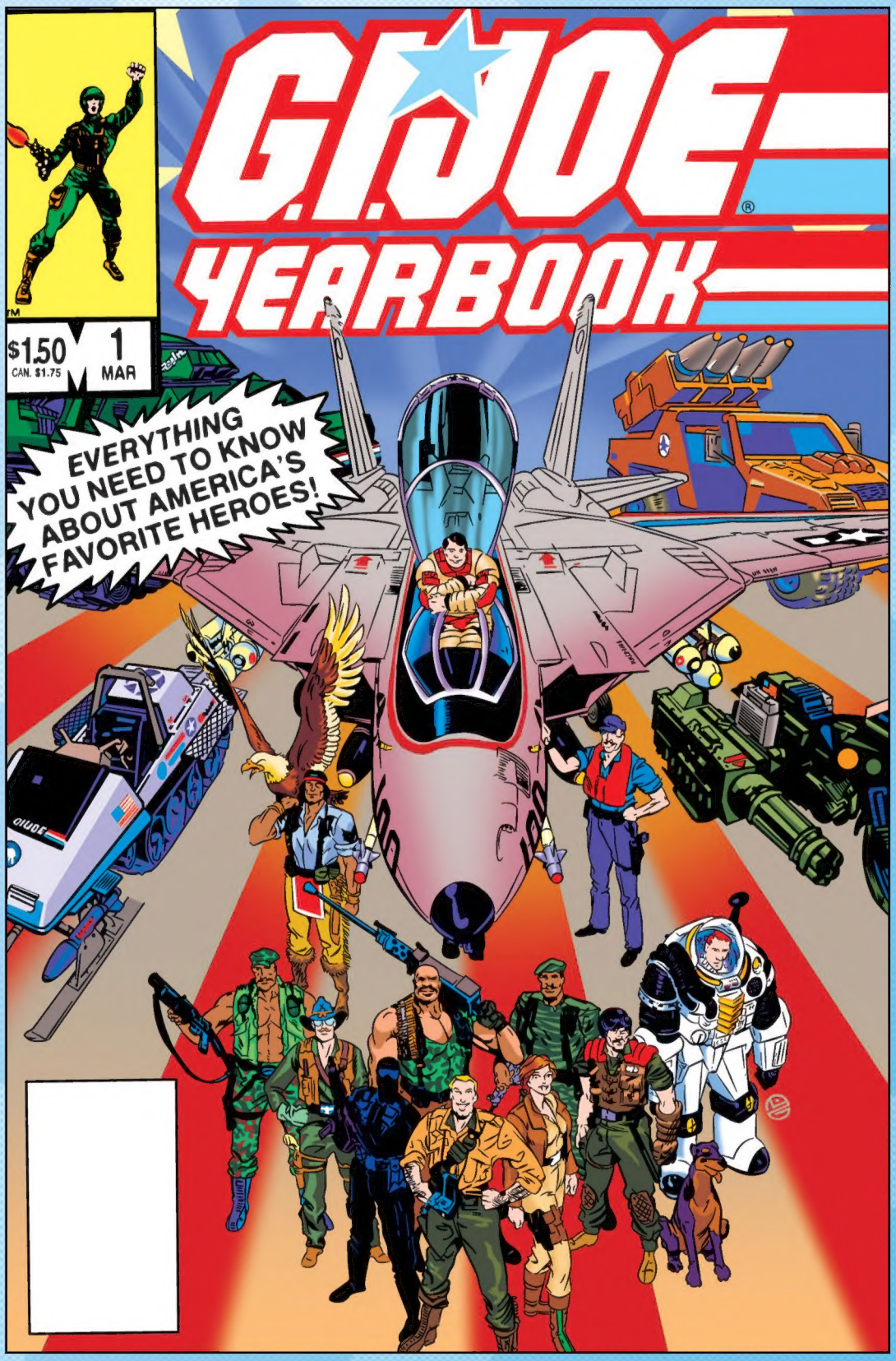
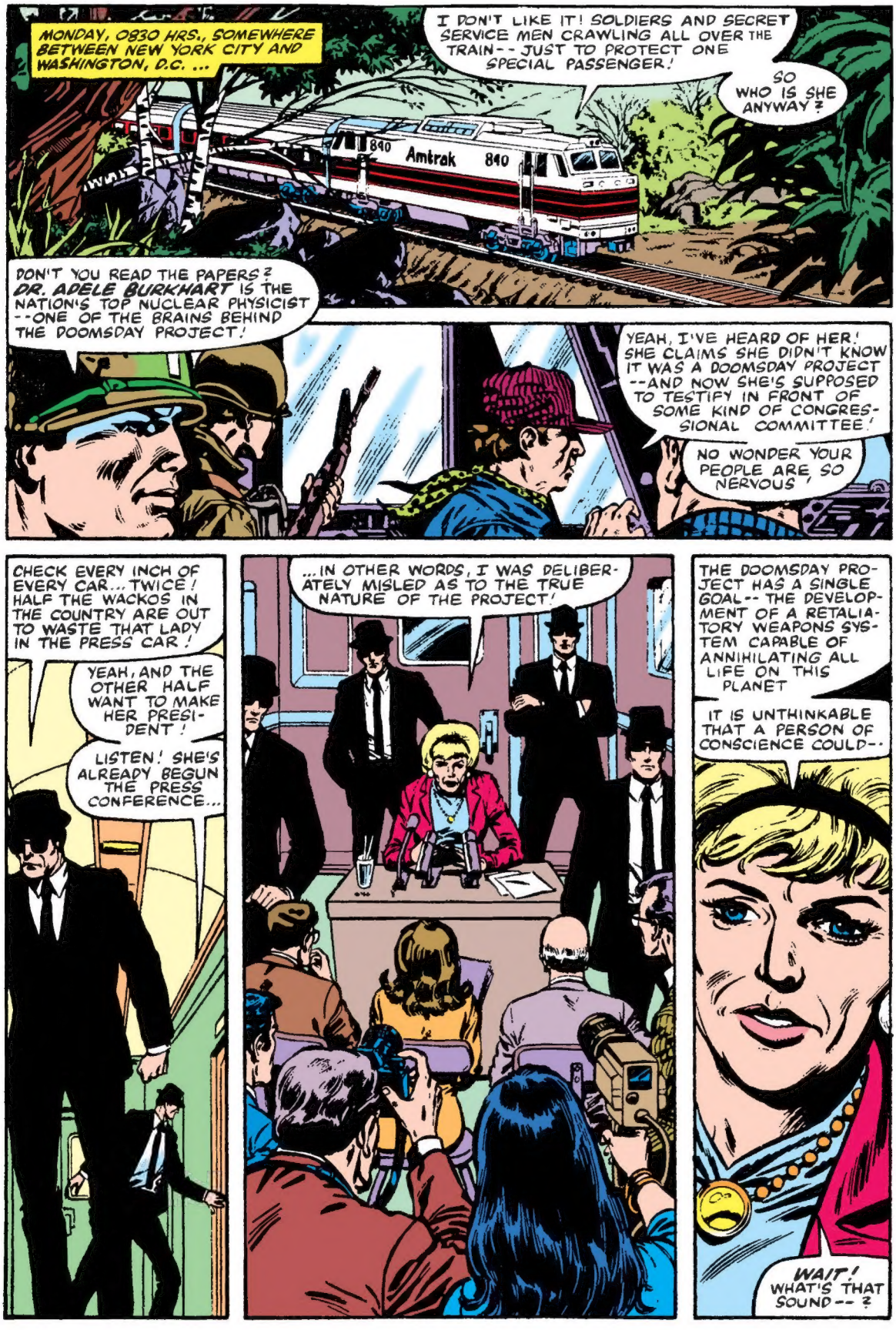
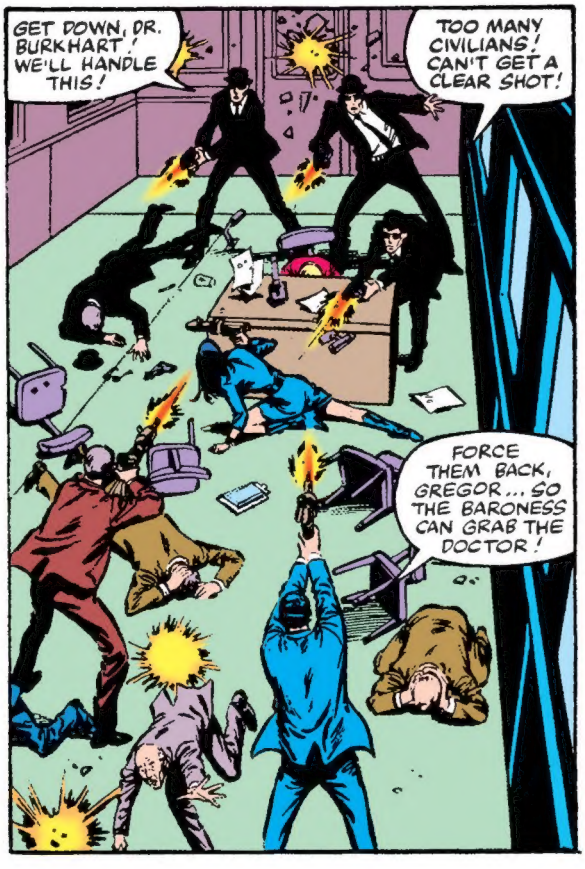

G.I. JOE
YEARBOOK
$1.50
CAN. $1.75
1
MAR
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICA'S FAVORITE HEROES!

Stan Lee PRESENTS:
G.I. JOE
QUARTERED IN TOP-SECRET ARMORED UNDERGROUND BUNKERS -- DEEP BENEATH THE ARMY CHAPLAINS ASSISTANT SCHOOL AT FORT WADSWORTH -- IS AMERICA'S ELITE COUNTER-TERRORIST STRIKE FORCE!
CODE NAMED: G.I. JOE -- THE MOST FEARSOME RAPID DEPLOYMENT TEAM OF ALL STANDS READY TO FIGHT -- ANYWHERE -- ANY TIME -- ANY WAY!
OPERATION: LADY DOOMSDAY
Scripter: Larry Hama
Penciler: Herb Trimpe
Inker: Bob McLeod
Letterer: Jim Novak
Colorist: Glynis Wein
Editor: Tom DeFalco
Editor-In-Chief: Jim Shooter


MONDAY, 0830 HRS., SOMEWHERE BETWEEN NEW YORK CITY AND WASHINGTON, D.C. ...
I DON'T LIKE IT! SOLDIERS AND SECRET SERVICE MEN CRAWLING ALL OVER THE TRAIN-- JUST TO PROTECT ONE SPECIAL PASSENGER!
SO WHO IS SHE ANYWAY?
Amtrak 840
DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? DR. ADELE BURKHART IS THE NATION'S TOP NUCLEAR PHYSICIST --ONE OF THE BRAINS BEHIND THE DOOMSDAY PROJECT!
YEAH, I'VE HEARD OF HER! SHE CLAIMS SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A DOOMSDAY PROJECT --AND NOW SHE'S SUPPOSED TO TESTIFY IN FRONT OF SOME KIND OF CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE!
NO WONDER YOUR PEOPLE ARE SO NERVOUS!
CHECK EVERY INCH OF EVERY CAR... TWICE! HALF THE WACKOS IN THE COUNTRY ARE OUT TO WASTE THAT LADY IN THE PRESS CAR!
YEAH, AND THE OTHER HALF WANT TO MAKE HER PRESIDENT!
LISTEN! SHE'S ALREADY BEGUN THE PRESS CONFERENCE...
...IN OTHER WORDS, I WAS DELIBERATELY MISLED AS TO THE TRUE NATURE OF THE PROJECT!
THE DOOMSDAY PROJECT HAS A SINGLE GOAL-- THE DEVELOPMENT OF A RETALIATORY WEAPONS SYSTEM CAPABLE OF ANNIHILATING ALL LIFE ON THIS PLANET
IT IS UNTHINKABLE THAT A PERSON OF CONSCIENCE COULD--
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT SOUND--?

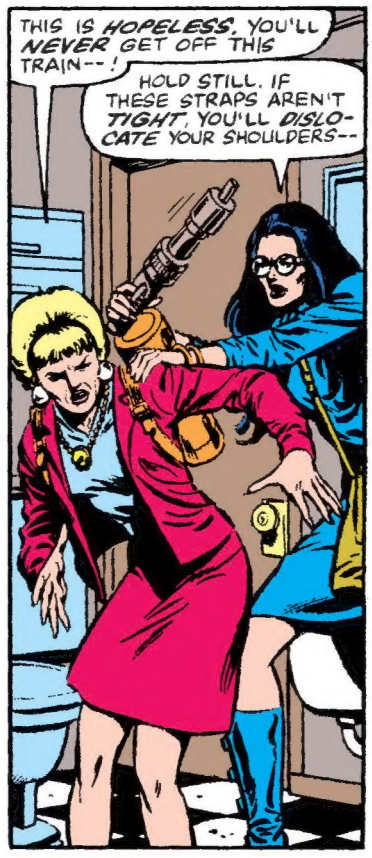
0835 HRS.
THE FOOLS WERE TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR A SURPRISE ATTACK! CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE ON THE SOLDIERS! THE BARONESS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE SECRET SERVICE!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

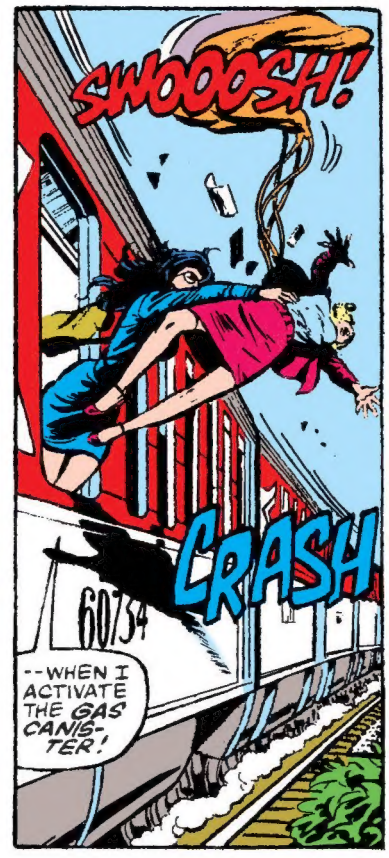
STRIKE, NOW, BROTHERS! TAKE BURKHART ALIVE!
YES, BARONESS!
THOSE REPORTERS-- THEY'VE GOT GUNS DISGUISED AS CAMERAS!

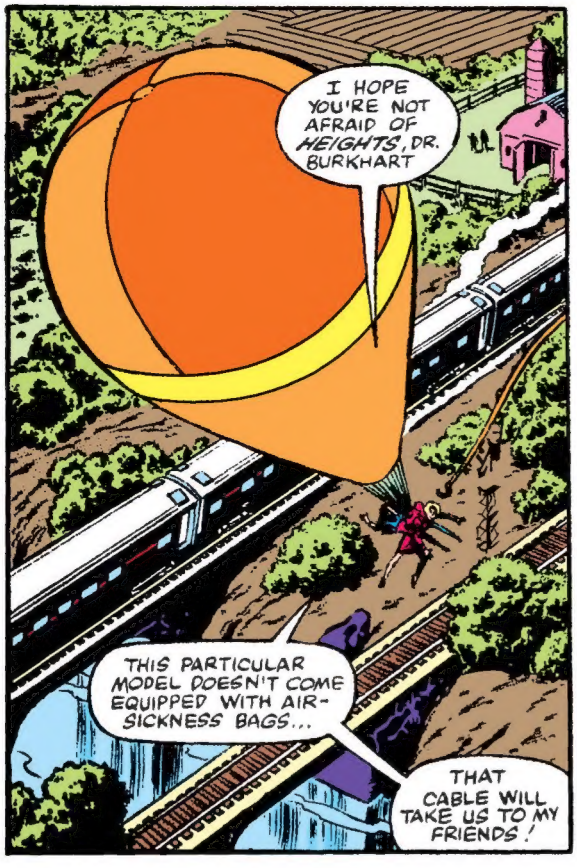

GET DOWN, DR. BURKHART! WE'LL HANDLE THIS!
TOO MANY CIVILIANS! CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT!
FORCE THEM BACK, GREGOR... SO THE BARONESS CAN GRAB THE DOCTOR!

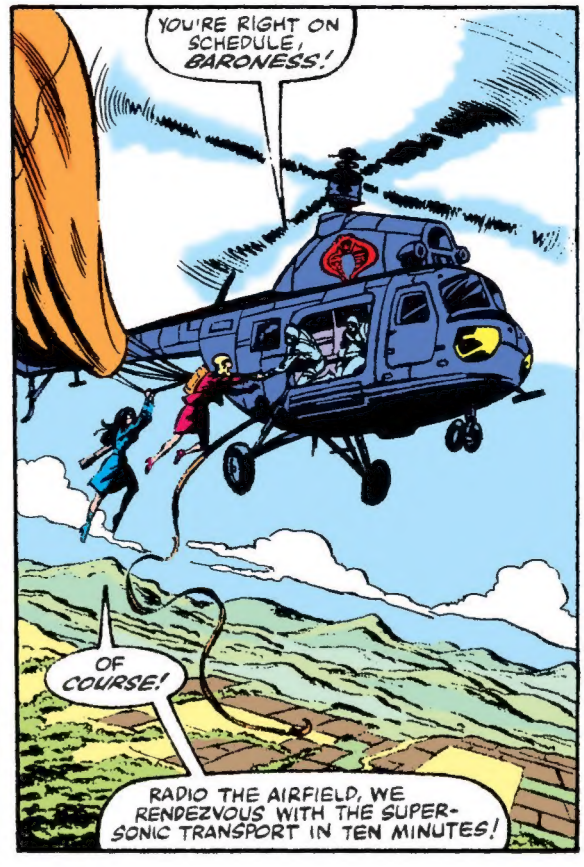
ALRIGHT, I'VE GOT YOUR PRECIOUS DOCTOR BURKHART NOW! BACK OFF, OR I'LL TURN HER FACE INTO A FINE RED MIST!
DO AS SHE SAYS! IT'S OBVIOUS THEY ONLY WANT ME! I'LL NOT HAVE ANY MORE INNOCENT BLOOD SHED ON MY ACCOUNT!
SHUT UP! YOU'RE MAKING MY TRIGGER FINGER ITCH!

GREGOR, HOLD THESE PIGS OFF WHILE THE GOOD DOCTOR AND I POWDER OUR NOSES!
AS YOU COMMAND, BARONESS!
LADIES

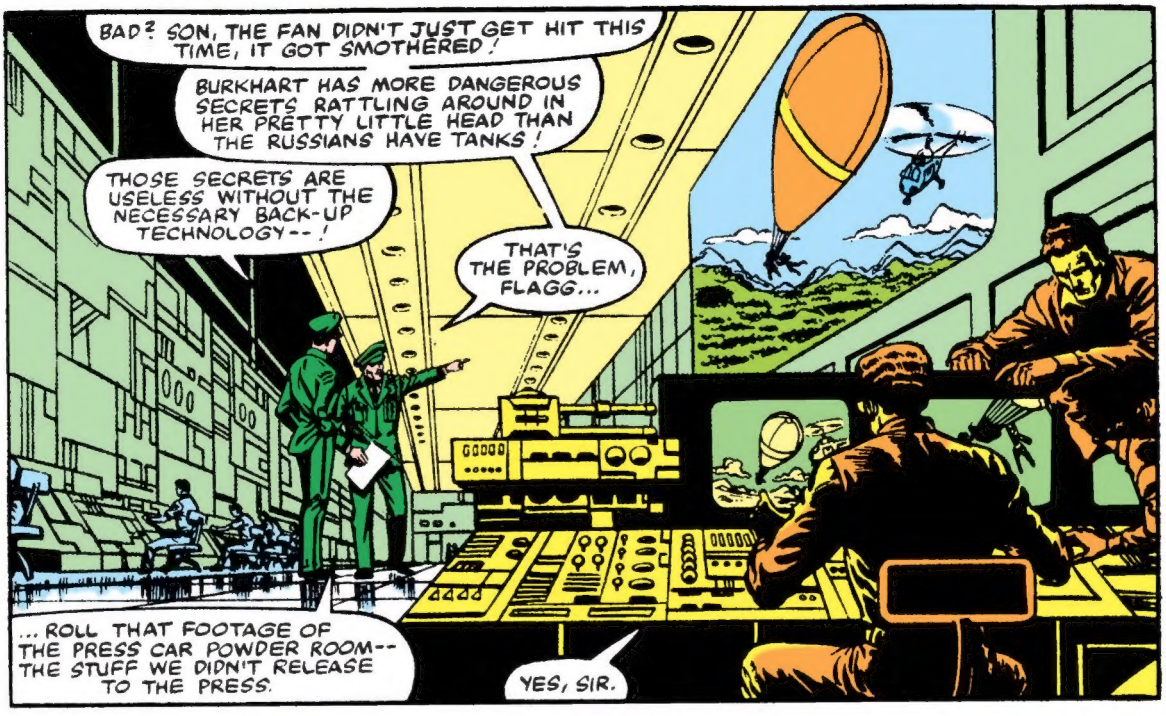

THIS IS HOPELESS. YOU'LL NEVER GET OFF THIS TRAIN--!
HOLD STILL. IF THESE STRAPS AREN'T TIGHT, YOU'LL DISLOCATE YOUR SHOULDERS--


SWOOOSH!
CRASH
60734
--WHEN I ACTIVATE THE GAS CANISTER!


I HOPE YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HEIGHTS, DR. BURKHART
THIS PARTICULAR MODEL DOESN'T COME EQUIPPED WITH AIR-SICKNESS BAGS...
THAT CABLE WILL TAKE US TO MY FRIENDS!


YOU'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, BARONESS!
OF COURSE!
RADIO THE AIRFIELD, WE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SUPER-SONIC TRANSPORT IN TEN MINUTES!

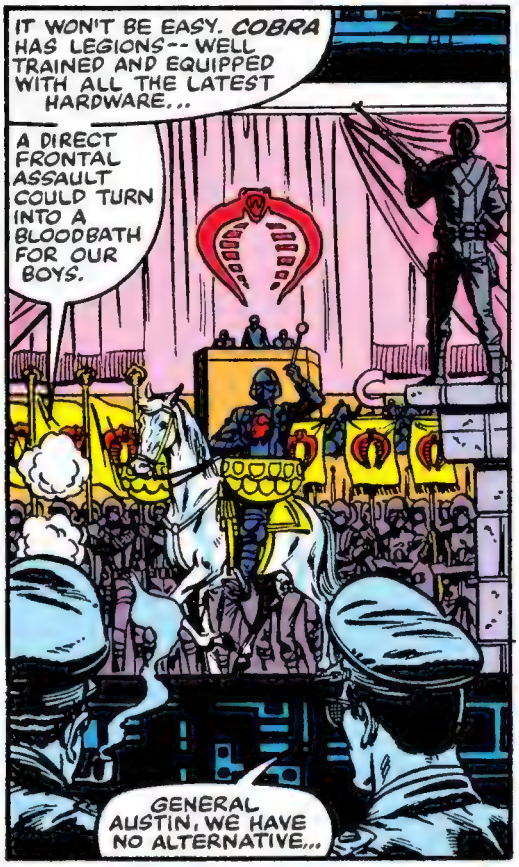
1100 HRS., THE PENTAGON.
HOW BAD IS IT, GENERAL AUSTIN ?


BAD ? SON, THE FAN DIDN'T JUST GET HIT THIS TIME, IT GOT SMOTHERED !
BURKHART HAS MORE DANGEROUS SECRETS RATTLING AROUND IN HER PRETTY LITTLE HEAD THAN THE RUSSIANS HAVE TANKS !
THOSE SECRETS ARE USELESS WITHOUT THE NECESSARY BACK-UP TECHNOLOGY-- !
THAT'S THE PROBLEM, FLAGG...
... ROLL THAT FOOTAGE OF THE PRESS CAR POWDER ROOM-- THE STUFF WE DIDN'T RELEASE TO THE PRESS.
YES, SIR.

BURKHART IS IN THE HANDS OF COBRA COMMAND...
Try to rescue her and she dies!
Cobra
THEY HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY AND THE WILL TO USE IT !

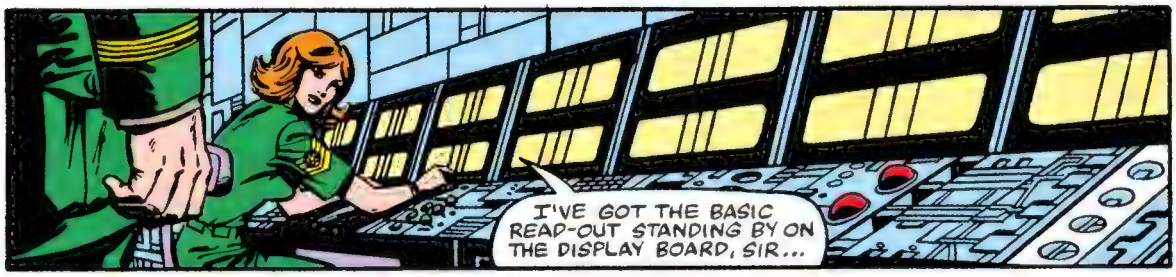
THEIR THREAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, SIR. WE'D ALMOST BE BETTER OFF-- NATIONAL SECURITY-WISE-- IF WE ATTEMPT A RESCUE, BUNGLE IT, AND COBRA, UH, TERMINATES HER...

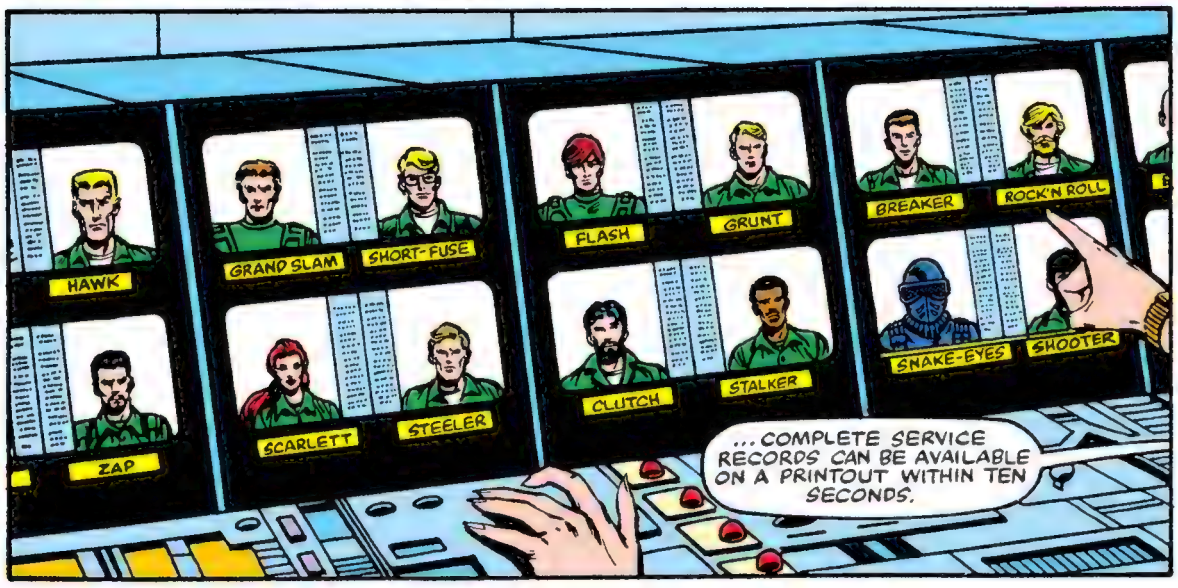
DON'T BELIEVE IT, GENERAL FLAGG. WE'RE IN A DOUBLE BIND. WE CAN'T LET COBRA KEEP HER LONG ENOUGH TO USE HER--AND WE CAN'T LET HER DIE BECAUSE THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS THAT WE CONSIDER HER AN EMBARRASSMENT...
...OUR ONLY POSSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION IS A SUCCESSFUL RESCUE !

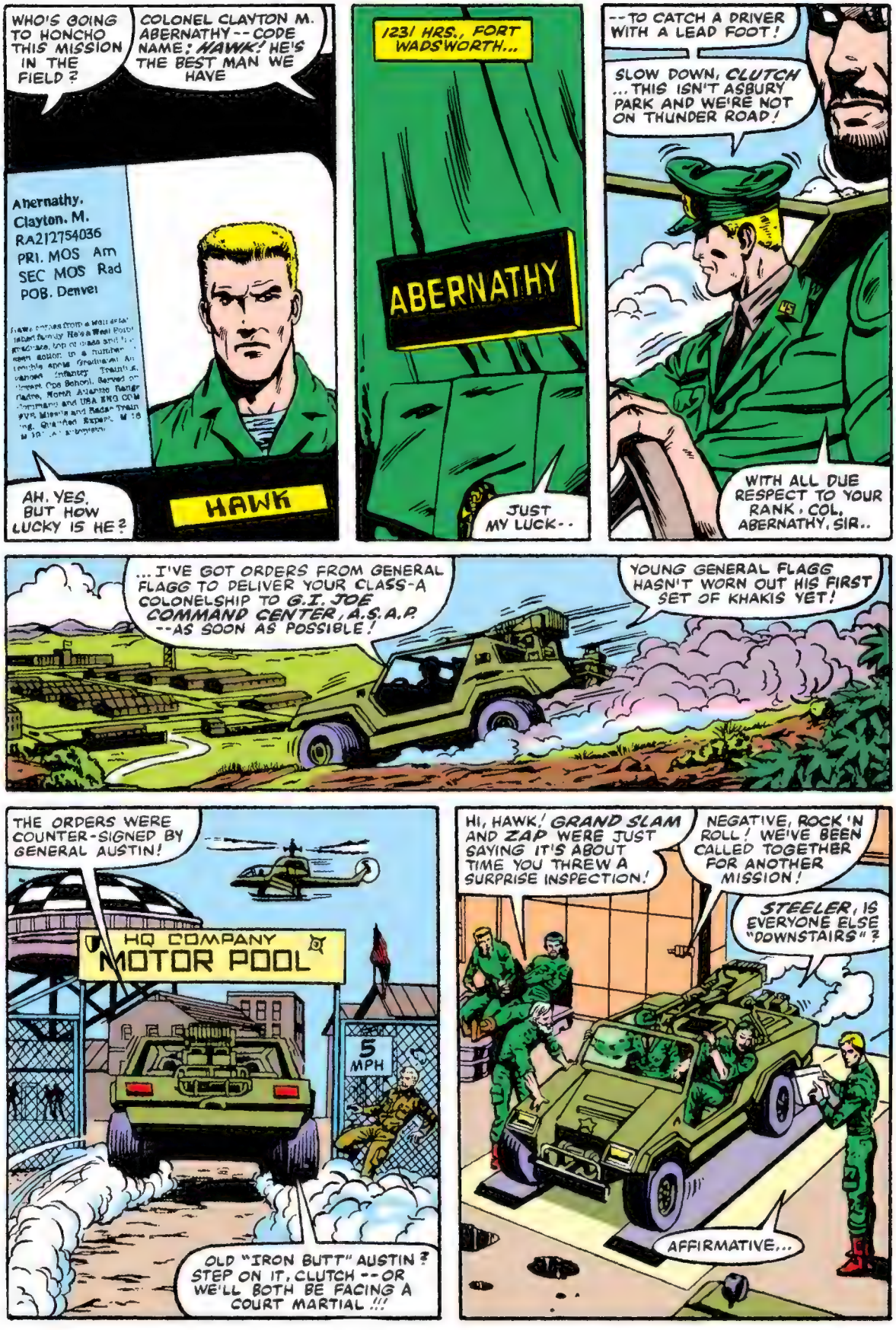

IT WON'T BE EASY. COBRA HAS LEGIONS-- WELL TRAINED AND EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE LATEST HARDWARE...
A DIRECT FRONTAL ASSAULT COULD TURN INTO A BLOODBATH FOR OUR BOYS.
GENERAL AUSTIN, WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE...

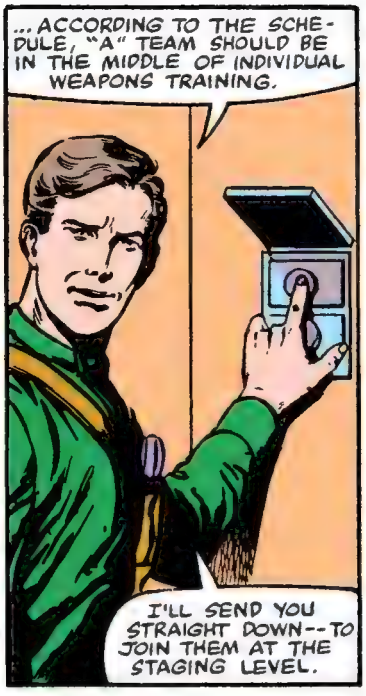
WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN SPECIAL COUNTER-TERRORIST GROUP DELTA, CODE NAME:
G.I. JOE!
YOU'RE A GOOD OFFICER, FLAGG--AND YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN SOMEDAY.
YOU LET AN OLD BRASS-HAT GAB HIS HEAD OFF WHEN YOU'VE HAD ALL THE SHOTS COVERED FROM THE BEGINNING.

SERGEANT!
LET'S SEE THOSE G.I. JOE DOSSIERS THAT GENERAL FLAGG HAD YOU COMPILE THIS MORNING!
US

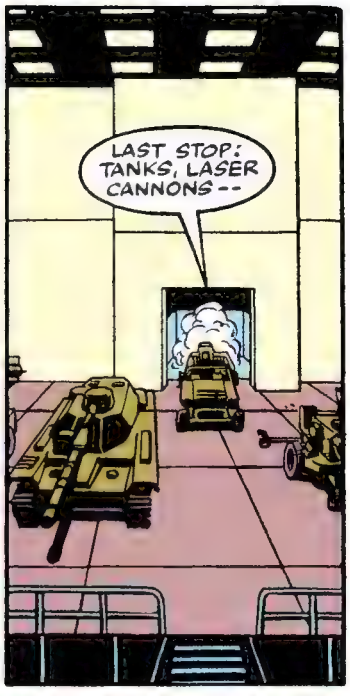

I'VE GOT THE BASIC READ-OUT STANDING BY ON THE DISPLAY BOARD, SIR...

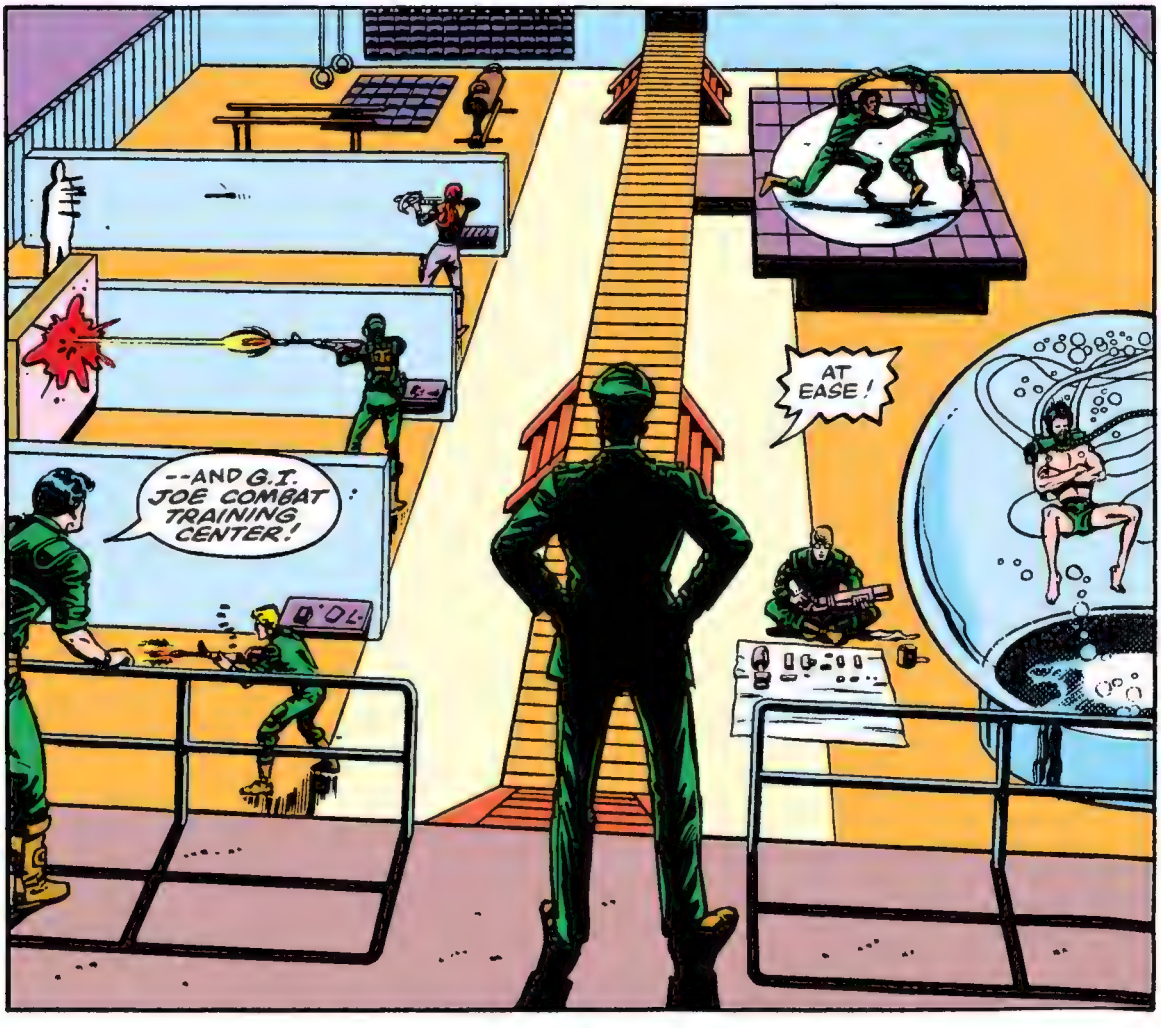

HAWK
GRAND SLAM
SHORT-FUSE
FLASH
GRUNT
BREAKER
ROCK'N ROLL
ZAP
SCARLETT
STEELER
CLUTCH
STALKER
SNAKE-EYES
SHOOTER
...COMPLETE SERVICE RECORDS CAN BE AVAILABLE ON A PRINTOUT WITHIN TEN SECONDS.

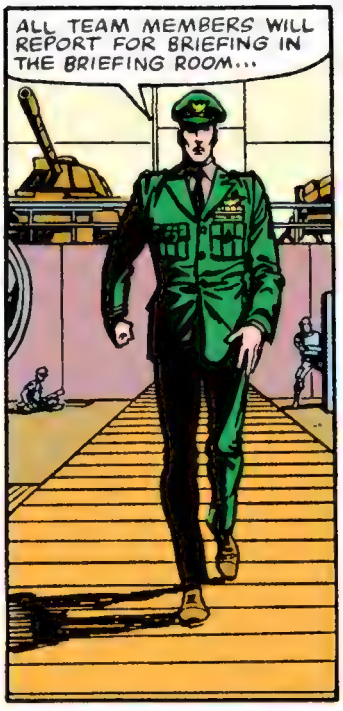

WHO'S GOING TO HONCHO THIS MISSION IN THE FIELD?
COLONEL CLAYTON M. ABERNATHY--CODE NAME: HAWK! HE'S THE BEST MAN WE HAVE
Abernathy, Clayton, M.
RA212754036
PRI. MOS Am
SEC MOS Rad
POB. Denver
HAWK
AH, YES, BUT HOW LUCKY IS HE?
1231 HRS., FORT WADSWORTH...
ABERNATHY
JUST MY LUCK--
--TO CATCH A DRIVER WITH A LEAD FOOT!
SLOW DOWN, CLUTCH ...THIS ISN'T ASBURY PARK AND WE'RE NOT ON THUNDER ROAD!
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO YOUR RANK, COL. ABERNATHY, SIR..
...I'VE GOT ORDERS FROM GENERAL FLAGG TO DELIVER YOUR CLASS-A COLONELSHIP TO G.I. JOE COMMAND CENTER, A.S.A.P. --AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
YOUNG GENERAL FLAGG HASN'T WORN OUT HIS FIRST SET OF KHAKIS YET!
THE ORDERS WERE COUNTER-SIGNED BY GENERAL AUSTIN!
HQ COMPANY MOTOR POOL
5 MPH
OLD "IRON BUTT" AUSTIN? STEP ON IT, CLUTCH --OR WE'LL BOTH BE FACING A COURT MARTIAL!!!
HI, HAWK! GRAND SLAM AND ZAP WERE JUST SAYING IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU THREW A SURPRISE INSPECTION!
NEGATIVE, ROCK 'N ROLL! WE'VE BEEN CALLED TOGETHER FOR ANOTHER MISSION!
STEELER, IS EVERYONE ELSE "DOWNSTAIRS"?
AFFIRMATIVE...


...ACCORDING TO THE SCHEDULE, "A" TEAM SHOULD BE IN THE MIDDLE OF INDIVIDUAL WEAPONS TRAINING.
I'LL SEND YOU STRAIGHT DOWN--TO JOIN THEM AT THE STAGING LEVEL.

GRAND SLAM, WE MUST BE THE ONLY MOTOR POOL IN THE WORLD WITH A HYDRAULIC LIFT THAT GOES DOWN--
--AS WELL AS THE ONLY ONE WITH FIVE FLOORS OF ARMORED BASEMENT UNDER IT.

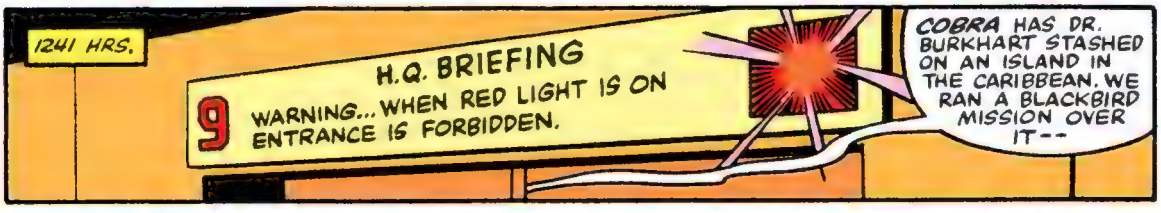

LAST STOP: TANKS, LASER CANNONS--

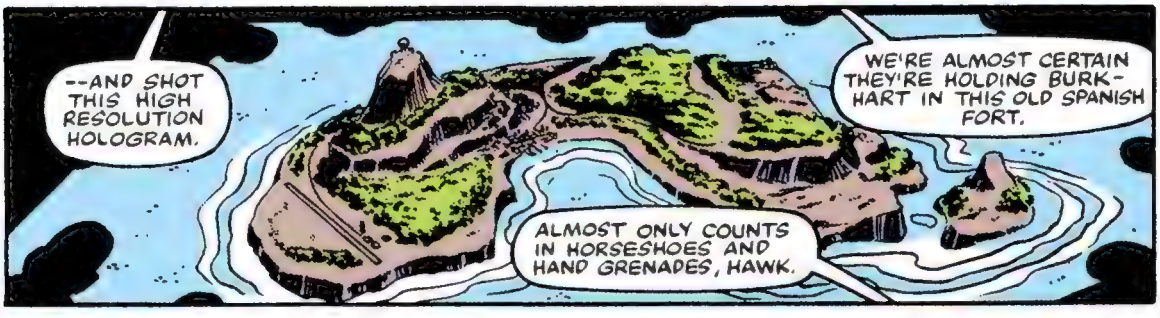

--AND G.I. JOE COMBAT TRAINING CENTER!
AT EASE!

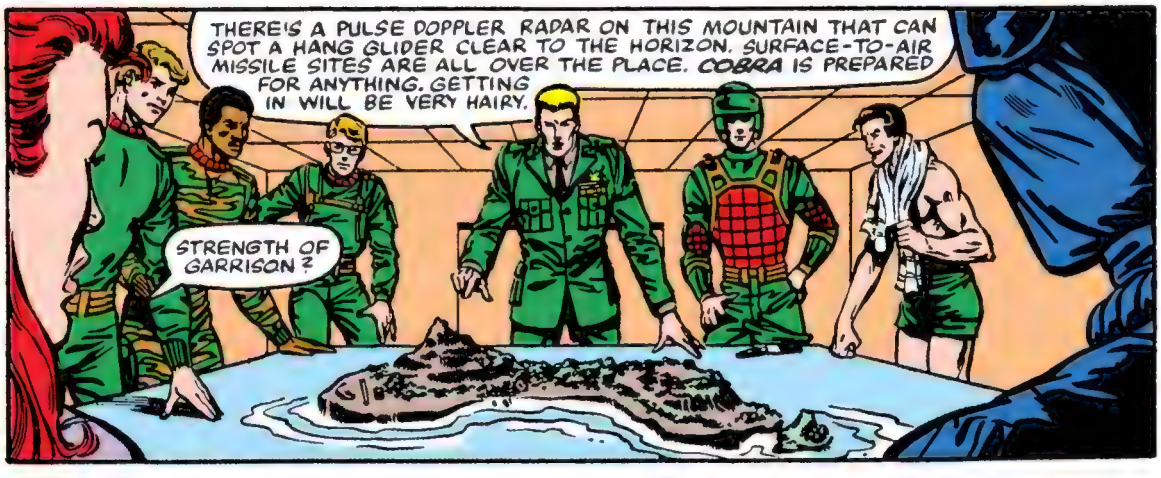

ALL TEAM MEMBERS WILL REPORT FOR BRIEFING IN THE BRIEFING ROOM...

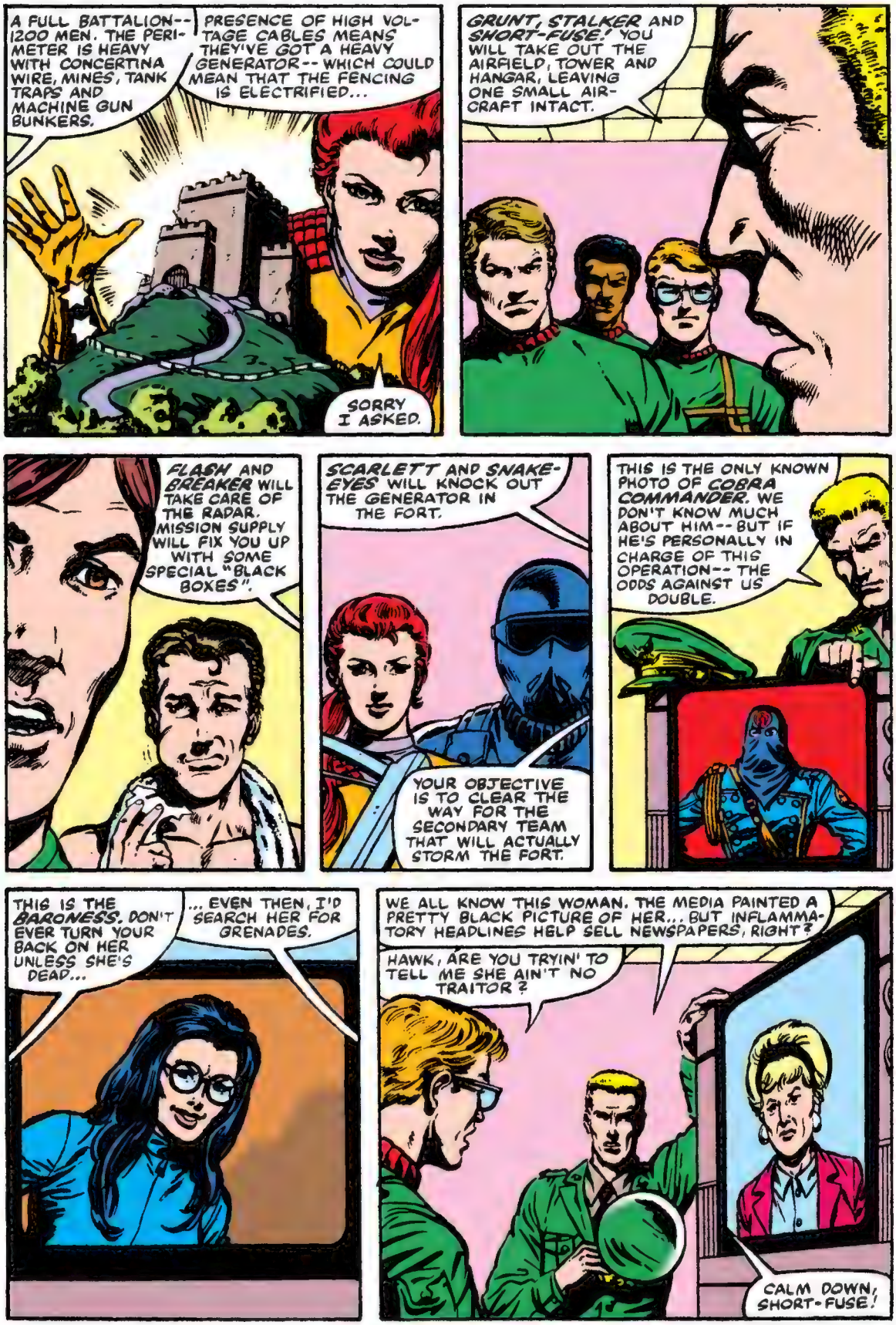
... IN FIVE MINUTES!

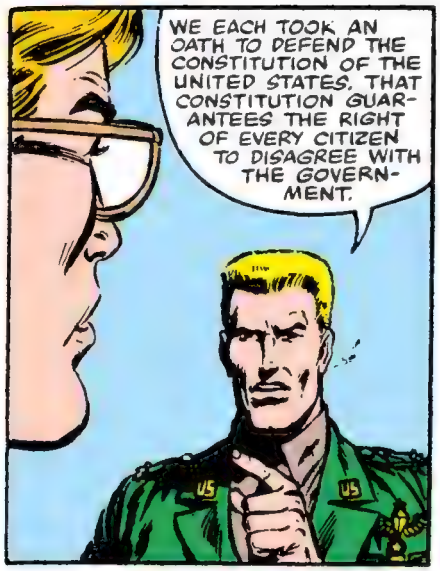
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HOT MISSION, BREAKER.
THEY'RE ALL HOT MISSIONS, SCARLETT!
BET IT'S THE BURKHART KIDNAPPING!
THEY'RE GONNA RISK OUR BUTTS TO RESCUE A WOMAN WHO'S PRACTICALLY A TRAITOR... HOW'S THAT SIT WITH YOU, SNAKE-EYES?
CAN I QUOTE YOU ON THAT?


1241 HRS.
H.Q. BRIEFING
9
WARNING... WHEN RED LIGHT IS ON ENTRANCE IS FORBIDDEN.
COBRA HAS DR. BURKHART STASHED ON AN ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN. WE RAN A BLACKBIRD MISSION OVER IT--


--AND SHOT THIS HIGH RESOLUTION HOLOGRAM.
WE'RE ALMOST CERTAIN THEY'RE HOLDING BURKHART IN THIS OLD SPANISH FORT.
ALMOST ONLY COUNTS IN HORSESHOES AND HAND GRENADES, HAWK.


THERE'S A PULSE DOPPLER RADAR ON THIS MOUNTAIN THAT CAN SPOT A HANG GLIDER CLEAR TO THE HORIZON. SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE SITES ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE. COBRA IS PREPARED FOR ANYTHING. GETTING IN WILL BE VERY HAIRY.
STRENGTH OF GARRISON?

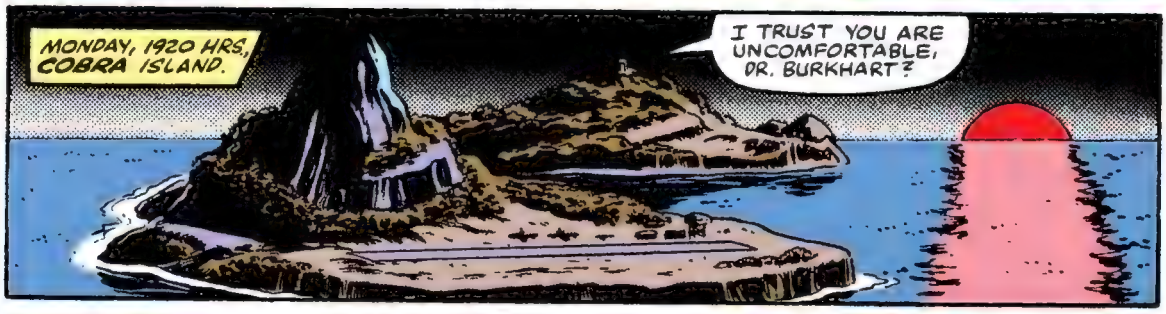

A FULL BATTALION--1200 MEN. THE PERIMETER IS HEAVY WITH CONCERTINA WIRE, MINES, TANK TRAPS AND MACHINE GUN BUNKERS.
PRESENCE OF HIGH VOLTAGE CABLES MEANS THEY'VE GOT A HEAVY GENERATOR-- WHICH COULD MEAN THAT THE FENCING IS ELECTRIFIED...
SORRY I ASKED.
GRUNT, STALKER AND SHORT-FUSE! YOU WILL TAKE OUT THE AIRFIELD, TOWER AND HANGAR, LEAVING ONE SMALL AIRCRAFT INTACT.
FLASH AND BREAKER WILL TAKE CARE OF THE RADAR. MISSION SUPPLY WILL FIX YOU UP WITH SOME SPECIAL "BLACK BOXES".
SCARLETT AND SNAKE-EYES WILL KNOCK OUT THE GENERATOR IN THE FORT.
YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE SECONDARY TEAM THAT WILL ACTUALLY STORM THE FORT.
THIS IS THE ONLY KNOWN PHOTO OF COBRA COMMANDER. WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM-- BUT IF HE'S PERSONALLY IN CHARGE OF THIS OPERATION-- THE ODDS AGAINST US DOUBLE.
THIS IS THE BARONESS. DON'T EVER TURN YOUR BACK ON HER UNLESS SHE'S DEAD...
... EVEN THEN, I'D SEARCH HER FOR GRENADES.
WE ALL KNOW THIS WOMAN. THE MEDIA PAINTED A PRETTY BLACK PICTURE OF HER... BUT INFLAMMATORY HEADLINES HELP SELL NEWSPAPERS, RIGHT?
HAWK, ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME SHE AIN'T NO TRAITOR?
CALM DOWN, SHORT-FUSE!


WE EACH TOOK AN OATH TO DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. THAT CONSTITUTION GUARANTEES THE RIGHT OF EVERY CITIZEN TO DISAGREE WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

SNAKE-EYES IS SIGNALLING ME THAT HE WANTS TO KNOW--
"HOW CAN THE RIGHTS OF AN INDIVIDUAL COMPARE TO THE SAFETY OF THE ENTIRE WORLD? WOULDN'T A B-52 BOMBING RAID SOLVE THIS PROBLEM WITH LESS RISK?"

NO! WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS, REMEMBER? THE ISLAND HAS A CIVILIAN POPULATION--BESIDES, IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO JUDGE DR. BURKHART.
WHAT IS OUR JOB?

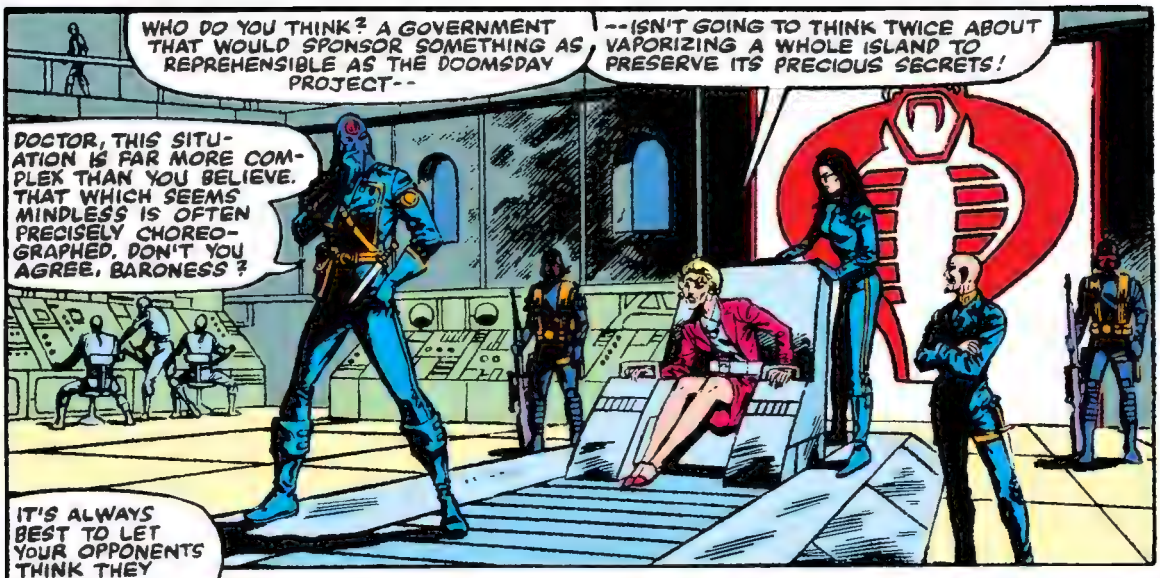
WE'RE SOLDIERS...
...OUR JOB IS TO FOLLOW ORDERS... TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE--AND MAKE IT LOOK EASY.


MONDAY, 1920 HRS, COBRA ISLAND.
I TRUST YOU ARE UNCOMFORTABLE, DR. BURKHART?

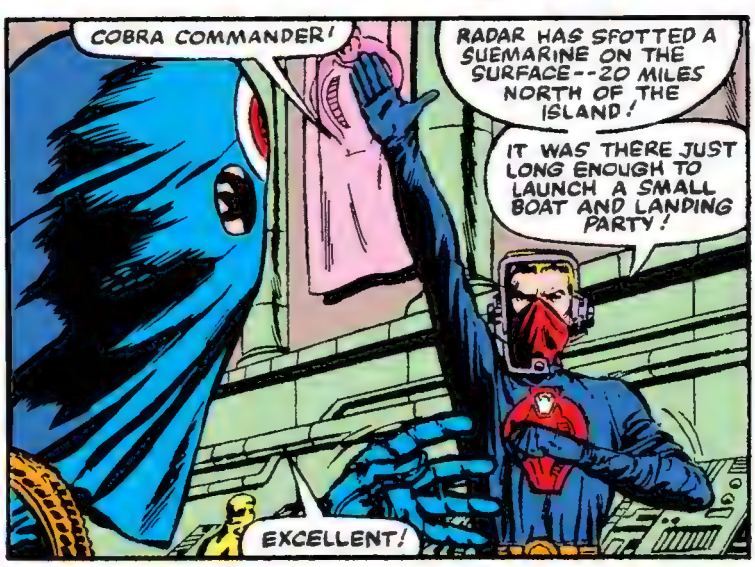
I ADMIT THE STRAPS ARE EXCRUCIATINGLY TIGHT... BUT THEY WILL PREVENT YOU FROM INJURING YOURSELF--
--WHEN WE BEGIN THE "INFORMATION EXTRACTION" PROCEDURE.

YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE RATHER DISAGREEABLE SIDE-EFFECTS OF SCAPALOMINE AND OTHER SO-CALLED TRUTH SERUMS?

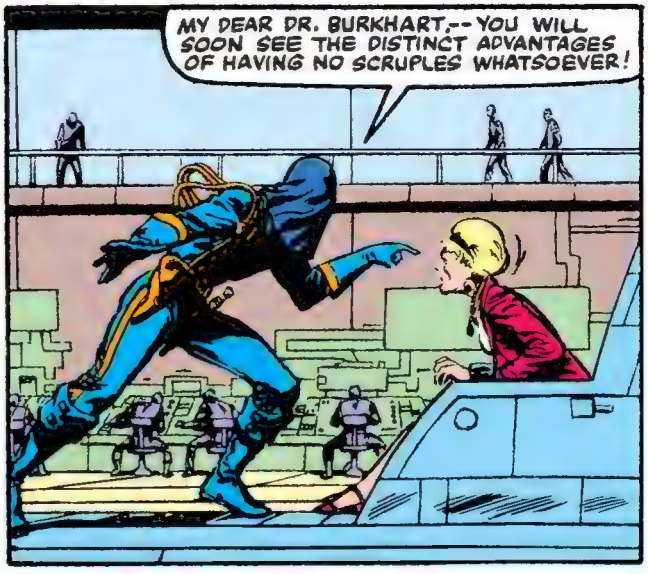
YOU'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO USE YOUR FILTHY DRUGS ON ME. THIS WHOLE ISLAND IS GOING TO BE BOMBED OFF THE MAP AT ANY MOMENT!
REALLY, DR. BURKHART --WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING?

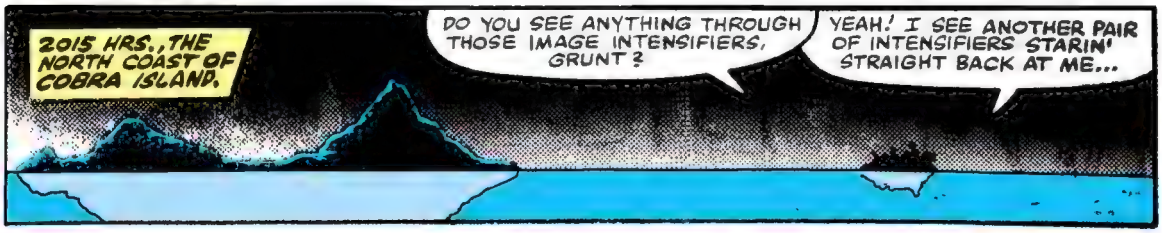

WHO DO YOU THINK? A GOVERNMENT THAT WOULD SPONSOR SOMETHING AS REPREHENSIBLE AS THE DOOMSDAY PROJECT--
--ISN'T GOING TO THINK TWICE ABOUT VAPORIZING A WHOLE ISLAND TO PRESERVE ITS PRECIOUS SECRETS!
DOCTOR, THIS SITUATION IS FAR MORE COMPLEX THAN YOU BELIEVE. THAT WHICH SEEMS MINDLESS IS OFTEN PRECISELY CHOREOGRAPHED. DON'T YOU AGREE, BARONESS?

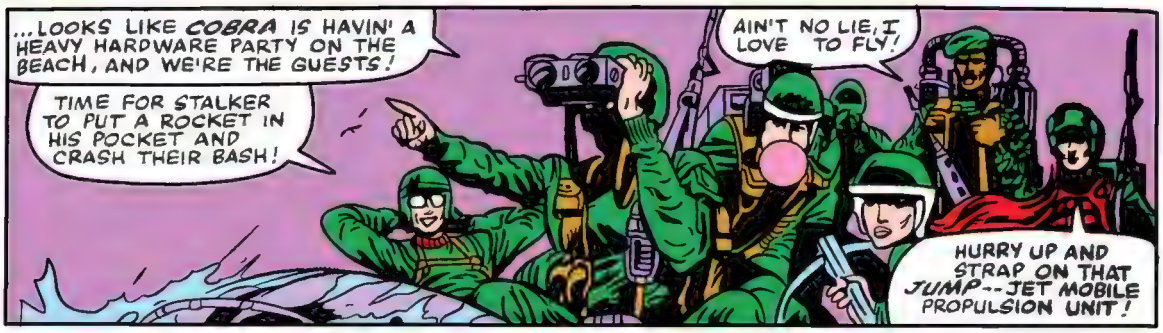
IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO LET YOUR OPPONENTS THINK THEY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO--

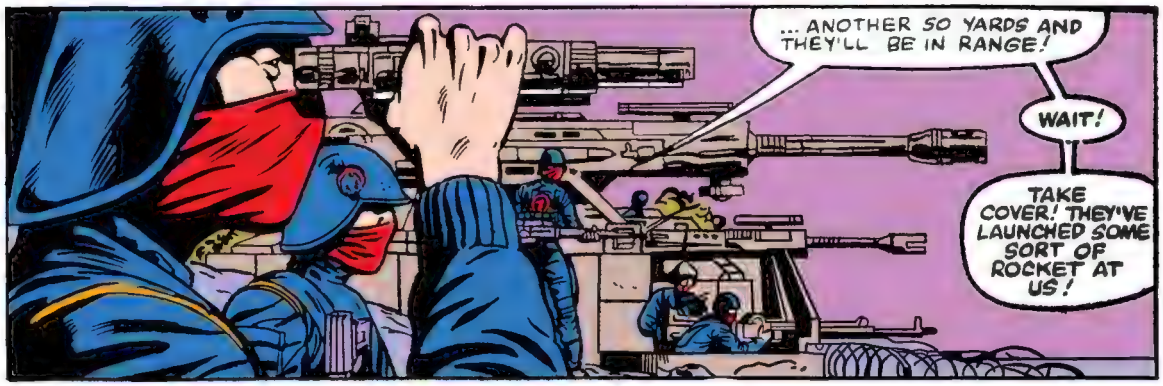

COBRA COMMANDER!
RADAR HAS SPOTTED A SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE--20 MILES NORTH OF THE ISLAND!
IT WAS THERE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO LAUNCH A SMALL BOAT AND LANDING PARTY!
EXCELLENT!

DISPATCH TWO HEAVY WEAPONS PLATOONS TO COVER THE NORTH BEACH--
--AND ON THEIR WAY, THEY CAN STOP AT THE FISHING VILLAGE--
--TO CARRY OUT THE "CONTINGENCY PLAN".

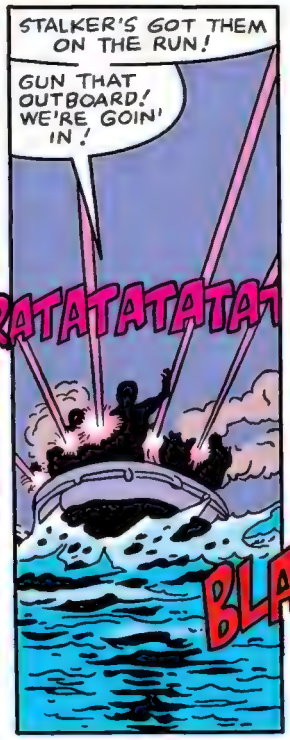

MY DEAR DR. BURKHART,--YOU WILL SOON SEE THE DISTINCT ADVANTAGES OF HAVING NO SCRUPLES WHATSOEVER!


2015 HRS., THE NORTH COAST OF COBRA ISLAND.
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING THROUGH THOSE IMAGE INTENSIFIERS, GRUNT?
YEAH! I SEE ANOTHER PAIR OF INTENSIFIERS STARIN' STRAIGHT BACK AT ME...


...LOOKS LIKE COBRA IS HAVIN' A HEAVY HARDWARE PARTY ON THE BEACH, AND WE'RE THE GUESTS!
TIME FOR STALKER TO PUT A ROCKET IN HIS POCKET AND CRASH THEIR BASH!
AIN'T NO LIE, I LOVE TO FLY!
HURRY UP AND STRAP ON THAT JUMP--JET MOBILE PROPULSION UNIT!


...ANOTHER 50 YARDS AND THEY'LL BE IN RANGE!
WAIT!
TAKE COVER! THEY'VE LAUNCHED SOME SORT OF ROCKET AT US!

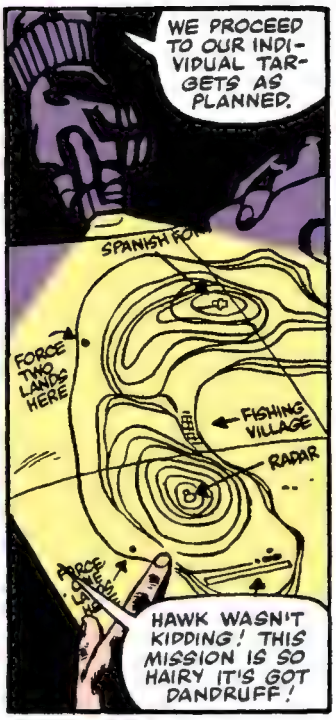
SAY HEY! JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP BY AND LIVEN UP YOUR PARTY WITH SOME FIREWORKS!
BA-DOOM

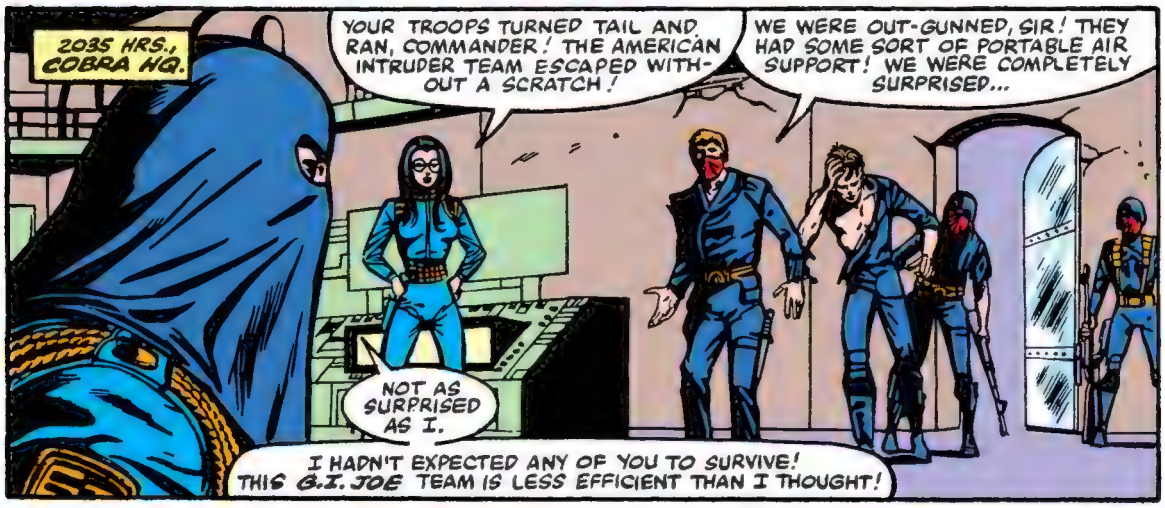

STALKER'S GOT THEM ON THE RUN!
GUN THAT OUTBOARD! WE'RE GOIN' IN!
RATATATATAT
BLAM

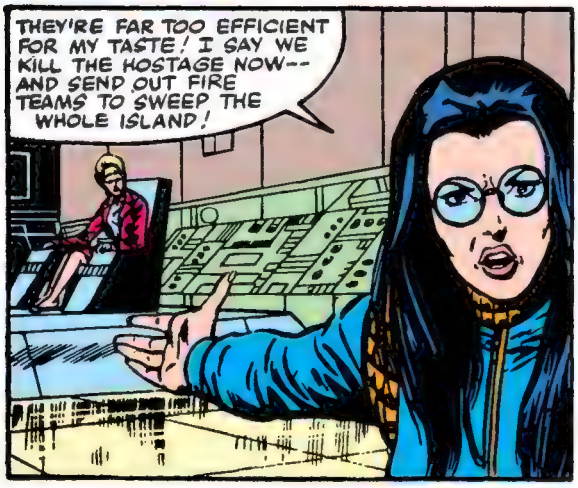
DON'T LEAVE! YOU'LL MISS MY GRAND FINALE--
--I WHISTLE "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"--WHILE USING THIS LASER BLASTER TO STRAFE THE BEACH IN TIME TO THE KETTLE DRUM PARTS!
BLAM

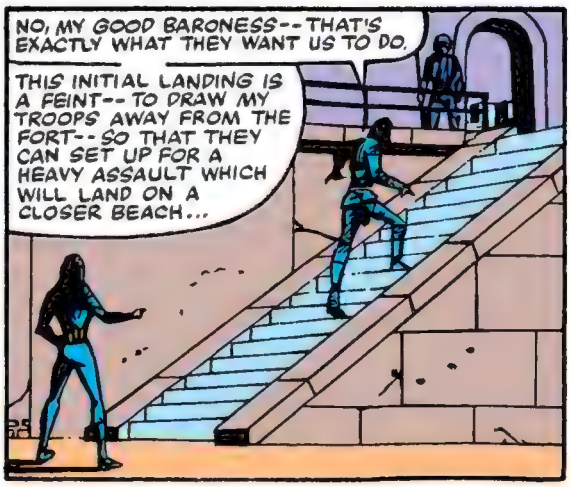
LOOKS LIKE THE PARTY'S OVER, GANG! THE HOSTS TOOK THEIR GOODIES AND WENT HOME!
THEY'LL BE BACK -- IN FORCE!
HEAD FOR THE TREE LINE! WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE JUNGLE AND UNDER COVER!

THERE WAS NOTHIN' IN HAWK'S PLANS 'BOUT BEIN' FOUND OUT SO EARLY! DOES THAT CHANGE ANYTHING, FLASH?
NEGATIVE, STALKER!


WE PROCEED TO OUR INDIVIDUAL TARGETS AS PLANNED.
SPANISH FORT
FORCE TWO LANDS HERE
FISHING VILLAGE
RADAR
HAWK WASN'T KIDDING! THIS MISSION IS SO HAIRY IT'S GOT DANDRUFF!


2035 HRS., COBRA HQ.
YOUR TROOPS TURNED TAIL AND RAN, COMMANDER! THE AMERICAN INTRUDER TEAM ESCAPED WITHOUT A SCRATCH!
WE WERE OUT-GUNNED, SIR! THEY HAD SOME SORT OF PORTABLE AIR SUPPORT! WE WERE COMPLETELY SURPRISED...
NOT AS SURPRISED AS I.
I HADN'T EXPECTED ANY OF YOU TO SURVIVE! THIS G.I. JOE TEAM IS LESS EFFICIENT THAN I THOUGHT!


THEY'RE FAR TOO EFFICIENT FOR MY TASTE! I SAY WE KILL THE HOSTAGE NOW -- AND SEND OUT FIRE TEAMS TO SWEEP THE WHOLE ISLAND!


NO, MY GOOD BARONESS -- THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO.
THIS INITIAL LANDING IS A FEINT -- TO DRAW MY TROOPS AWAY FROM THE FORT -- SO THAT THEY CAN SET UP FOR A HEAVY ASSAULT WHICH WILL LAND ON A CLOSER BEACH...

WE HAVE DR. BURKHART. THEREFORE, THEY MUST COME TO US--

--AND WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY WILL FIND THE FORT AT FULL STRENGTH!

2045 HRS., THE COBRA RADAR SITE.

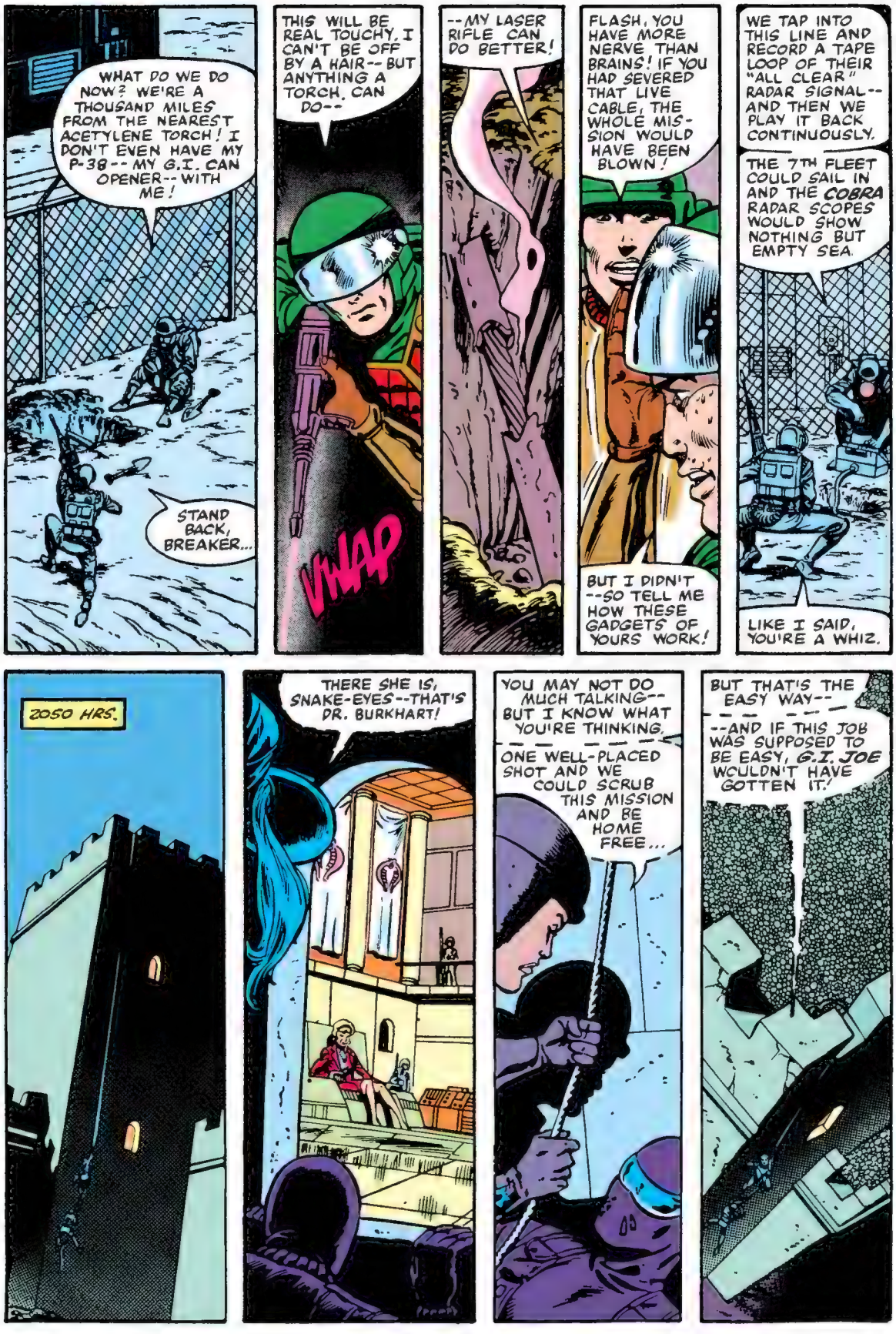
BREAKER, WHAT MAKES OUR MISSION-PLANNING HONCHOS --SO SURE THAT THIS IS THE SPOT --WHERE THE UNDERGROUND ELECTRICAL CABLE RUNS?

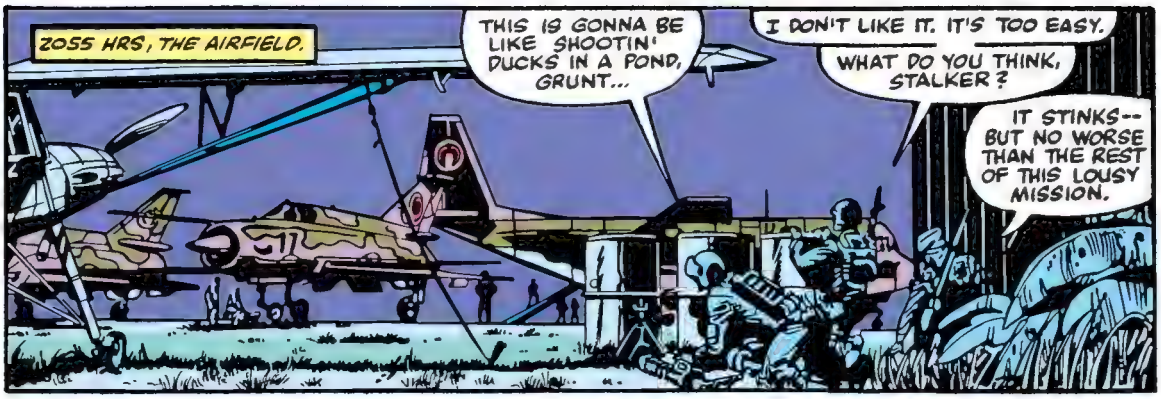
SIMPLE, FLASH, THIS IS AN UNMANNED RADAR SITE. THE POWER SOURCE AND RADAR SCREENS MUST BE IN THE FORT. DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE BETWEEN RADAR AND FORT AND YOU'VE GOT--

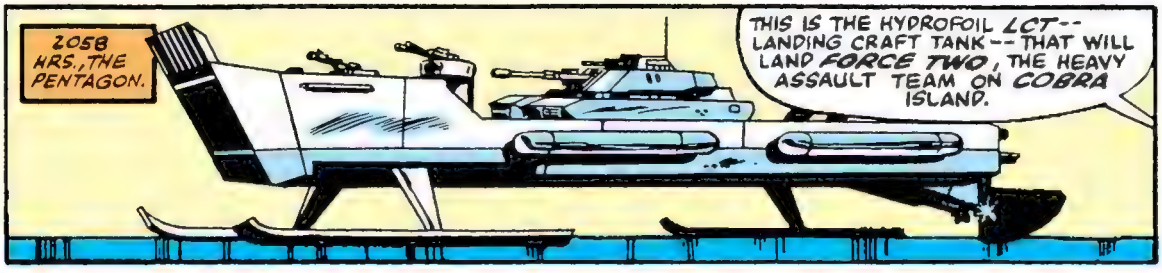
--BAD NEWS.

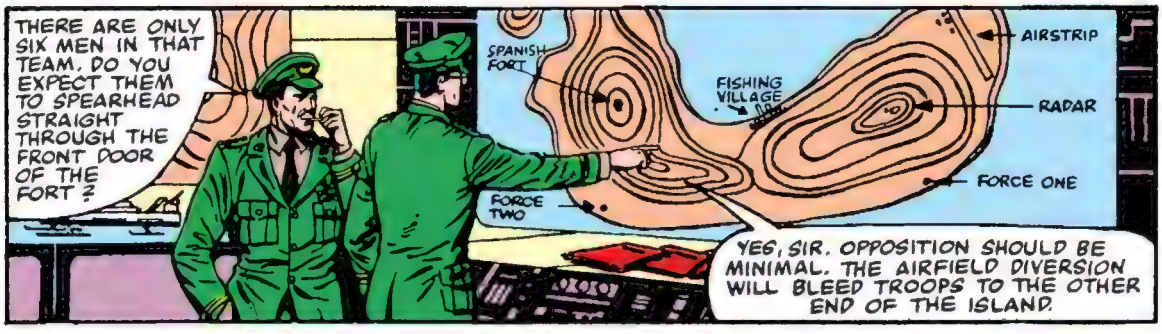
THAT'S NO CABLE! THAT'S QUARTER-INCH STEEL PIPE!

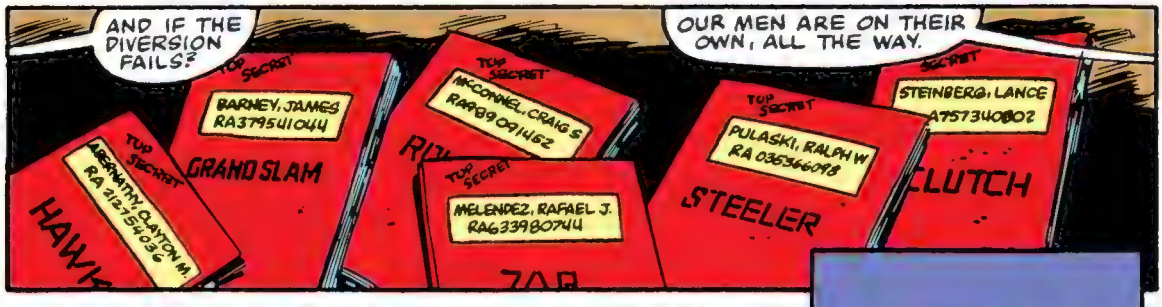
BREAKER, YOU MAY BE A WHIZ WITH COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT, BUT OTHERWISE YOU'RE A REAL DUMMY. THE CABLE'S INSIDE THE PIPE.


WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE'RE A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST ACETYLENE TORCH! I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY P-38 -- MY G.I. CAN OPENER -- WITH ME!
STAND BACK, BREAKER...
THIS WILL BE REAL TOUCHY, I CAN'T BE OFF BY A HAIR -- BUT ANYTHING A TORCH CAN DO --
VWAP
-- MY LASER RIFLE CAN DO BETTER!
FLASH, YOU HAVE MORE NERVE THAN BRAINS! IF YOU HAD SEVERED THAT LIVE CABLE, THE WHOLE MISSION WOULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN!
BUT I DIDN'T -- SO TELL ME HOW THESE GADGETS OF YOURS WORK!
WE TAP INTO THIS LINE AND RECORD A TAPE LOOP OF THEIR "ALL CLEAR" RADAR SIGNAL -- AND THEN WE PLAY IT BACK CONTINUOUSLY.
THE 7TH FLEET COULD SAIL IN AND THE COBRA RADAR SCOPES WOULD SHOW NOTHING BUT EMPTY SEA.
LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE A WHIZ.
2050 HRS.
THERE SHE IS, SNAKE-EYES -- THAT'S DR. BURKHART!
YOU MAY NOT DO MUCH TALKING -- BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
ONE WELL-PLACED SHOT AND WE COULD SCRUB THIS MISSION AND BE HOME FREE...
BUT THAT'S THE EASY WAY --
-- AND IF THIS JOB WAS SUPPOSED TO BE EASY, G.I. JOE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN IT!


2055 HRS, THE AIRFIELD.
THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS IN A POND, GRUNT...
I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S TOO EASY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, STALKER?
IT STINKS-- BUT NO WORSE THAN THE REST OF THIS LOUSY MISSION.


2058 HRS., THE PENTAGON.
THIS IS THE HYDROFOIL LCT-- LANDING CRAFT TANK-- THAT WILL LAND FORCE TWO, THE HEAVY ASSAULT TEAM ON COBRA ISLAND.

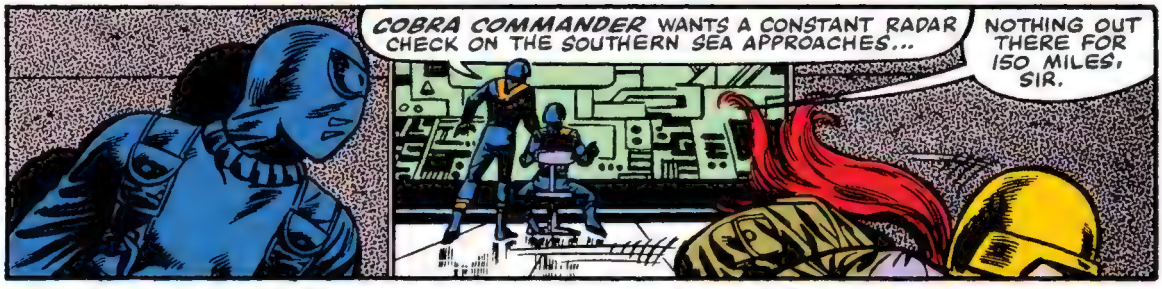

THERE ARE ONLY SIX MEN IN THAT TEAM. DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO SPEARHEAD STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF THE FORT?
SPANISH FORT
FISHING VILLAGE
AIRSTRIP
RADAR
FORCE ONE
FORCE TWO
YES, SIR. OPPOSITION SHOULD BE MINIMAL. THE AIRFIELD DIVERSION WILL BLEED TROOPS TO THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND.


AND IF THE DIVERSION FAILS?
OUR MEN ARE ON THEIR OWN, ALL THE WAY.
TOP SECRET
BARNEY, JAMES
RA379541044
GRAND SLAM
TOP SECRET
MCCONNEL, CRAIG S
RA989091462
TOP SECRET
PULASKI, RALPH W
RA 036366098
STEELER
SECRET
STEINBERG, LANCE
A757340802
CLUTCH
TOP SECRET
ABERNATHY, CLAYTON M.
RA 412-54036
HAWK
TOP SECRET
MELENDEZ, RAFAEL J.
RA633980744

2059 HRS, 50 MILES SOUTH OF COBRA ISLAND.
HAWK-- WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE ANYTHING. WHY BOTHER LOOKIN'?
THERE'S A FIREWORKS DISPLAY SCHEDULED FOR THAT AIRSTRIP AT 2100 HRS! AND THAT'S JUST ABOUT--

NOW!!
DROP IT ON 'EM, SHORT-FUSE!
2100 HRS., THE AIRSTRIP.
WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WHUMP!
BA-DOOM!
BWAM
BA-DAM
STALKER, LAY DOWN SOME COVER FIRE AS WE MAKE TRACKS!
YOU GOT IT, GRUNT!
I STILL THINK THIS WAS TOO EASY! THEY DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT!
I AIN'T GONNA COMPLAIN ABOUT IT!
2101 HRS.
AIRSTRIP BUNKER TEAM REPORTING! EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN!
THE INTRUDERS DESTROYED THE DUMMY PLANES BY MORTAR ATTACK!
ONE LIGHT AIRCRAFT LEFT INTACT. OVER.

2110 HRS., THE FORT.


COBRA COMMANDER WANTS A CONSTANT RADAR CHECK ON THE SOUTHERN SEA APPROACHES...
NOTHING OUT THERE FOR 150 MILES, SIR.

2120 HRS., NEAR THE FISHING VILLAGE.
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
STALKER, GRUNT AND SHORT-FUSE...

... THE AIRSTRIP'S BEEN NEUTRALIZED!
DITTO, THE RADAR!
WE STILL HAVE AN AMBUSH TO SET UP! LET'S GO!

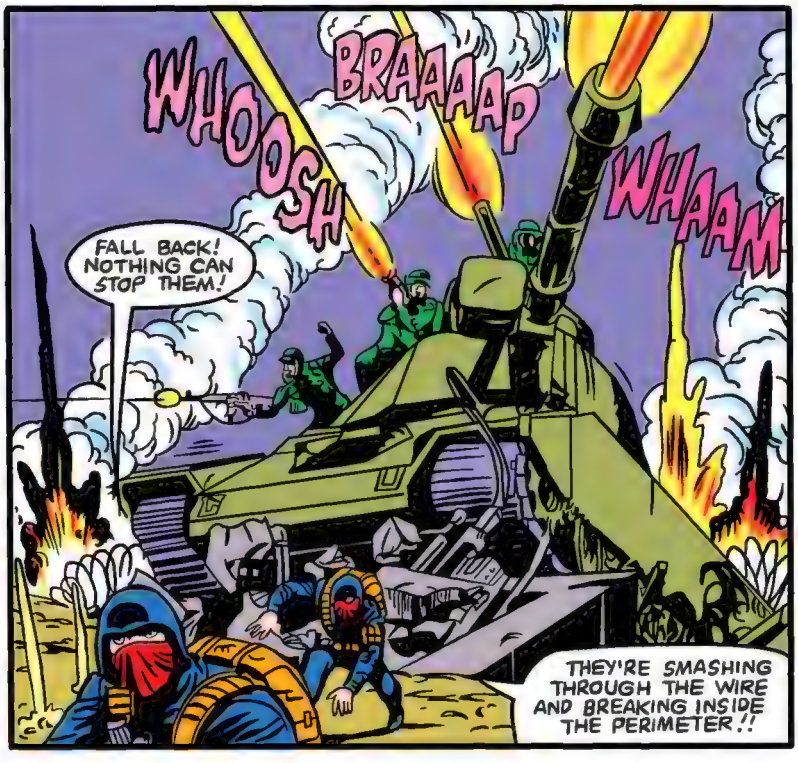
2130 HRS., THE FORT.
COMMANDER, THEY'VE ALREADY DESTROYED THE AIRSTRIP! AND YET, YOU STILL REFUSE TO KILL THE HOSTAGE!
IF YOU HAVE A MASTER PLAN, I DEMAND TO BE INFORMED OF IT!
PATIENCE, BARONESS...

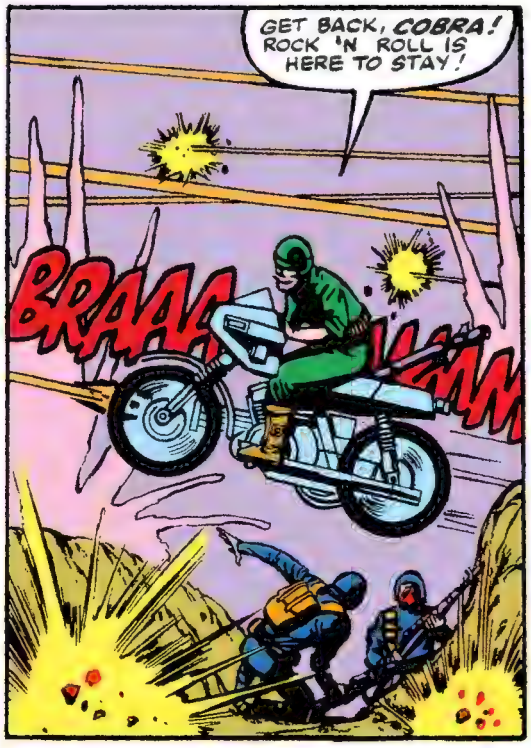
BUT COBRA'S CREDIBILITY IS WORTHLESS UNLESS WE CARRY OUT OUR THREAT TO KILL HER NOW!
GO AHEAD AND GET IT OVER WITH! I'M NOT GOING TO HELP YOU ANYWAY!

ALL IN GOOD TIME, DR. BURKHART, ONE MUST DEFER PLEASURES IF ONE WISHES TO SAVOR THEM--
COMMANDER! THE G.I. JOE HEAVY ASSAULT TEAM HAS LANDED!
SPLENDID!

ROCK 'N ROLL! TAKE THE RIGHT WING!
CLUTCH AND GRAND-SLAM --TAKE THE LEFT!
WE HEAR YOU, HAWK!

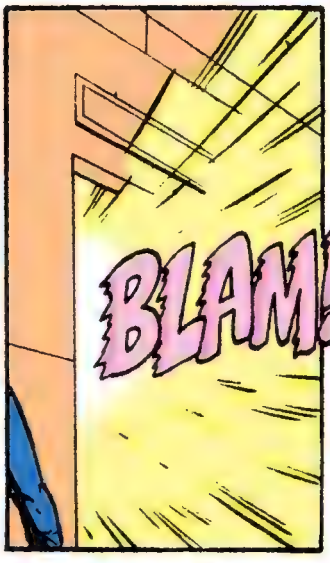
STEELER! YOU, ZAP, AND I--
--ARE ROLLIN' RIGHT UP THE MIDDLE!


WHOOSH
BRAAAAP
WHAAM
FALL BACK! NOTHING CAN STOP THEM!
THEY'RE SMASHING THROUGH THE WIRE AND BREAKING INSIDE THE PERIMETER!!


GET BACK, COBRA! ROCK 'N ROLL IS HERE TO STAY!
BRAAA
AMM

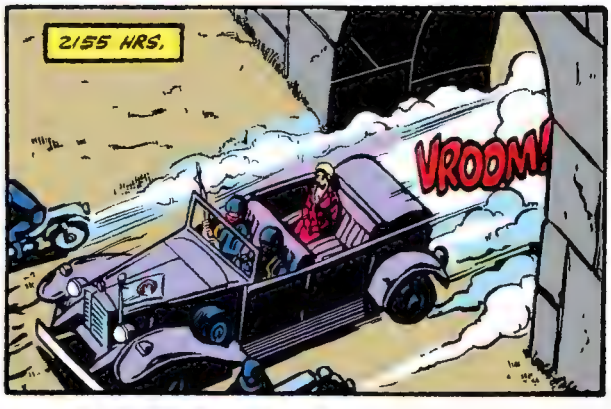
HEY, CLUTCH! HOW IS IT THAT YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO SWERVE OUT OF THE PATH OF ARTILLERY SHELLS?
WHAM!
I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S SKILL AND DETERMINATION, GRAND SLAM--
WHAM
--BUT IT'S MOSTLY STARK FEAR AND BLIND LUCK!

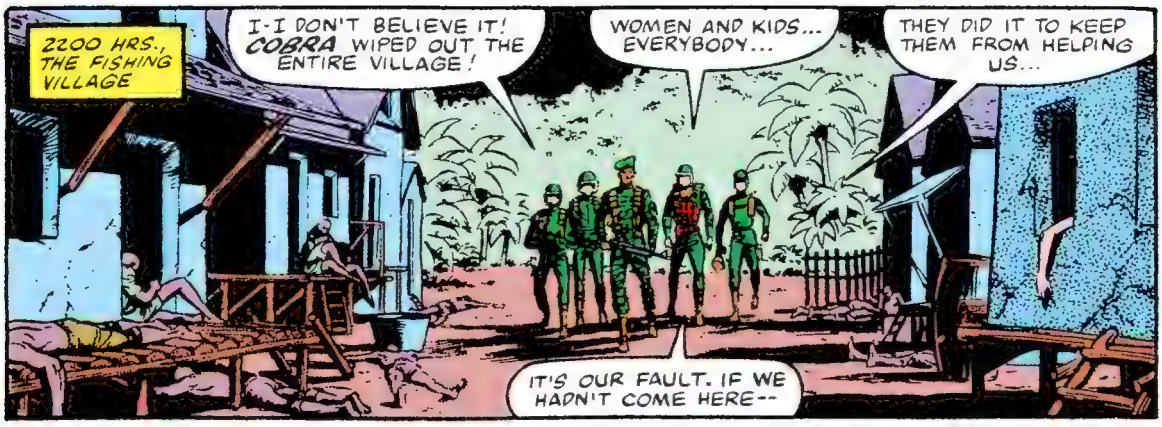
2140 HRS., INSIDE THE SPANISH FORT.
GENERATOR ROOM
PING!
PING!

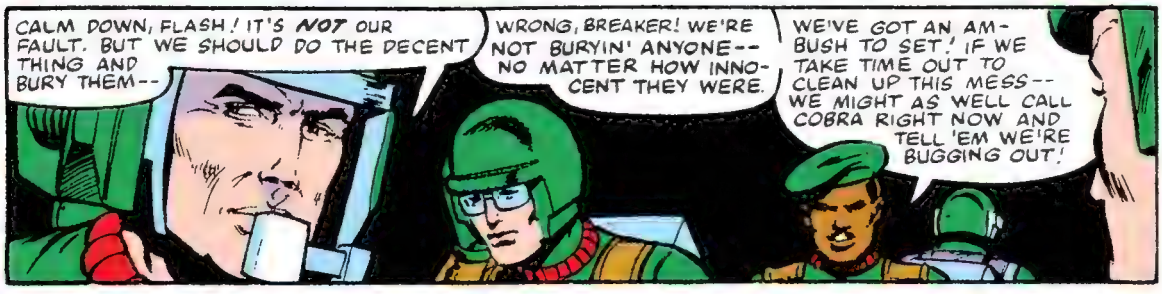

BLAM!

THEIR PENETRATION TEAM HAS JUST BLOWN THE MAIN GENERATORS!
BARONESS, I BELIEVE IT'S TIME TO FILL YOU IN ON MY GAME-PLAN...

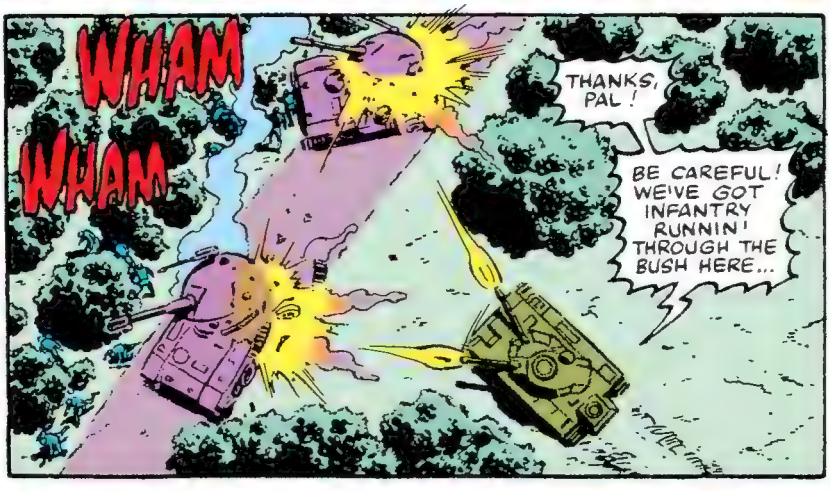
DO YOU PLAN TO KILL DR BURKHART NOW?
NO! "DR. BURKHART" IS DUE AT THE AIRFIELD! HAVE A STAFF CAR AND ESCORT STAND BY TO TRANSPORT HER...

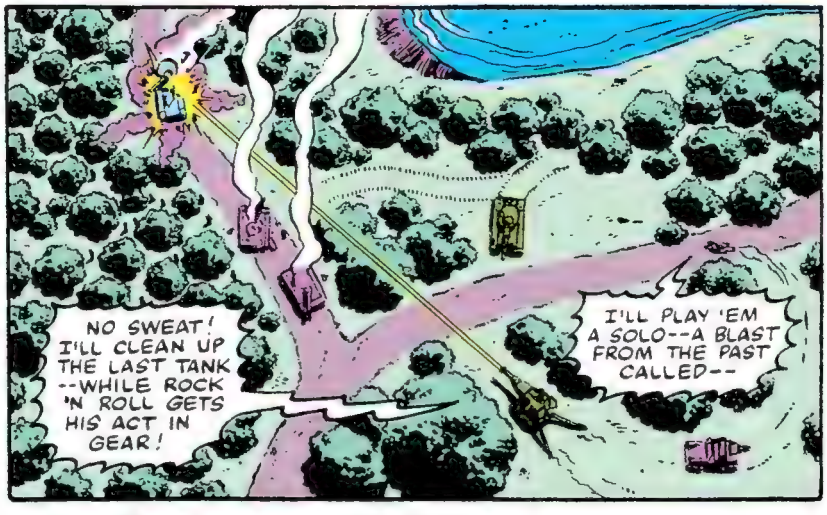

2155 HRS.
VROOM!

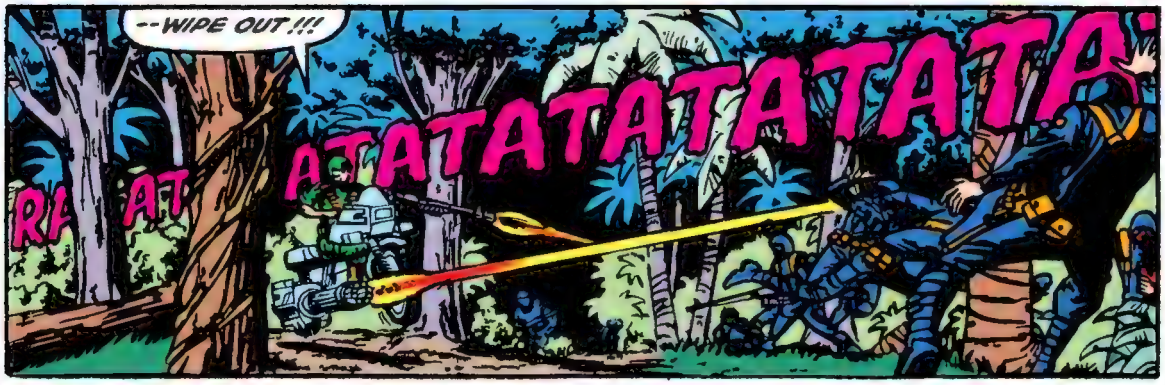

2200 HRS., THE FISHING VILLAGE
I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! COBRA WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE VILLAGE!
WOMEN AND KIDS... EVERYBODY...
THEY DID IT TO KEEP THEM FROM HELPING US...
IT'S OUR FAULT. IF WE HADN'T COME HERE--

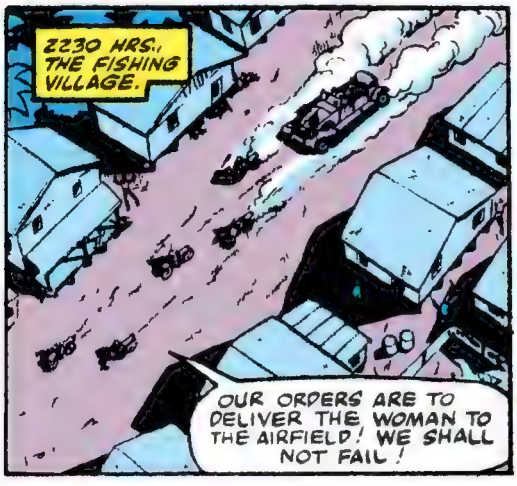

CALM DOWN, FLASH! IT'S NOT OUR FAULT. BUT WE SHOULD DO THE DECENT THING AND BURY THEM--
WRONG, BREAKER! WE'RE NOT BURYIN' ANYONE-- NO MATTER HOW INNOCENT THEY WERE.
WE'VE GOT AN AMBUSH TO SET! IF WE TAKE TIME OUT TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS-- WE MIGHT AS WELL CALL COBRA RIGHT NOW AND TELL 'EM WE'RE BUGGING OUT!

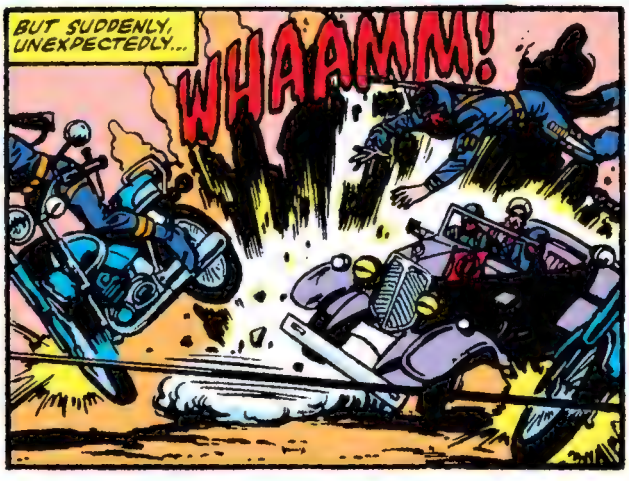
2230 HRS., THE ROAD TO THE FORT.
GRAND SLAM, I'VE SPOTTED THREE COBRA TANKS IN COLUMN FORMATION!
I'VE GOT YOU COVERED, STEELER! YOU CAN HAVE DIBS ON THE FIRST TWO...

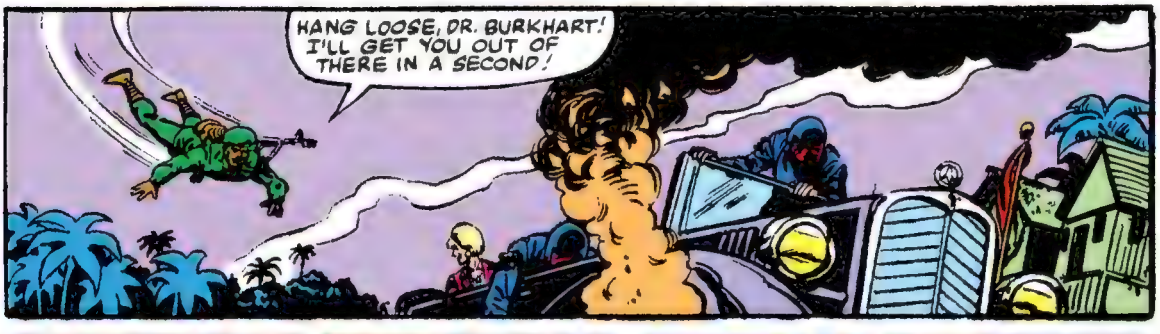

WHAM
WHAM
THANKS, PAL!
BE CAREFUL! WE'VE GOT INFANTRY RUNNIN' THROUGH THE BUSH HERE...

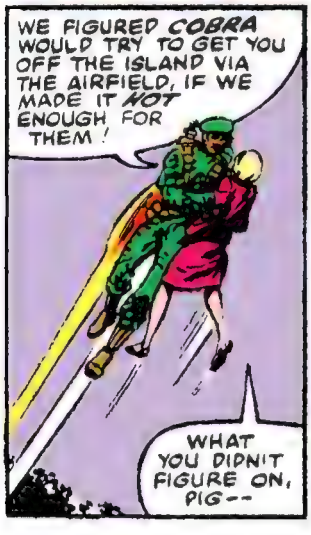

NO SWEAT! I'LL CLEAN UP THE LAST TANK --WHILE ROCK 'N ROLL GETS HIS ACT IN GEAR!
I'LL PLAY 'EM A SOLO--A BLAST FROM THE PAST CALLED--


--WIPE OUT!!!
ATATATATATATA
RA AT

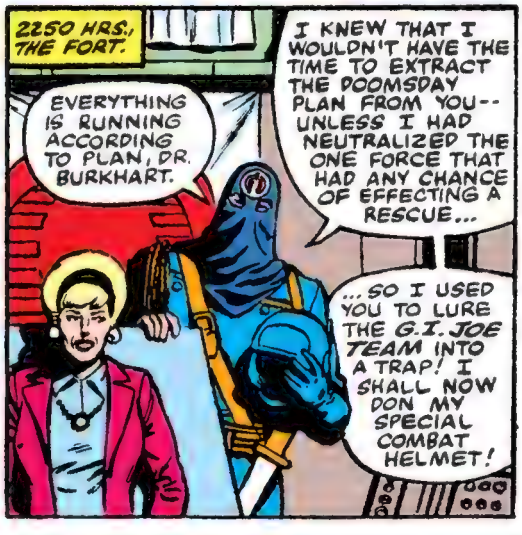

2230 HRS., THE FISHING VILLAGE.
OUR ORDERS ARE TO DELIVER THE WOMAN TO THE AIRFIELD! WE SHALL NOT FAIL!

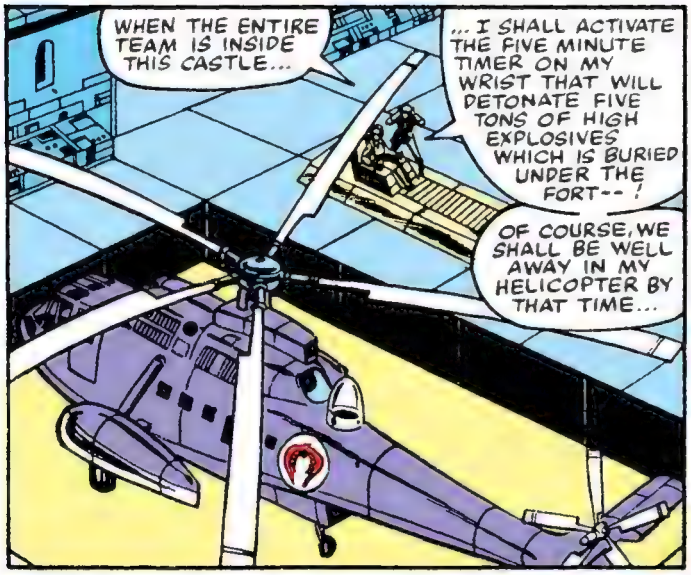

BUT SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHAAMM!

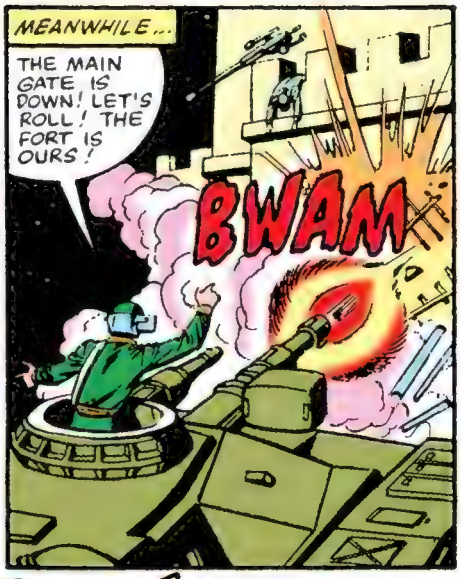

HANG LOOSE, DR. BURKHART! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE IN A SECOND!

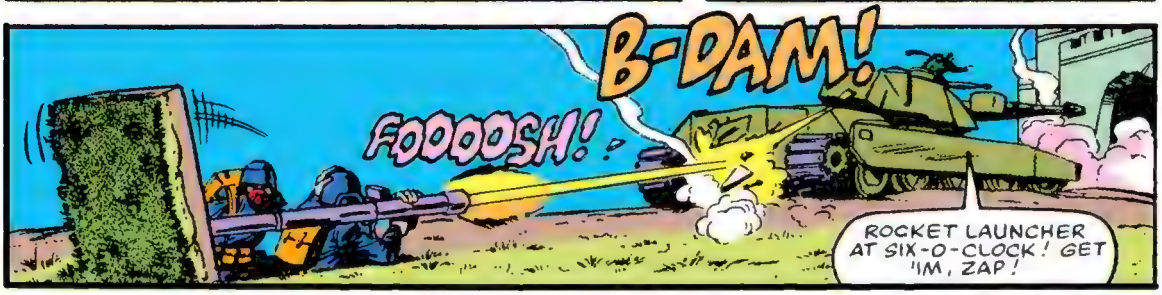

WE FIGURED COBRA WOULD TRY TO GET YOU OFF THE ISLAND VIA THE AIRFIELD, IF WE MADE IT HOT ENOUGH FOR THEM!
WHAT YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON, PIG--

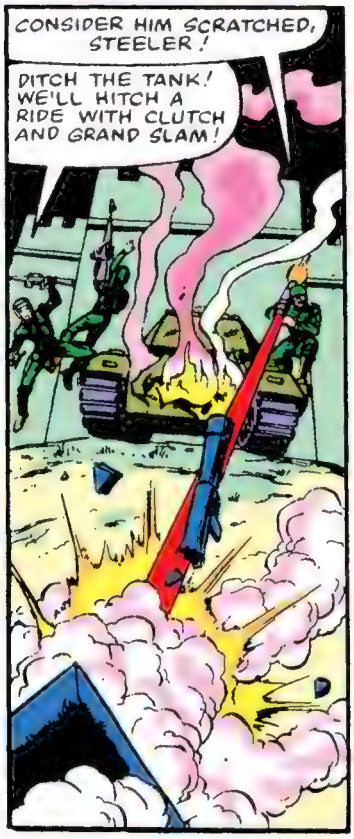
--WAS THE FACT THAT YOU WERE DOOMED FROM THE BEGINNING!
THE BARONESS!


2250 HRS., THE FORT.
EVERYTHING IS RUNNING ACCORDING TO PLAN, DR. BURKHART.
I KNEW THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE THE TIME TO EXTRACT THE DOOMSDAY PLAN FROM YOU-- UNLESS I HAD NEUTRALIZED THE ONE FORCE THAT HAD ANY CHANCE OF EFFECTING A RESCUE...
...SO I USED YOU TO LURE THE G.I. JOE TEAM INTO A TRAP! I SHALL NOW DON MY SPECIAL COMBAT HELMET!

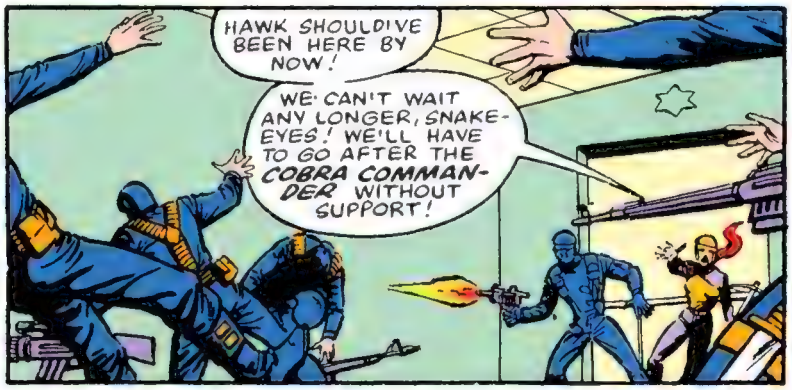

WHEN THE ENTIRE TEAM IS INSIDE THIS CASTLE...
...I SHALL ACTIVATE THE FIVE MINUTE TIMER ON MY WRIST THAT WILL DETONATE FIVE TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES WHICH IS BURIED UNDER THE FORT--!
OF COURSE, WE SHALL BE WELL AWAY IN MY HELICOPTER BY THAT TIME...

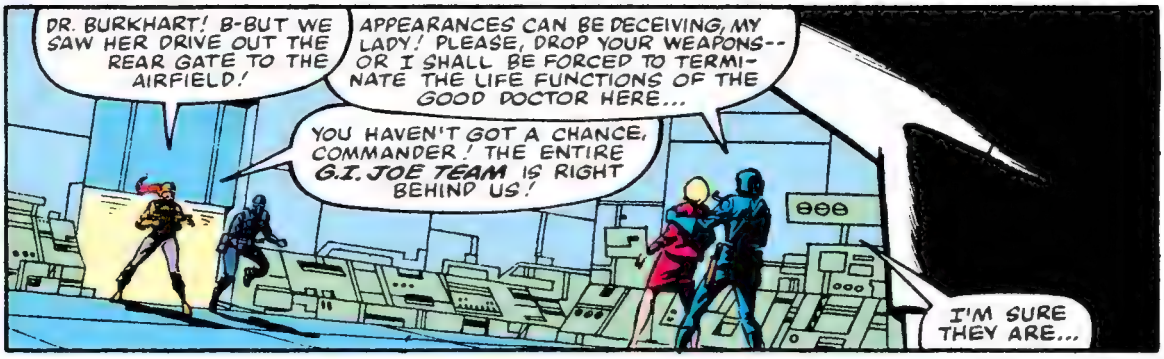

MEANWHILE...
THE MAIN GATE IS DOWN! LET'S ROLL! THE FORT IS OURS!
BWAM


B-DAM!
FOOOOSH!
ROCKET LAUNCHER AT SIX-O-CLOCK! GET 'IM, ZAP!


CONSIDER HIM SCRATCHED, STEELER!
DITCH THE TANK! WE'LL HITCH A RIDE WITH CLUTCH AND GRAND SLAM!

HUSTLE IT! THINGS MUST BE GETTING HOT FOR SCARLETT AND SNAKE-EYES BY NOW!

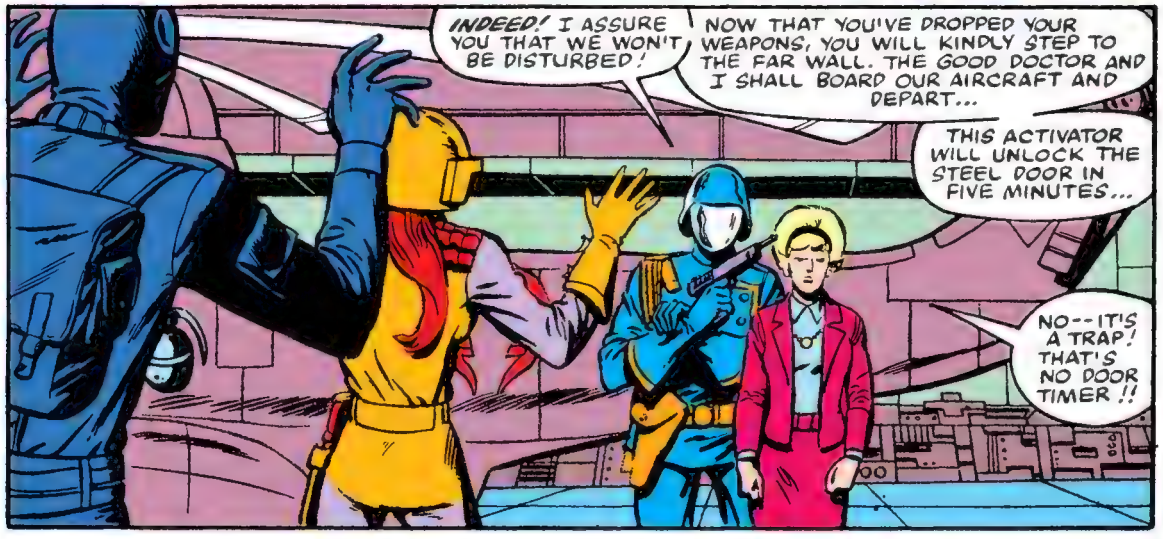

HAWK SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW!
WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, SNAKE-EYES! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THE COBRA COMMANDER WITHOUT SUPPORT!

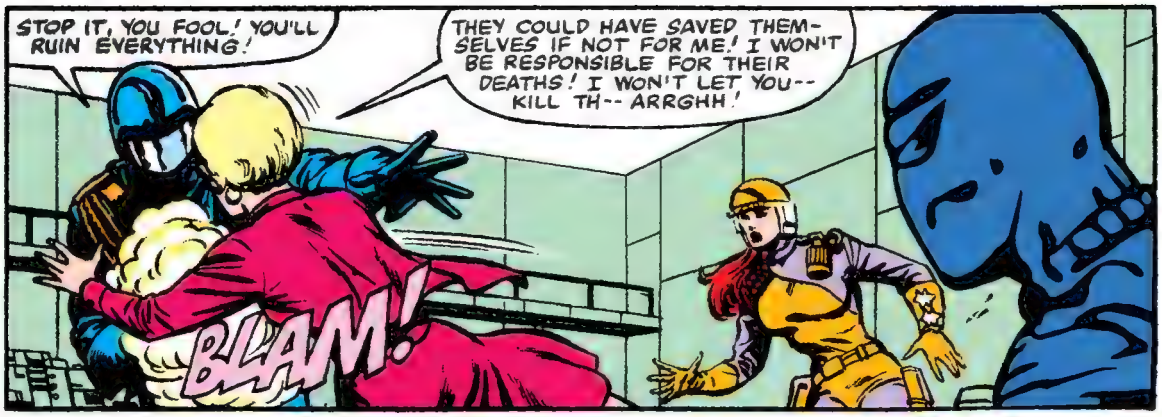

DR. BURKHART! B-BUT WE SAW HER DRIVE OUT THE REAR GATE TO THE AIRFIELD!
APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING, MY LADY! PLEASE, DROP YOUR WEAPONS--OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO TERMINATE THE LIFE FUNCTIONS OF THE GOOD DOCTOR HERE...
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, COMMANDER! THE ENTIRE G.I. JOE TEAM IS RIGHT BEHIND US!
I'M SURE THEY ARE...

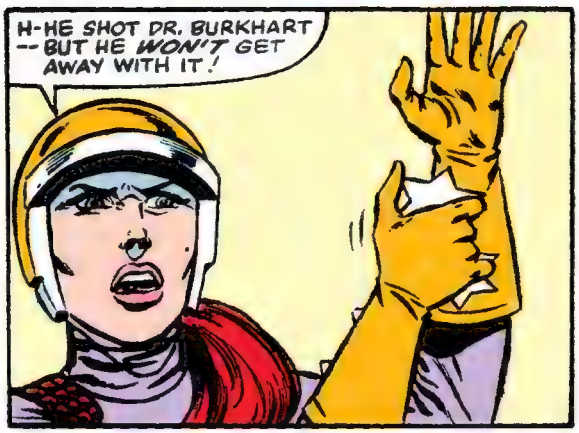
..BUT I SINCERELY DOUBT THAT EVEN YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS TEAM CAN PENETRATE 12 INCHES OF CASE-HARDENED STEEL IN TIME TO BE OF ANY USE!
THAT DOOR IS SLIDING DOWN --CUTTING US OFF FROM THE OTHERS!

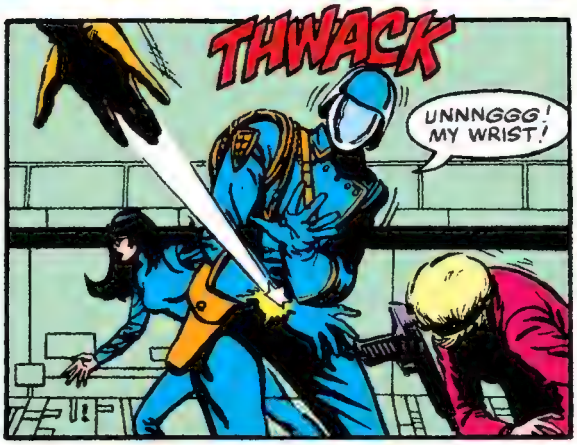
MEANWHILE...
STALKER! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE AMBUSH?
DR. BURKHART PULLED A NO-SHOW! WE GOT THE BARONESS INSTEAD!
BUT WHERE'S SCARLETT AND SNAKE-EYES?

HAWK, I CASED THE WHOLE FORT--THERE'S NO SIGN OF BURKHART, SCARLETT OR SNAKE-EYES... BUT THERE'S A LOCKED STEEL DOOR UP THERE THAT SATCHEL CHARGES WON'T SCRATCH!


INDEED! I ASSURE YOU THAT WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!
NOW THAT YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR WEAPONS, YOU WILL KINDLY STEP TO THE FAR WALL. THE GOOD DOCTOR AND I SHALL BOARD OUR AIRCRAFT AND DEPART...
THIS ACTIVATOR WILL UNLOCK THE STEEL DOOR IN FIVE MINUTES...
NO--IT'S A TRAP! THAT'S NO DOOR TIMER!!


STOP IT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!
THEY COULD HAVE SAVED THEMSELVES IF NOT FOR ME! I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DEATHS! I WON'T LET YOU-- KILL TH-- ARRGHH!
BLAM!

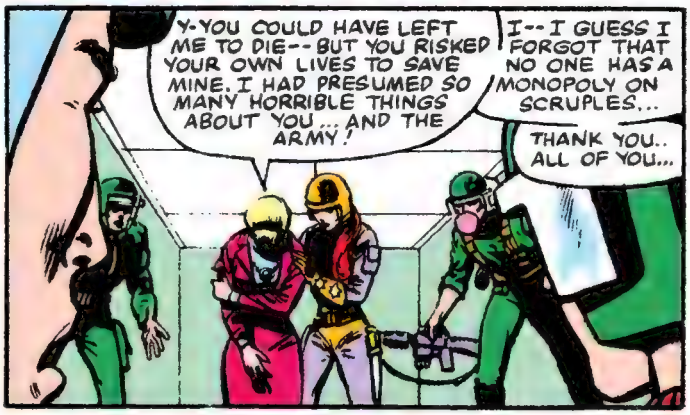

H-HE SHOT DR. BURKHART --BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!


THWACK
UNNNGGG! MY WRIST!

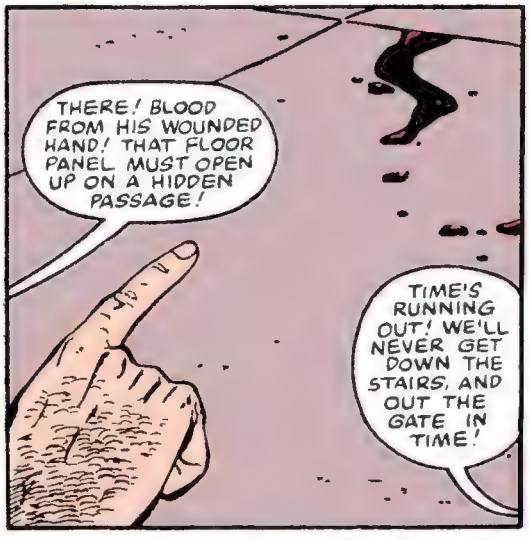
JUST THEN...
THOOOOM

MAN, I DON'T CARE WHAT GRAND SLAM SAYS, I AIN'T HAULING THAT LASER CANNON BACK DOWN THOSE STAIRS AFTER THIS!
COOL IT, ROCK 'N ROLL! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE!
SCARLETT, SNAKE-EYES! YOU OKAY--?

YES--AND SO IS BURKHART! HER ARM'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE, BUT IT'LL HEAL!


Y-YOU COULD HAVE LEFT ME TO DIE--BUT YOU RISKED YOUR OWN LIVES TO SAVE MINE. I HAD PRESUMED SO MANY HORRIBLE THINGS ABOUT YOU... AND THE ARMY!
I--I GUESS I FORGOT THAT NO ONE HAS A MONOPOLY ON SCRUPLES...
THANK YOU.. ALL OF YOU...

OH, MY GOD!
THE TIMER! THIS WHOLE FORT IS GOING UP IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL HAVE OLD COBRA HIMSELF DEFUSE IT--
HEY! WHERE IS HE? I PUT HIM NEXT TO THE BARONESS JUST A SECOND AGO!


THERE! BLOOD FROM HIS WOUNDED HAND! THAT FLOOR PANEL MUST OPEN UP ON A HIDDEN PASSAGE!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT! WE'LL NEVER GET DOWN THE STAIRS, AND OUT THE GATE IN TIME!

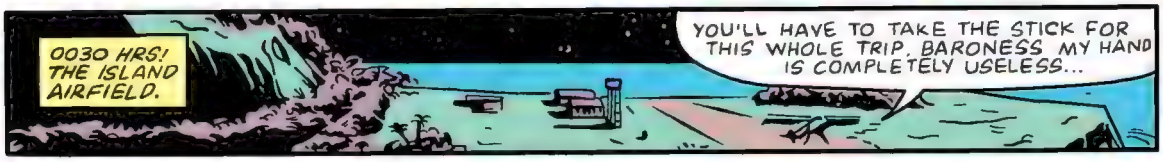
QUICK, EVERYBODY INTO THE CHOPPER!
ZAP, YOU'RE DRIVING!

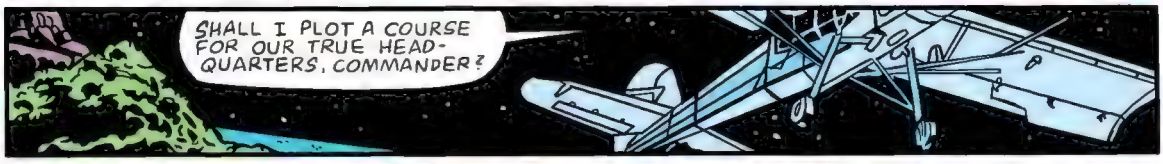
HAWK, I HAVEN'T PUSHED A JOY STICK ON A CHOPPER IN TWO YEARS!
RELAX! IT'S LIKE RIDING A BIKE! YOU NEVER FORGET!
OH, YEAH? I USED TO FALL OFF MY BICYCLE ALL THE TIME!

KABLAMM

MY TANK...
MY JEEP...
MY MOTOR-CYCLE...
DON'T SWEAT IT, GUYS! GENERAL AUSTIN'LL BE GLAD TO BUY YOU ALL A NEW SET OF WHEELS WHEN WE SHOW UP WITH DR. BURKHART.

I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL AGAIN... I STILL FEEL THAT ALL OF MY POLITICAL ACTIONS WERE JUSTIFIED -- BUT AT LEAST I NOW KNOW THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE PENTAGON... THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO CARE!


0030 HRS! THE ISLAND AIRFIELD.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE STICK FOR THIS WHOLE TRIP, BARONESS MY HAND IS COMPLETELY USELESS...


SHALL I PLOT A COURSE FOR OUR TRUE HEAD-QUARTERS, COMMANDER?

YES! THIS ENDEAVOR HAS ENDED IN FAILURE!
WE MUST REST... FOR NOW!
END

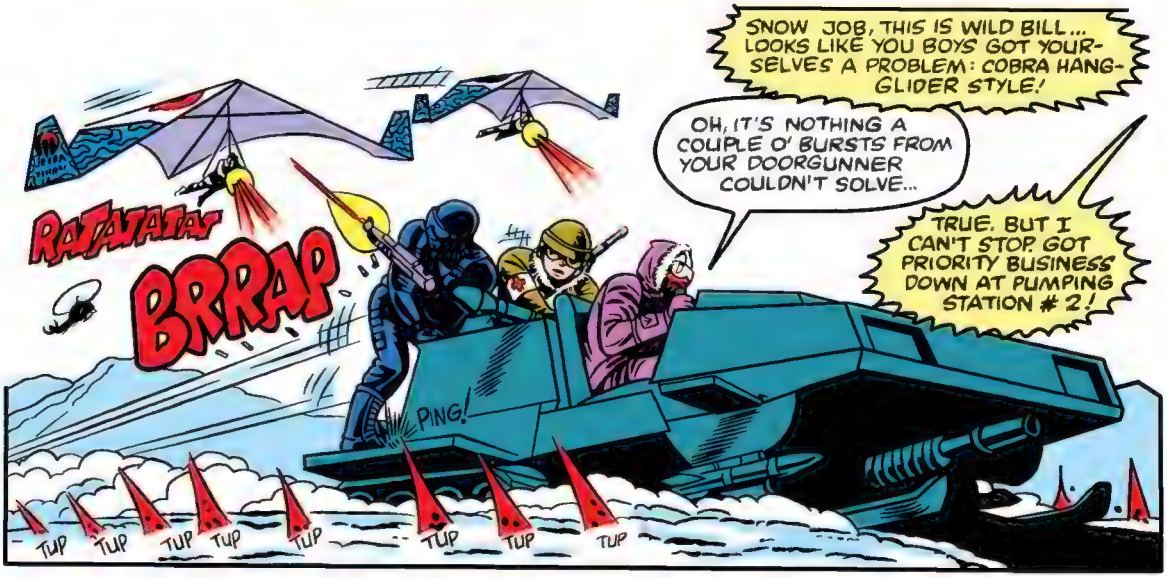
AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES . . .

*After **GI JOE** rescued **Dr. Burkhart**, **Cobra** was inactive for a few months. When **Cobra** did return, it was stronger than ever, and it has continued to grow in numbers, cunning and equipment. But so has **GI JOE**.*

The two forces battle all over the earth, in the United States and in virtually every foreign nation. What follows is a brief look at some of their more memorable meetings.

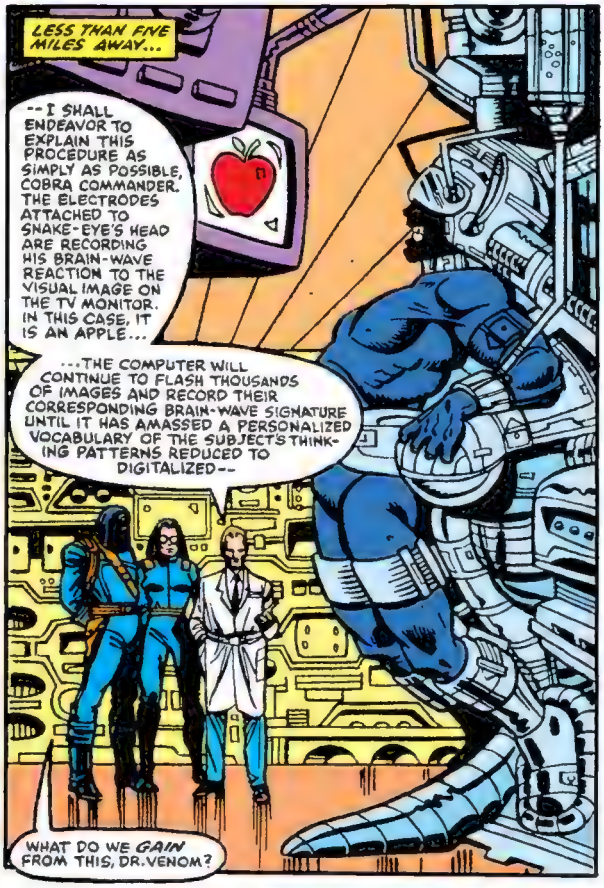
*Soon, **COBRA** began attacking from the Hindu Kush mountains of Afghanistan, where **COBRA** fought **G.I. Joe** to retrieve an abandoned Russian spy plane . . .*

*. . . and on to the frozen Alaskan tundra, where the **Joes** thwarted a **COBRA** plot to steal plutonium from a nuclear power plant .*

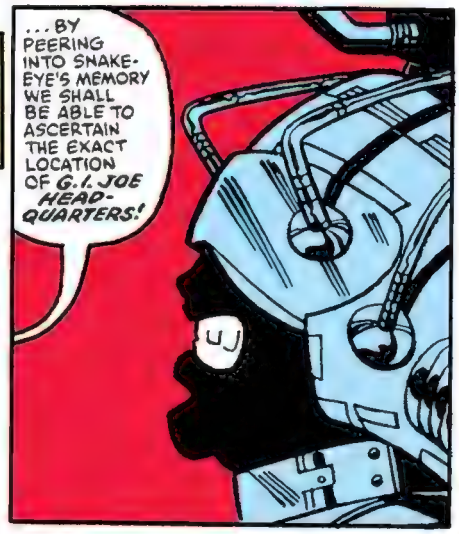


But the Joes' strangest confrontation with COBRA began on the quiet, tree-lined streets of Springfield . . .

Scarlett, Zap and Snake-Eyes found themselves trapped in this small town when the COBRA stronghold they were in took to the air — and flew there.



Once they were in Springfield, the insidious Doctor Venom tried to force Snake-Eyes to reveal valuable information.



But **Snake-Eyes**, an expert in the Eastern martial arts, stopped his own heartbeat and convinced **Venom** he was dead. And when the good doctor let his guard down .

Then **Snake-Eyes** rescued **Scarlett** and **Zap** from the brainwashed townspeople. But the three had to escape using a plane with damaged instruments; that and a storm left them with no way of knowing where they'd just been.

NEXT STOP: the South American republic of Sierra Gordo — where **Stalker**, **Breaker**, **Gung-Ho** and **Snake-Eyes** tracked down **Scar-Face**, a **COBRA** courier with a mysterious briefcase . . .

. . . and got more than they bargained for. **Doctor Venom** took them captive — with the help of **Kwinn**, an Eskimo mercenary.

Gung-Ho helped his fellow **Joes** escape . . .

. . . but **Snake-Eyes**, apparently, didn't quite make it.

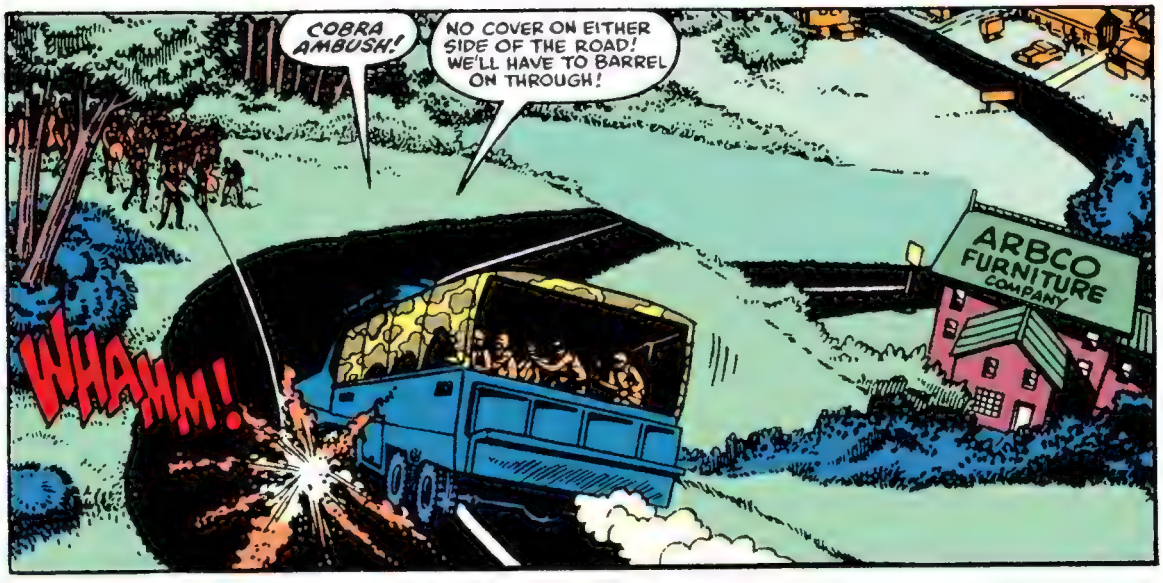
THE BARONESS AND FACE BOMBED THEIR OWN BUNKER! AND SNAKE-EYES WAS STILL ON THE ISLAND!!

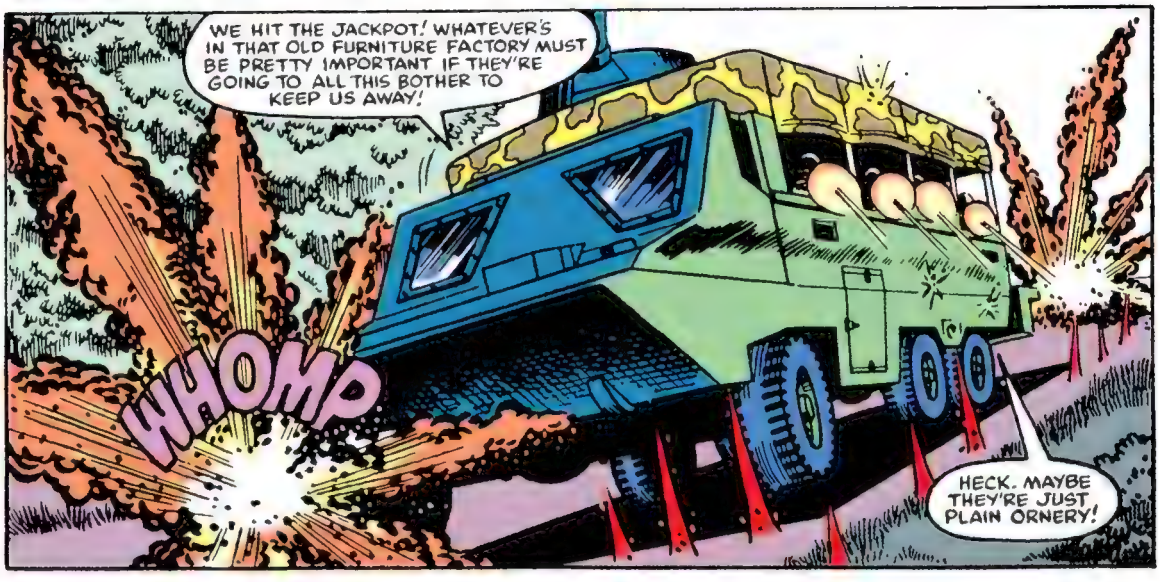
SO WERE DR. VENOM AND KWINN... YA KNOW, JUST BEFORE THE BOMB HIT, IT LOOKED LIKE KWINN WAS TRYING TO PUSH SNAKE-EYES AND VENOM BACK INTO THE BUNKER...

SO WHAT? THE WHOLE ISLAND'S BEEN VAPORIZED! IT'S *GONE*, GUNG-HO-- BUNKER, VENOM, KWINN AND SNAKE-EYES AND WHATEVER SECRET THE BARONESS WAS TRYING TO PROTECT!

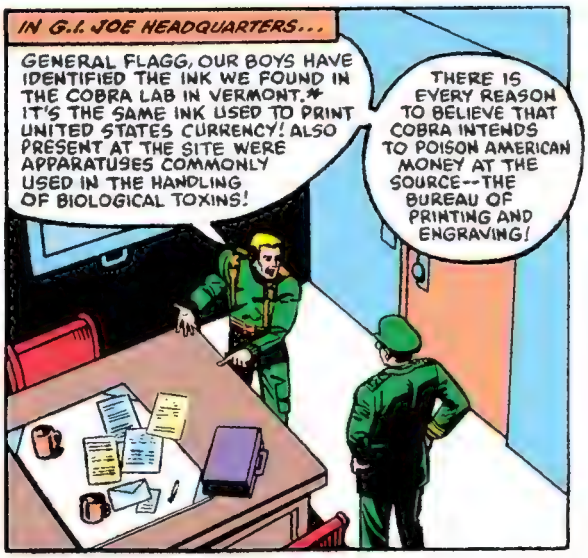
The mission wasn't a total loss, though. **Breaker** returned to the Pit with a **COBRA** map fragment that gave the Joes just the clue they needed to find their enemies . . .

. . . and find them they did — in a **COBRA** lab hidden in an abandoned furniture factory.





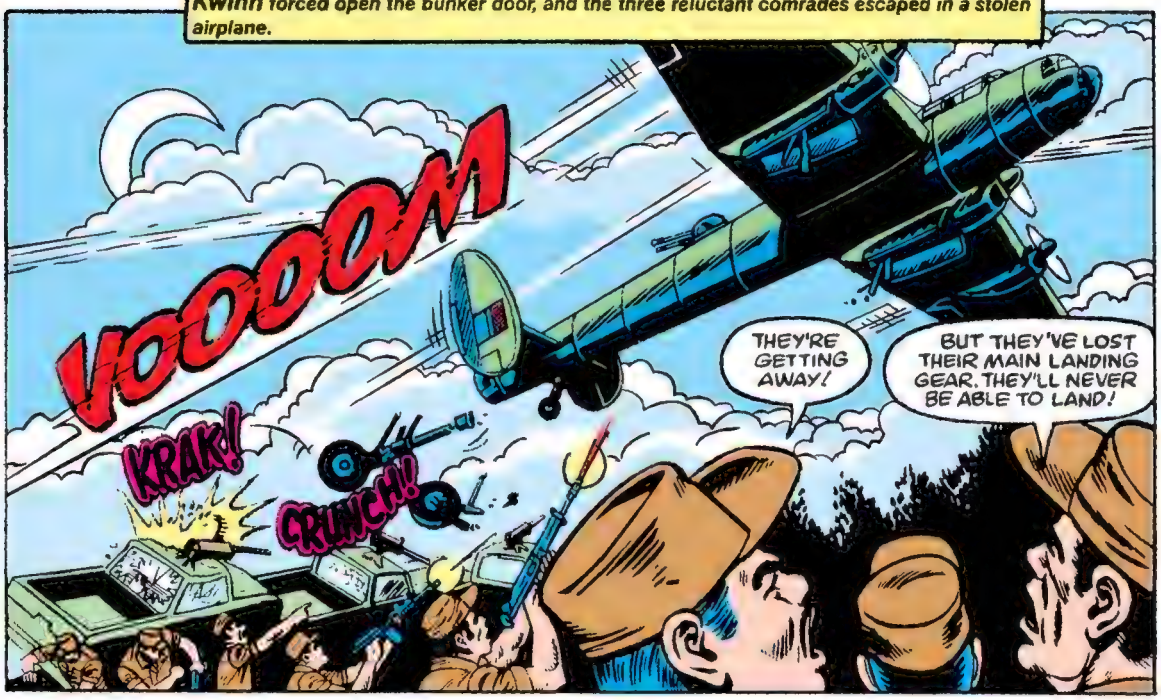
The raid yielded important information.



But while this was happening, **Snake-Eyes** was still alive — although the Joes didn't know it. Trapped underwater with **Kwinn** and **Doctor Venom** in the bunker the **Baroness** had apparently destroyed, **Snake-Eyes** wondered what would kill him first: lack of oxygen . . .

. . . or one of his fellow captives.

Kwinn forced open the bunker door, and the three reluctant comrades escaped in a stolen airplane.

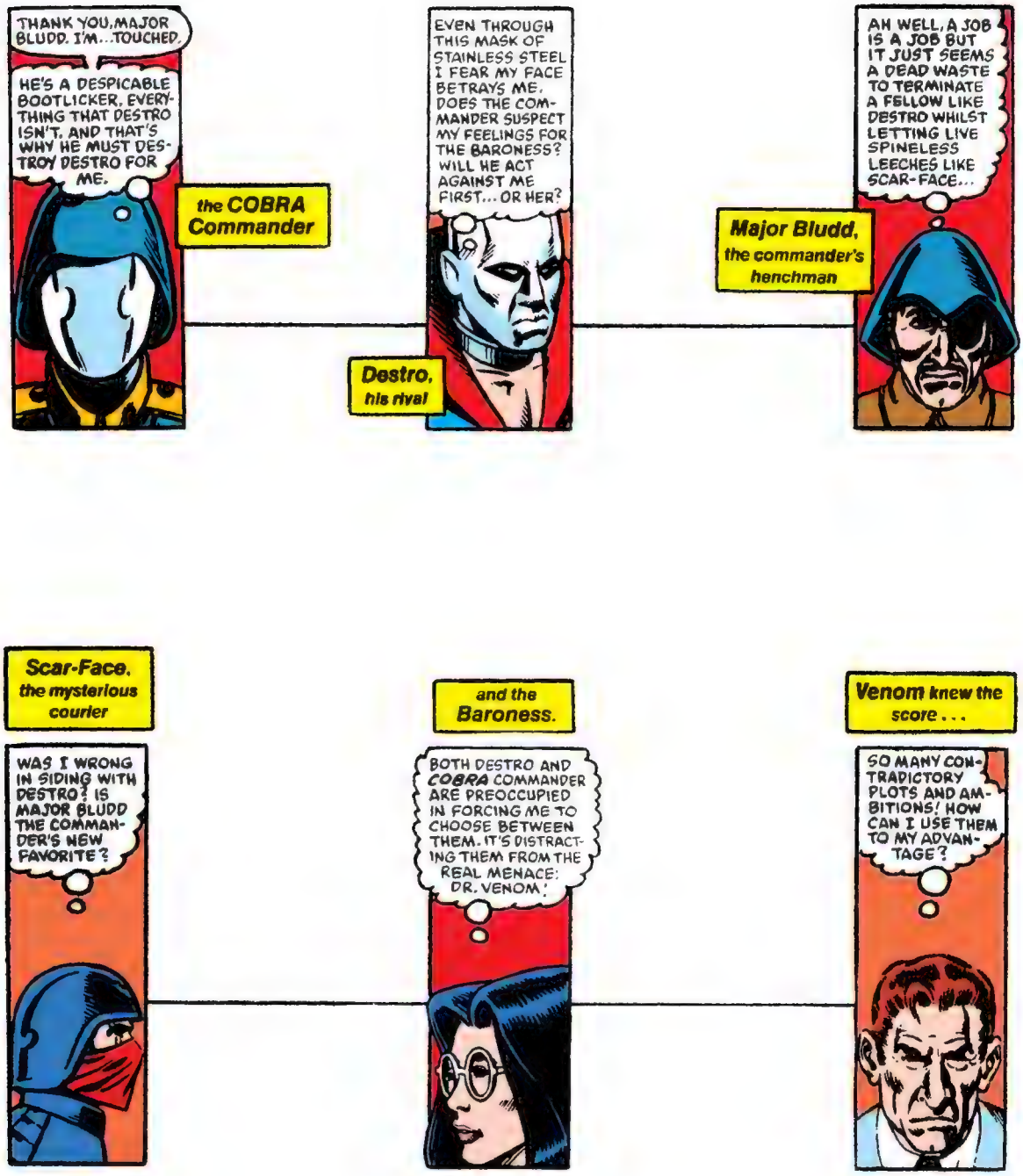


Venom tried to kill Kwinn and Snake-Eyes by pushing them out the bomb-bay doors.

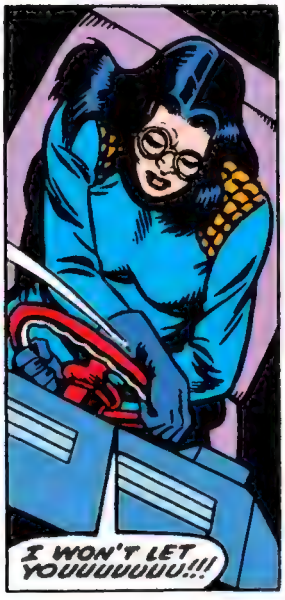
Kwinn wasn't amused.

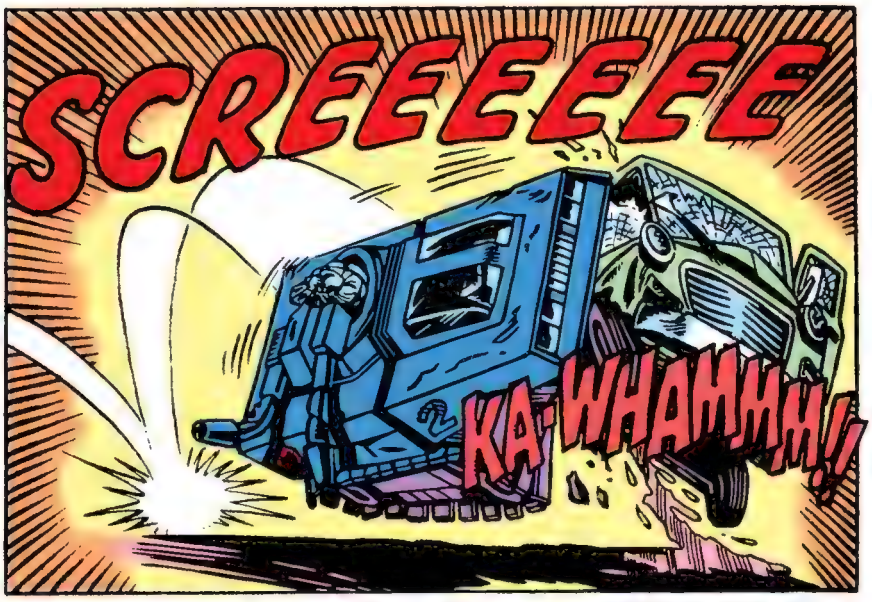
When they crash-landed in Miami, a high-priced COBRA lawyer was waiting for Venom while all that waited for the other two was a jail cell.

Snake-Eyes and Kwinn swore revenge and Venom went to re-join his COBRA comrades:

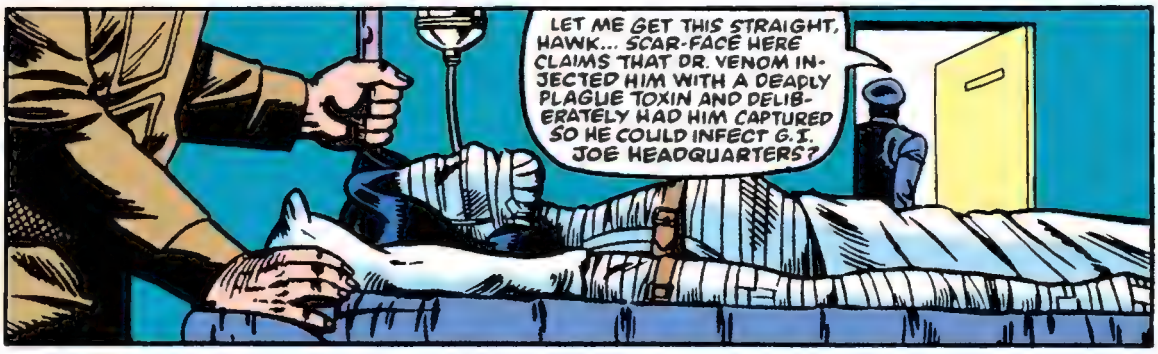

THANK YOU, MAJOR BLUDD. I'M...TOUCHED.
HE'S A DESPICABLE BOOTLICKER. EVERYTHING THAT DESTRO ISN'T. AND THAT'S WHY HE MUST DESTROY DESTRO FOR ME.
the COBRA Commander
EVEN THROUGH THIS MASK OF STAINLESS STEEL I FEAR MY FACE BETRAYS ME. DOES THE COMMANDER SUSPECT MY FEELINGS FOR THE BARONESS? WILL HE ACT AGAINST ME FIRST... OR HER?
Destro, his rival
AH WELL, A JOB IS A JOB BUT IT JUST SEEMS A DEAD WASTE TO TERMINATE A FELLOW LIKE DESTRO WHILST LETTING LIVE SPINELESS LEECHES LIKE SCAR-FACE...
Major Bludd, the commander's henchman
Scar-Face, the mysterious courier
WAS I WRONG IN SIDING WITH DESTRO? IS MAJOR BLUDD THE COMMANDER'S NEW FAVORITE?
and the Baroness.
BOTH DESTRO AND COBRA COMMANDER ARE PREOCCUPIED IN FORCING ME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM. IT'S DISTRACTING THEM FROM THE REAL MENACE: DR. VENOM!
Venom knew the score...
SO MANY CONTRADICTORY PLOTS AND AMBITIONS! HOW CAN I USE THEM TO MY ADVANTAGE?

COBRA then battled the Joes to a near-standstill on the streets of Washington, D.C. COBRA planned to infect the entire population by mixing deadly toxins into the ink used to print U.S. currency, but the plot was scuttled when COBRA Commander unexpectedly turned on Destro.



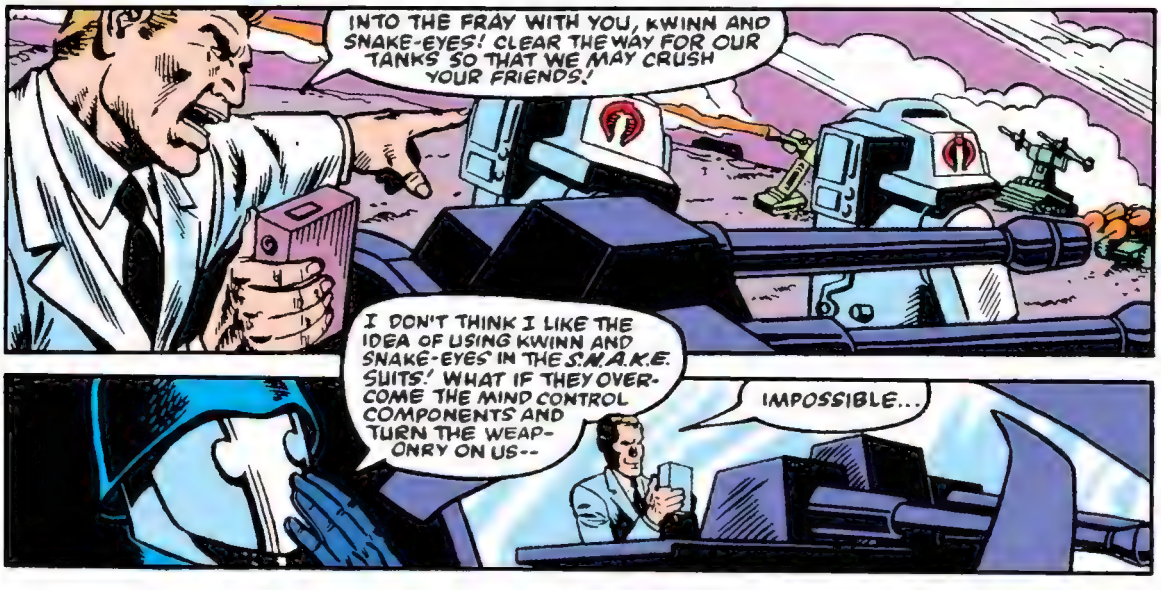


Major Bludd and the badly burned Baroness were both taken to the Pit — but so was Scar-Face . . .



By this time, Kwinn and Snake-Eyes had escaped the Miami jail. They were soon recaptured by Venom and COBRA, and strapped into remote-controlled SNAKE battle armor.

. . . and when the Joes had to visibly quarantine their stronghold to protect the rest of Ft. Wadsworth, they were spotted by a COBRA spy satellite.



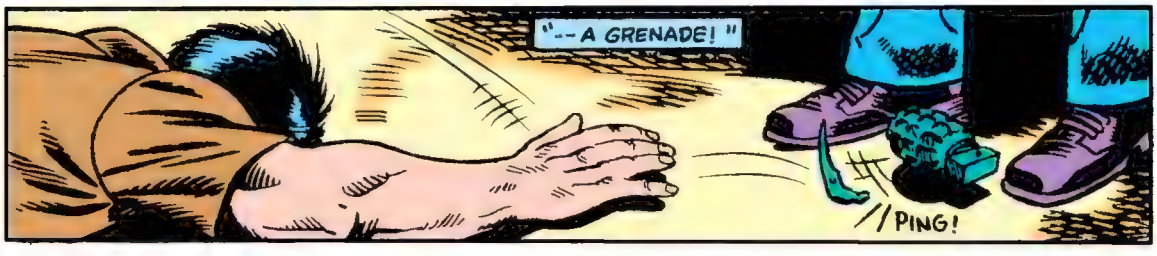
Not impossible. Kwinn escaped the armor — only to be shot in the back by Venom.

BLAMM!

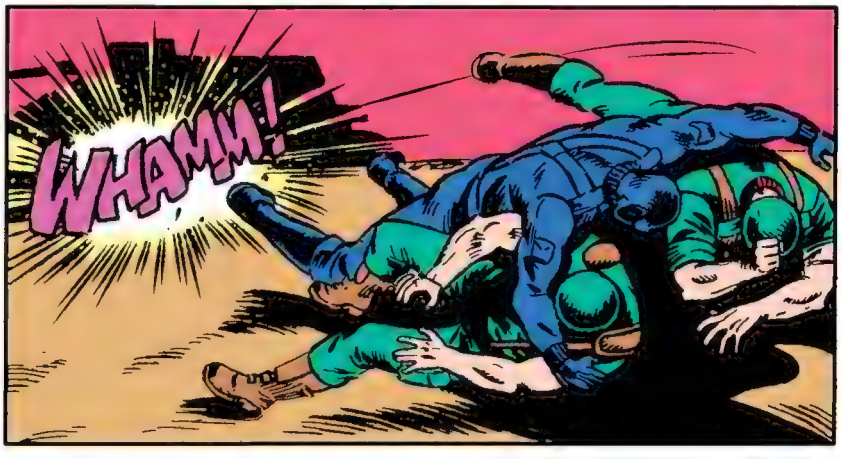
SO. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW? NO MORE MUMBO-JUMBO APHORISMS ABOUT WEASEL SPIRITS'? NO LAST LUNGE TO TRY TO STRANGLE ME WITH YOUR LAST BREATH?
NO THERE IS NO ANGER LEFT IN ME. VENOM.

... I'VE MADE MY PEACE WITH THE WEASEL. KWINN WILL NOT HARM YOU WHILE HE LIVES -- THAT-- I-- PR-- PROMISE...

HE'S DEAD...
WHAT'S THAT IN HIS RIGHT HAND? LOOKS LIKE--

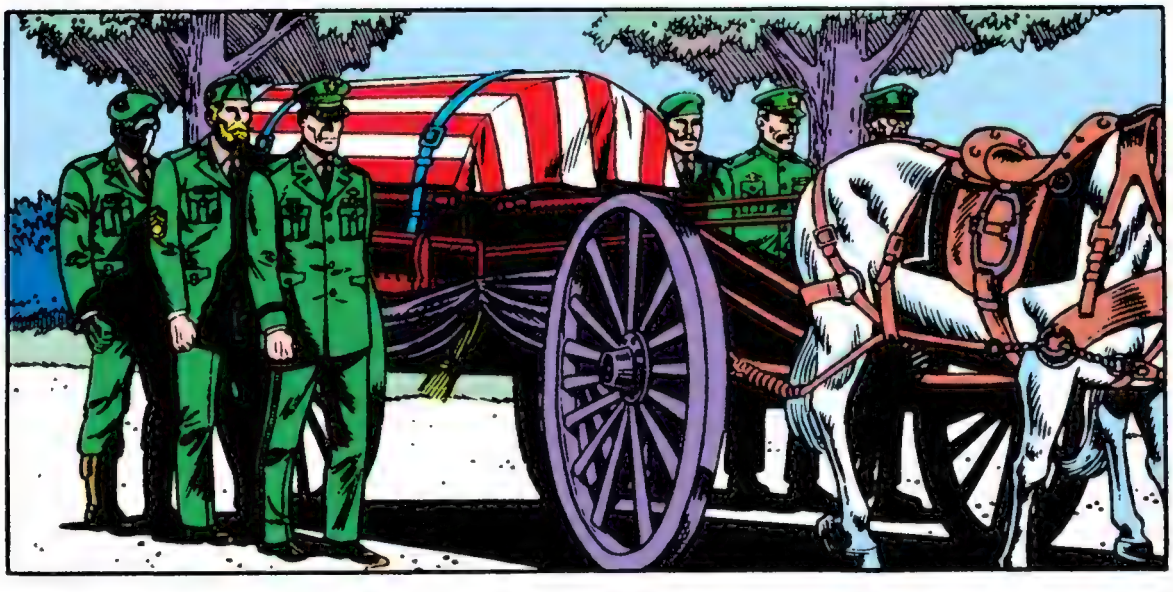

"-- A GRENADE!"
PING!

... FALLEN FROM A DEAD-MAN'S HAND--


WHAMM!

The Joes won, but paid a high price for the victory. **Bludd** and the Baroness escaped, the Pit was partially destroyed and **General Flagg** was killed in action.

The two heroes were given the kinds of funerals they deserved: **Kwinn's** casket was floated into an arctic current, and **Flagg** was given a military burial in Arlington National Cemetary.



Meanwhile, COBRA has been busy recruiting new allies — the DREADNOKS, marauders from Australia with an insane hunger for destruction —

— and ZARTAN, the deadliest master of disguise who ever lived.

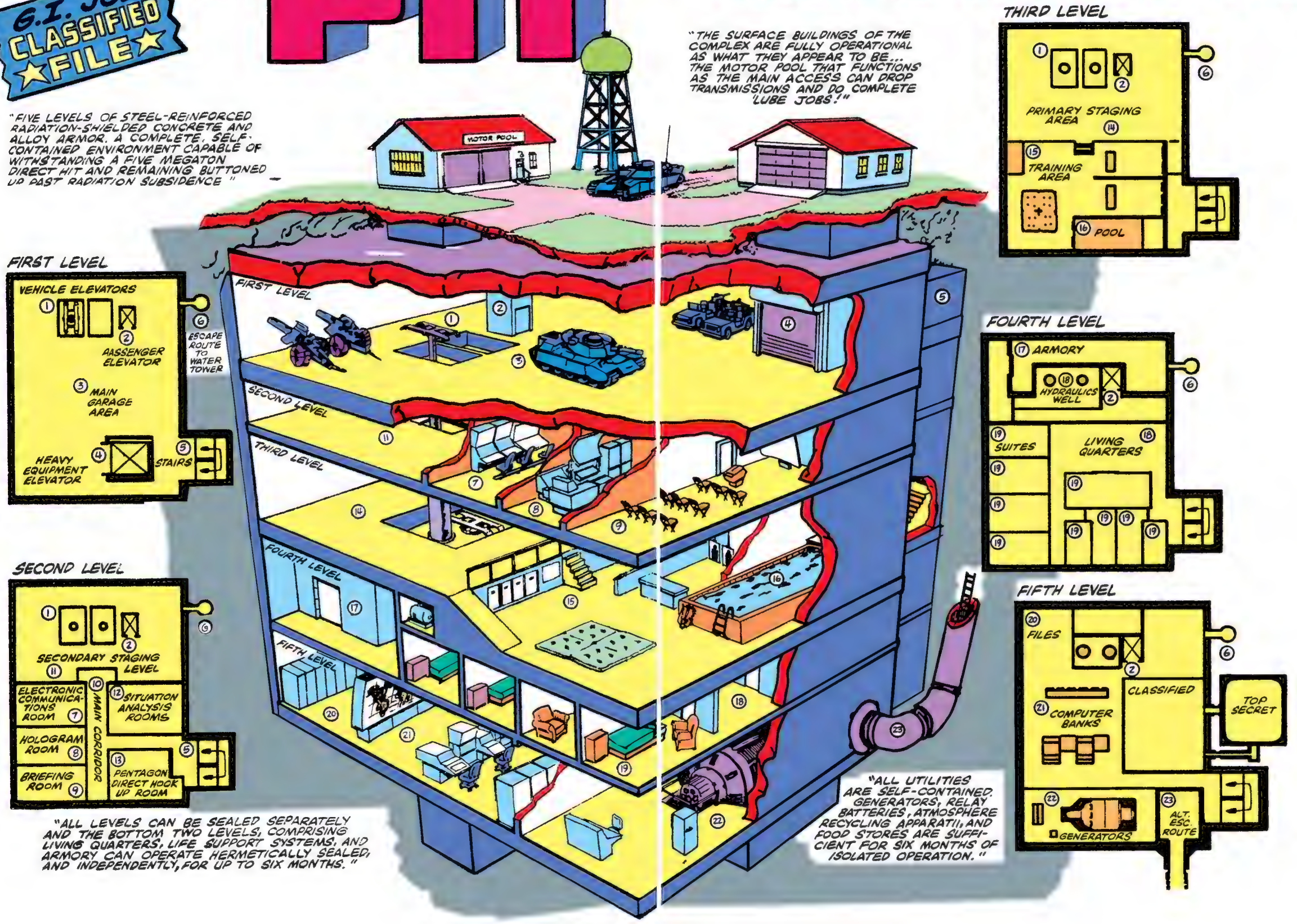
So, the struggle between GI JOE and COBRA goes on . . . with the Earth itself as the prize.

"THE PIT" THE G.I. JOE COMMAND CENTER

G.I. JOE CLASSIFIED FILE

"FIVE LEVELS OF STEEL-REINFORCED RADIATION-SHIELDED CONCRETE AND ALLOY ARMOR. A COMPLETE, SELF-CONTAINED ENVIRONMENT CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING A FIVE MEGATON DIRECT HIT AND REMAINING BUTTONED UP PAST RADIATION SUBSIDENCE."

"THE SURFACE BUILDINGS OF THE COMPLEX ARE FULLY OPERATIONAL AS WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE... THE MOTOR POOL THAT FUNCTIONS AS THE MAIN ACCESS CAN DROP TRANSMISSIONS AND DO COMPLETE 'LUBE JOBS!'"



"ALL LEVELS CAN BE SEALED SEPARATELY AND THE BOTTOM TWO LEVELS, COMPRISING LIVING QUARTERS, LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS, AND ARMORY CAN OPERATE HERMETICALLY SEALED, AND INDEPENDENTLY, FOR UP TO SIX MONTHS."

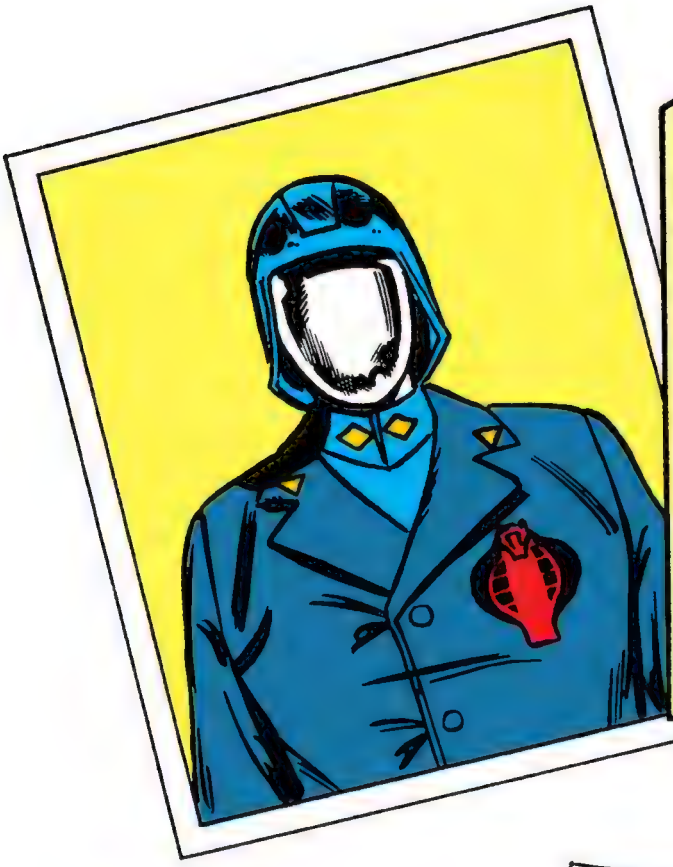
"ALL UTILITIES ARE SELF-CONTAINED. GENERATORS, RELAY BATTERIES, ATMOSPHERE RECYCLING APPARATII, AND FOOD STORES ARE SUFFICIENT FOR SIX MONTHS OF ISOLATED OPERATION."

Code Name: SNAKE-EYES
File Name: (CLASSIFIED)
Primary Military Specialty: Infantry
Secondary Military Specialty: Hand-to-Hand Combat Instructor
Birthplace: (CLASSIFIED)
Grade: E-5

Snake-Eyes is proficient in 12 different unarmed fighting systems and is highly skilled in the use of edged weapons. Apparently has received extensive training in mountaineering, underwater demolitions, jungle, desert and arctic survival, and some form of holistic medicine. No records. Qualified expert all NATO and Warsaw Pact small arms.

Code Name: CUTTER
File Name: Stone, Skip A
SN: RA403540688
Primary Military Specialty: Hovercraft Captain
Secondary Military Specialty: Special Services (coached the women's swimming team at Annapolis)
Birthplace: Kinsley, Kansas
Grade: Lieutenant J.G.

Cutter badgered his Congressman for two years to get into Annapolis. Then realized his family lacked two essential ingredients: power and influence. Opted for the Coast Guard Academy instead. Wanted a life at sea even though hometown is as far away from either ocean as you can get (exactly 1,561 miles from San Francisco and NYC). His iron will and contrary nature, laced with a truly bizarre sense of humor, might explain why.



Code Name: COBRA COMMANDER
File Name: Classified
Primary Military Specialty: Intelligence
Secondary Military Specialty: Ordinance (Experimental Weaponry)
Birthplace: Classified
Grade: Commander-in-Chief

Absolute power! Total control of the world . . . its people, wealth, and resources — that's the objective of COBRA Commander. This fanatical leader rules with an iron fist. He demands total loyalty and allegiance. His main battle plan, for world control, relies on revolution and chaos. He personally led uprisings in the Middle East, Southeast Asia and other trouble spots. Responsible for kidnapping scientists, businessmen, and military leaders then forcing them to reveal their top level secrets.

Code Name: COPPERHEAD
Alternate Code Names: Mamba, 'Gator
File Name: Classified
Primary Military Specialty: Air-driven swamp vehicle operator
Birthplace: Unknown

It is presumed that Copperhead is native to or otherwise intimately familiar with the Florida Everglades. Intelligence sources venture a guess that he raced speedboats in high stakes races at Monaco and Japan. His major weakness is gambling. Odds are that he got started by placing bets on his own races. Apparently he compounded his folly by selling his services to Cobra in hopes of paying off his bookies.

Code Name: ROCK 'N ROLL
Real Name: McConnel, Craig S
Primary Military Specialty: Infantry
Secondary Military Specialty: Physical Training Instructor
Birthplace: Malibu, California

Rock 'n Roll was a surfer in Malibu prior to enlistment. He also was a weight lifter and played bass guitar in local rock bands. Is familiar with all NATO and Warsaw Pact light and heavy machines guns. Graduated Advanced Infantry Training Fort Benning top of class. Specialized Ed: Covert Ops School. Cunning but naive; forceful but shy. Possesses a strong sense of loyalty to his team-mates and is sincerely concerned about their well-being. A man of honor and integrity who can be counted on to hold the line

Code Name: DUKE
File Name: Hauser, Conrad S.
SN: RA213757793
Primary Military Specialty:
Airborne Infantryman
Secondary Military Specialty:
Artillery, Small-arms armorer.
Birthplace: St. Louis, MO
Grade: E-8 (Master Sergeant)

Duke was fluent in French, German, and English when he enlisted in 1967. Graduated top of his class at airborne school, Fort Benning. Opted for U.S. Army Special Language School. Specialized in Han Chinese and South East Asian dialects. Went Special Forces in 1969. Worked with tribesmen in the boonies of South Vietnam. Ran four different Special Forces schools. Turned down a commission in 1971. Commands by winning respect. Current assignment: Acting First Sergeant, G.I. Joe team.

Code Name: RECONDO
File Name: LeClaire, Daniel M.
SN: RA158230074
Primary Military Specialty:
Infantry
Secondary Military Specialty:
Intelligence
Birthplace: Wheaton, Wisconsin
Grade: E-4

Recondo hates the cold. He loves hauling a rucksack through the bush and sweating through his cammies. When he's in the jungle, he owns it. Anybody else is trespassing. Cadre member at Jungle Warfare Training Center. Qualified expert: M-16; Swedish K; greast gun; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol; M-79 grenade launcher.

Code Name: FIREFLY
File Name: Classified
Primary Military Specialty:
Sabotage, Demolitions, and Terror
Birthplace: Classified

No one knows what Firefly's real name is or what he looks like. He is known by his work. Expert in all NATO and Warsaw Pact explosives and detonators. Always places his charges in the one place that affords maximum damage. There is no question about his infiltration skills since no one has ever reported seeing him enter or leave any target area.

Code Name: STORM SHADOW
Primary Military Specialty:
Assassin
Secondary Military Specialty:
Intelligence
Birthplace: Classified

Storm Shadow can trace his family history through thirty generations of assassins. He can scale sheer walls with bare hands and feet, move with blinding speed, and endure unspeakable hardship and pain. Qualified expert: Long Bow, Samurai sword; Throwing stars; Nunchuka sticks; 8th degree black belt in five martial arts.

Code Name: THUNDER
File Name: Breckinridge Matthew Harris
SN: RA135306694
Primary Military Specialty: Artillery
Secondary Military Specialty: Bandsman (Drummer)
Birthplace: Louisville, KY
Grade: E-5

Thunder grew up next door to a foundry. A probable explanation of his fondness for loud noises. When asked his reasons for going artillery, his reply was simply: "I want to hear them go bang." He has a passion for heavy metal rock and roll, peanut brittle and cars with bad mufflers.

Code Name: BLOWTORCH
File Name: Hanrahan, Timothy P
SN: RA527341209
Primary Military Specialty: Infantry Special Weapons
Secondary Military Specialty: Small Arms Armorer
Birthplace: Tampa, Florida
Grade: E-4

Blowtorch is thoroughly familiar with all military incendiary devices and flame projection equipment. To Blowtorch, the use of fire in warfare is a science that predates the bow and arrow. Qualified expert: M-7 Flamethrower; M-16; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol.

Code Name: DEEP SIX
File Name: Willoughby, Malcom R
Primary Military Specialty: Diver
Secondary Military Specialty: Small Craft Pilot/Motorized
Birthplace: Baltimore, MD
Grade: PO 2nd (Master Divers Rating)

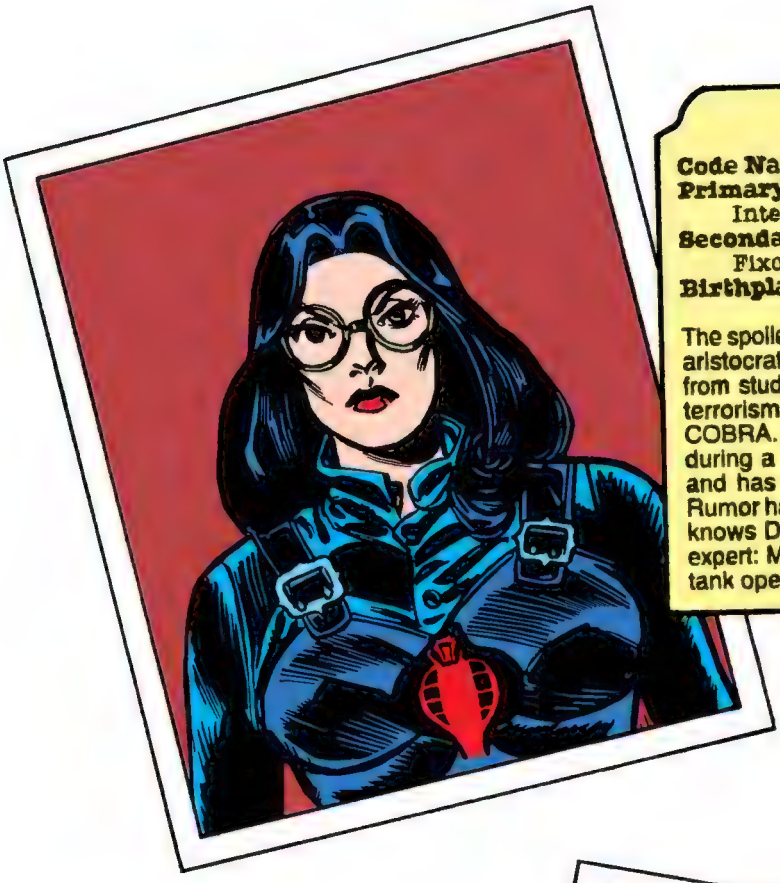
Deep Six never won any awards for being friendly, in fact he became a diver so he could be alone. One of the youngest salvage divers to be certified on the eastern seaboard, he joined the Navy because he thought that civilian divers were too "gregarious and forward." His hobbies include Bottle-cap collecting, Solitaire and the New York Times crossword puzzles. Over fifty Navy divers applied for the coveted divers slot on the Joe Team. Only twelve passed the rigid final requirements and eight of them washed out in the practical application testing. Out of the four finalists, Deep-Six could hold his breath the longest.

Code Name: ROADBLOCK
File Name: Hinton, Marvin F.
SN: RA538203485
Primary Military Specialty:
Infantry Heavy Weapons
Secondary Military Specialty:
Cook
Birthplace: Biloxi, Mississippi
Grade: E-4

Roadblock's dream was to be a gourmet chef. He was working as a bouncer to earn money to attend the Escoffier School in France when an army recruiter convinced him that the army could train him. Roadblock joined but found army menus and preparation techniques too appalling. Transferred to the infantry. Qualified expert: M-2 Browning .50 cal.; Heavy Machine Gun; all Warsaw Pact Heavy MGs; M-16; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol.

Code Name: RIP CORD
File Name: Weems, Wallace A.
SN: RA148231056
Primary Military Specialty:
Airborne Infantry
Secondary Military Specialty:
Demolitions
Birthplace: Columbus, Ohio
Grade: E-4

Rip Cord joined the Civil Air Patrol in high school. Discovered skydiving and joined the G.I. Joe team so he could jump from much higher altitudes. Qualified expert: M-16; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol; Carl Gustav 9mm parabellum; Browning high-power.



Code Name: BARONESS
Primary Military Specialty: Intelligence
Secondary Military Specialty: Fixed wing pilot
Birthplace: Classified

The spoiled offspring of wealthy European aristocrats, the Baroness graduated from student radicalism into international terrorism and finally into the ranks of COBRA. She was severely burned during a COBRA night attack operation and has had extensive plastic surgery. Rumor has it that she is the only one who knows Destro's secret identity. Qualified expert: M-16; AK-47; RPG7; Uzi; H.I.S.S tank operator.

Code Name: MAJOR BLUDD
File Name: Bludd, Sebastian
Primary Military Specialty: Terrorist
Secondary Military Specialty: Weapons and Tactics
Birthplace: Sidney, Australia
Grade: O-4 (Major)

Bludd received initial military training in the Australian Special Air Service. Later joined the French Foreign Legion. Worked as military advisor in a number of countries and is currently wanted for crimes in Rhodesia and Libya. Proficient with every form of infantry weapon in current use. Bludd has a tactical mind like a steel trap. Qualified expert: All NATO and Warsaw Pact small arms.

Code Name: WILD WEASEL
File Name: Classified
Military Specialty: Ground support pilot
Birthplace: Unknown

Wild Weasel cut his teeth in the bus wars of South America and Africa during the last decade. His knowledge of close support aircraft ranges from jury-rigged civilian conversions to ultra state-of-the-art flying weapons platforms. A mouth injury inflicted during a strafing run is rumored to be the cause of the characteristic sibilance in his speech pattern.

Code Name: SCRAP-IRON
File Name: Classified
Primary Military Specialty: Tank Destroyer
Birthplace: Classified

It is believed that Scrap-Iron is a product designer for Destro's armaments company. Carries out initial field testing on all new armor piercing munitions and sub-munitions. Area of specialization is remote-launched, laser-guided, rocket-propelled piezo-electric fused anti-tank weapons. These weapons are categorized beyond the "smart" stage and are known by the nomenclature: "brilliant."

Code Name: MUTT
Dog's Name: JUNKYARD
File Name: Perlmutter, Stanley R.
SN: RA757793443
Primary Military Specialty:
Dog Handler
Secondary Military Specialty:
Infantry
Birthplace: Iselin, New Jersey
Grade: Sp-4

Mutt is a natural with animals. He likes them and they like him. The problem is that he gets along better with dogs than he does with humans. Graduated Jungle Warfare Training School. Attached as cadre to Special Ops School and as advisor to Security and Enforcement Committee. Qualified expert: M-16; M-14; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol; MAC-10

Code Name: SPIRIT
File Name: Iron-Knife, Charlie
SN: RA146231009
Primary Military Specialty:
Infantry
Secondary Military Specialty:
Social Services
Birthplace: Taos, New Mexico
Grade: E-4

Iron-Knife comes from a family so far below the poverty line that they never realized they were poor. Was a hunting guide through high school. Served in Southeast Asia, then completed his education as a civilian. Returned to the service for reasons inexplicable to anyone but a native American mystic warrior. Qualified expert: M-16; M-1911A1 Auto Pistol; Remington sniper rifle.

Code Name: DESTRO
File Name: Unknown
Primary Military Specialty: Weapons Manufacturer
Secondary Military Specialty: Terrorist
Birthplace: Unknown

Destro is the faceless power behind MARS (Military Armaments Research System), largest manufacturer of state-of-the-art weaponry. To Destro, war is man's most natural state: the fittest survive and the greatest technological advances are made. He maintains a luxurious lifestyle around the world. Destro provides high-tech arms to any side able to meet his price and will incite war where it does not exist. He dons his silver battle mask (a family tradition) and enters battle himself, either with COBRA Command (Destro is their major weapons supplier) or against them if it's better for business.

Code Name: ZARTAN
File Name: Unknown
Aliases: Too numerous to list
Birthplace: Unknown

Zartan can alter his skin color at will to blend in with his environment. He is also a master of makeup and disguise, a ventriloquist, a linguist (over twenty languages and dialects), an acrobatic-contortionist and a practitioner of several mystic martial arts. Very little is known of his background and origins but most security agencies agree that he must have had European military academy training (probably St. Cyr).

Psychological Profile: Extreme paranoid schizophrenic. Grows into various multiple personalities to such an extent that the original personality becomes buried and forgotten.

Code Name: STEELER
Real Name: Pulaski, Ralph W.
Primary Military Specialty: Armor
Secondary Military Specialty: Artillery Transportation
Birthplace: Pittsburgh, PA

Steeler comes from a blue collar middle class background. He put himself through college on an ROTC scholarship, working as a heavy equipment operator. Familiar and proficient with all NATO and Warsaw Pact armored fighting vehicles. Graduated armor school, top of class. Special training: Cadre X-AFV Project, Artillery school, AFV Desert Exercise, Covert Ops School. Qualified expert: M-16; M-1911A1; MAC-10; Uzi.
Young, reckless, often clashes with authority figures (superior officers), but he's one tough soldier.

G.I. JOE ON TELEVISON

If you're reading this, you're probably already familiar with at least one aspect of G.I. JOE. Maybe you know those colorful characters as the most successful action figures of all time, featuring a cast of dozens, a fleet of vehicles, and an arsenal of weapons that leave rival toymakers' products in the dust! Or perhaps you know G.I. JOE as the hero of the comic book containing more non-stop thrills, chills and spills per panel than any other magazine in comicdom! But did you know that the G.I. JOE heroes are also now bona-fide television stars, who, starting in the fall of 1985, will be featured in his own nationally-broadcast daily t.v. show?!

Of course, no one becomes a big star overnight, and the Joes are no exception. It took two years of appearances, first in brief 30-second commercials, and later, in half-hour segments of mini-series, to establish the Joes star potential, and to garner G.I. JOE a daily show.

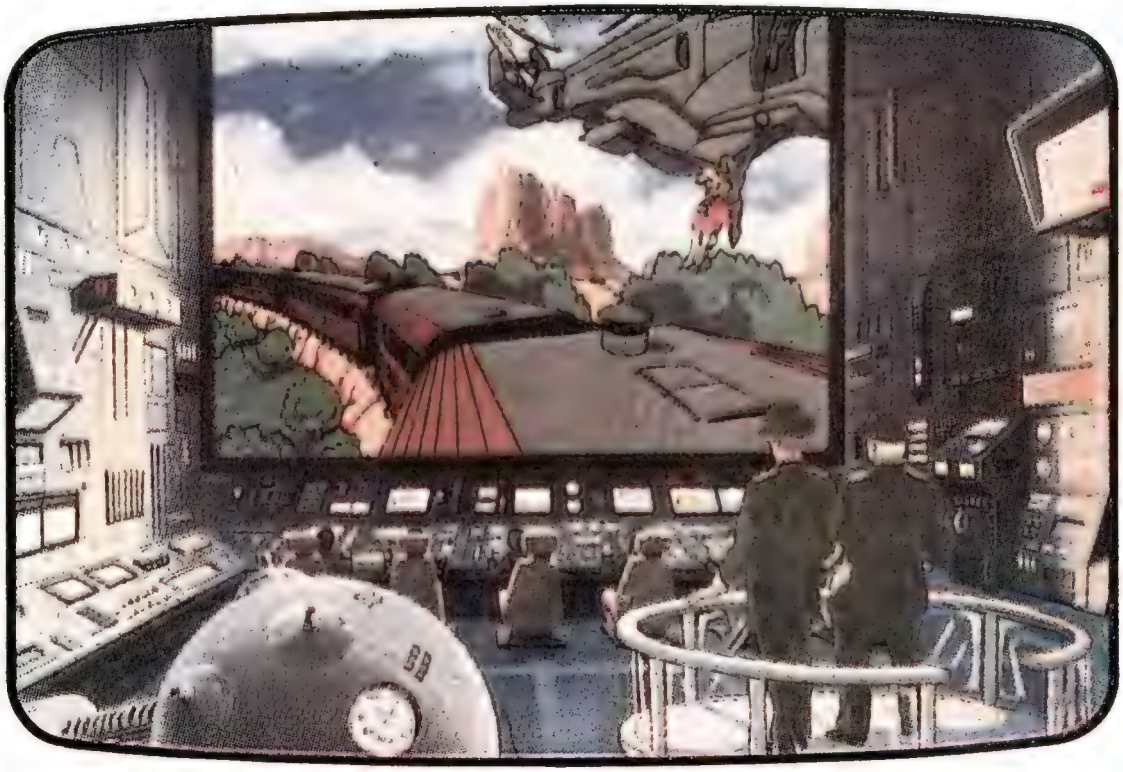
The Joes' rise to stardom began in 1982, when they made their initial t.v. appearance in the first television commercial *ever* to

That's none other than ZARTAN aboard the SWAMP SKIER, and DESTRO, the BARONESS and COBRA COMMANDER right behind on the SWAMP CRUISER — all available as action toys!

promote a comic book. That spot was produced by Marvel Productions, the west coast studio owned by Cadence Publishing, which also owns Marvel Comics, publisher of the G.I. Joe comic book. The 30-second animated commercial recounted in mini-drama form the story told in the debut issue of the G.I. JOE comic book. That tale concerned Cobra, a mysterious terrorist organization which kidnaps a pacifist scientist and holds her hostage in an impregnable island fortress. The G.I. JOE team, a counter-terrorist squad, storms the fortress and after a furious firefight effects an amazing rescue!

Marvel Comics had crammed that issue with G.I. JOE's trademark: mile-a-minute, all-out, no-holds-barred action. This made

Who could it be but that baddie of baddies, MAJOR BLUDD!



The view from the Pit, as COBRA snatches Dr. Burkhart, a pacifist scientist, off the roof of a speeding train, to a waiting chopper, in this scene from the debut issue of G.I. JOE!

Can the JOES snatch the doc back? One of the JOES gives it a whack, with the aid of a jet-pack!

Talk about action! Just check out this cover from issue #11!

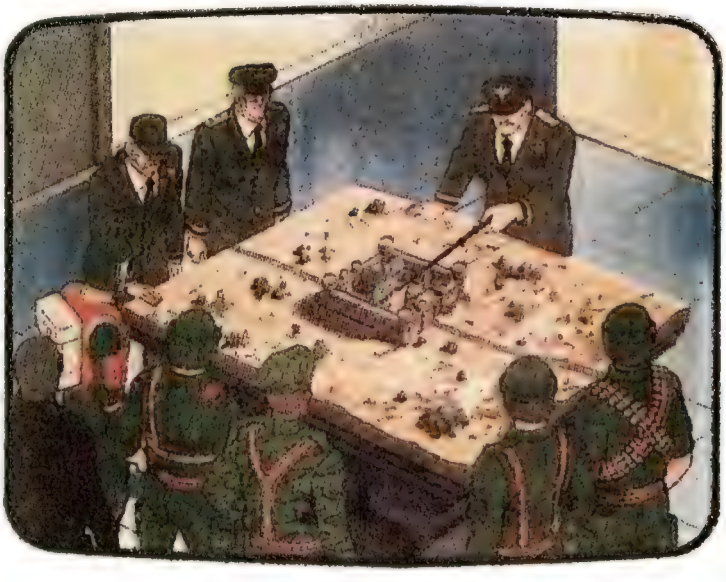
an already tough job even *tougher* for the team at Marvel Productions, whose job it was to draw and color each one of the *thousands* of frames making up the commercial. Not only did the Marvel team have to reduce a 28-page comic to thirty seconds of comprehensible images with a sales message, but voices, music and sound effects all had to be created and added. Marvel's crew of top-notch animators, the best since Disney's, toiled round-the-clock for weeks on end, racing to meet the airdate deadline which Hasbro, G.I. JOE's maker, had scheduled to coincide with release of both G.I. JOE #1 *and* the all-new G.I. JOE team toy line. It was close, very close, but just in the nick of time, the commercial was ready to air!

And air it *did*, one Saturday

Facing fire, trying to stay alive — just another day for the Joes.

morning in the spring of 1982, as, across the nation, Hasbro's new G.I. Joe team toy line and Marvel Comics' G.I. Joe team comic book went on sale!

Reaction came swiftly. By nightfall, devoted parents had stripped toy store shelves bare of the new Joe line, and store managers from Boston to San Jose were on the phone to Hasbro, placing reorders. At noon on Sunday, in a drugstore in Battle Creek, Michigan, two brothers snatched up the last remaining copy of G.I. JOE #1, as out-of-stock newsstands and comic shops beseiged distributors for more copies. By midweek, the New York offices of Marvel Comics lay buried under an avalanche of mail triggered by the commercial, asking: *Where* was the toy line available? *How* did one subscribe to the comic book? *Would* there be more commercials? The verdict was crystal



The Joes' mission — to storm the impregnable island fortress of COBRA, and rescue Dr. Burkhart. Top brass briefs the Joe team on how to do it!

The Joe team's not the only one with sophisticated equipment — here, a COBRA attacks, from out of the sky, in a glider!

No place is safe — a scene that'll leave you gasping for breath, from the first mini-series.

clear — Hasbro's marketing onslaught had succeeded — G.I. Joe was a hit from coast to coast!

In the months following the phenomenal success of the first commercial, Hasbro scrambled to turn out more characters, more vehicles, more weapons, and Marvel Comics tapped its considerable pool of talent to come up with better plots, wilder stunts, faster chases, and bigger fights, in gloriously futile attempts to sate the public's ravenous appetite for G.I. JOE. Meanwhile, on the west coast, the hard-pressed staff at Marvel's studio was back at work, pushing relentlessly to complete five more 30-second animated commercials touting specific issues of the comic book. Work began on a miniseries, to consist of five half-hour segments to be aired nationally on consecutive weekdays in the coveted after-school time slot.

If that last scene didn't scare you, how about this one? A giant slave, one of the innumerable dangers the JOES face in the first miniseries

Demand for both the comic book and the toy line continued its steep climb as the commercials were broadcast, reaching a fever pitch when the miniseries aired. Response to the miniseries was so overwhelmingly positive that Hasbro edited the series into a home video and released it for syndication. The public couldn't see enough of the Joes!

Time passed. Every two or three months a new commercial aired, encapsulating the then current issue of G.I. JOE into 30 seconds of blazing action. Hasbro previewed a *second* five-part miniseries to a studio audience, evoking the same wildly enthusiastic response that the *first* miniseries had elicited. (That miniseries will have aired by the time you read this, but it may be edited into a home video, as the first miniseries was, so don't *despair* if you *did* miss it!) Joe, it seemed, could do no wrong. It was then that the Joes were given the green light to star in their own daily series, and work on that show

Talk about transport! You can count on seeing the latest in state-of-the-art technology in every issue and episode of G.I. JOE!

If they're not sweating in some swamp, they're shivering in some blizzard! No one told the JOES it would be easy — and it isn't!

began. Joe had made it, following in the footsteps of such media titans as Johnny Carson, Walter Cronkite and Captain Kangaroo. In the short span of two years G.I. JOE had come a long way, from virtual television anonymity to screen fame far beyond the most acrobatic imagination. G.I. JOE fandom multiplied a thousandfold. The Joes had become more than toys, more than comic book characters, more than television stars. They had become part of the American experience.

In the fall of 1985, the Joes will star in their own daily show. Who could have forseen it? Who would have *believed* it?

What does the future hold for G.I. JOE???

Only time will tell. The best way to stay tuned is to check out the toy line, pick up the comic, watch the show!!!

MEMO

From: Hawk
To: All units
Subject: GI JOE

Okay, troops, if you've read the stuff on the preceding pages you have a pretty good idea of what we've been up to for the past couple of years.

Some of it has been pretty bad. We lost General Flagg, and there's not one of us who didn't grieve for him. And Quinn — although he wasn't one of us, most of the Joes had a lot of respect for him, and we all got kind of quiet when we heard what happened to him.

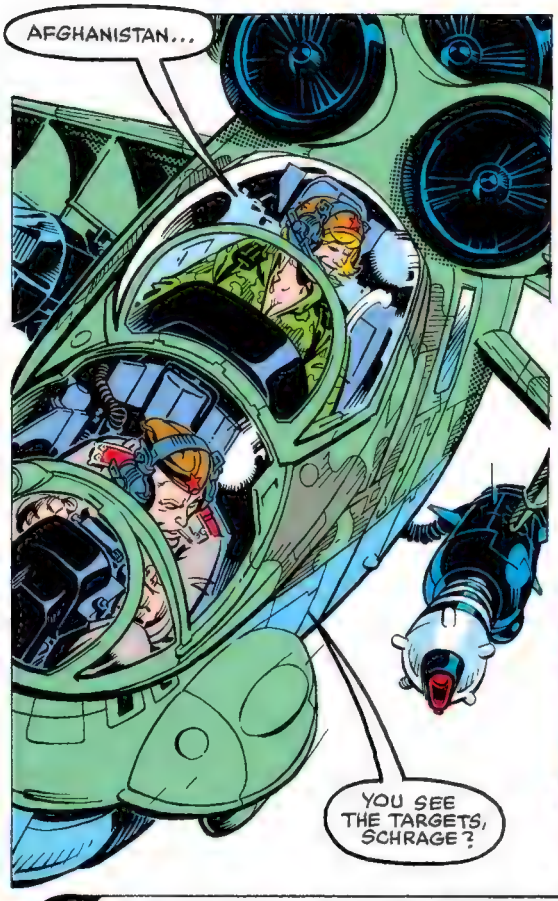
But there were good times, too. We had our laughs, and the good feeling you get when you know the people around you are the best. Now that we've moved into the new Pit, we're tighter than ever. And this is just the beginning.

The future? We can expect some new members, some new gear — state-of-the-art, the finest Uncle can supply. We'll need it, because COBRA gets more dangerous every day. We can't forget that, ever.

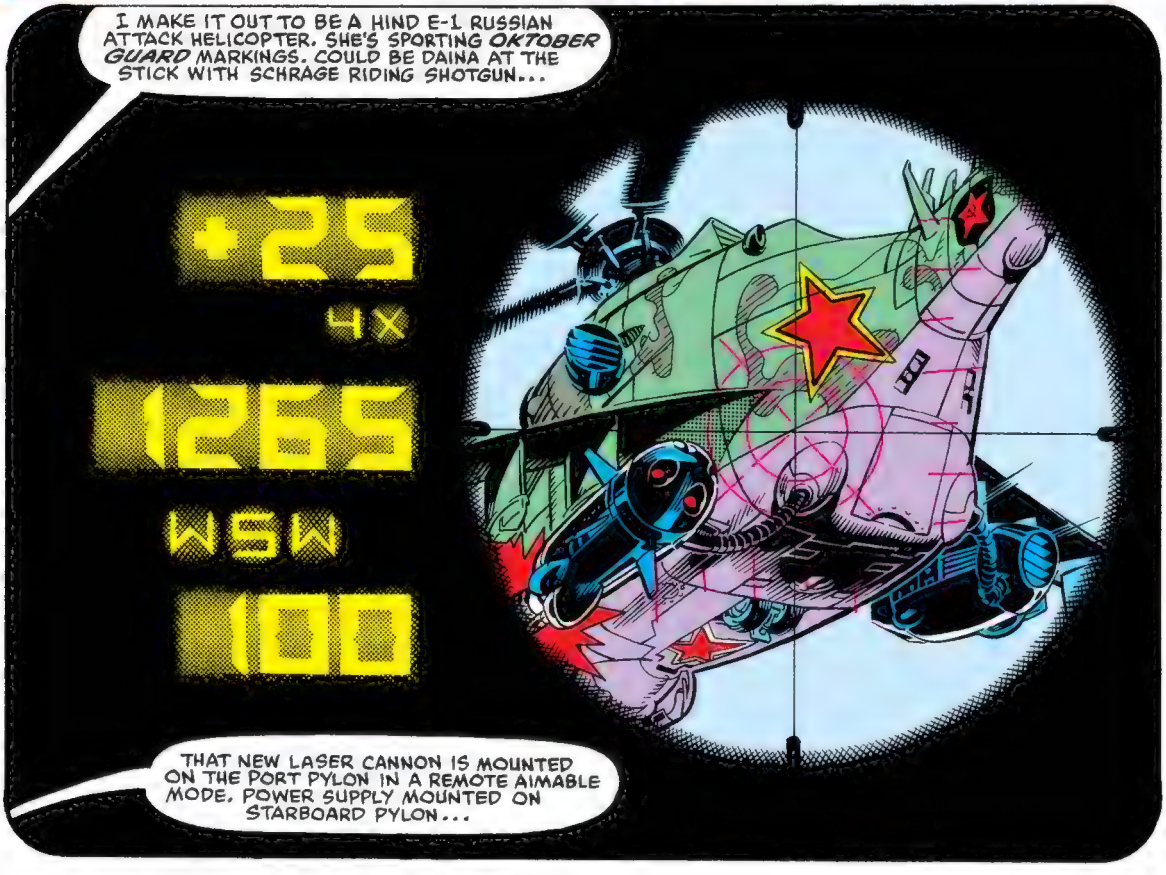
Let's face it, troops. We're in the business of saving the world. But there's no law that says we can't have fun doing it.

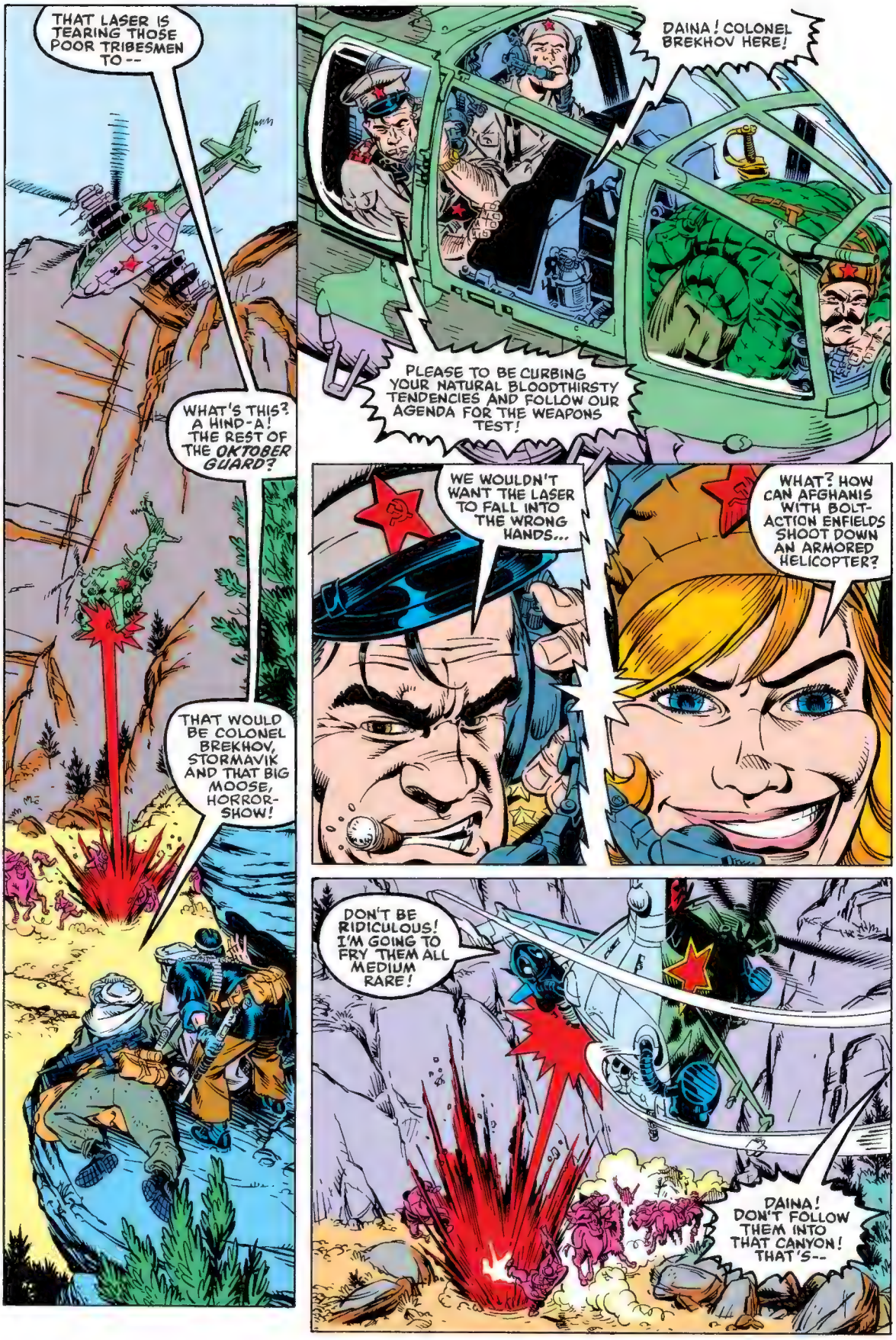
Hawk

G.I.JOE
YEARBOOK
$1.50
U.K. 75p
CAN. $1.75
2
MAR
A COMPLETE UPDATE ON AMERICA'S FAVORITE HEROES!
PLUS AN ALL-NEW G.I. JOE ADVENTURE!


AFGHANISTAN...
YOU SEE THE TARGETS, SCHRAGE?

JA, DAINA! HILL TRIBESMEN, REBEL SCUM!
THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO MASSACRED THE SUPPLY COLUMN!
STILL, THEY MAKE GOOD TEST SUBJECTS FOR OUR NEW LASER WEAPON!
KILL ALL THE CAMELS, TOO! CAN'T BE TOO THOROUGH!
"EEE!"


I MAKE IT OUT TO BE A HIND E-1 RUSSIAN ATTACK HELICOPTER. SHE'S SPORTING *OKTOBER GUARD* MARKINGS. COULD BE DAINA AT THE STICK WITH SCHRAGE RIDING SHOTGUN...
+25
4X
1265
WSW
100
THAT NEW LASER CANNON IS MOUNTED ON THE PORT PYLON IN A REMOTE AIMABLE MODE. POWER SUPPLY MOUNTED ON STARBOARD PYLON...


THAT LASER IS TEARING THOSE POOR TRIBESMEN TO--
WHAT'S THIS? A HIND-A! THE REST OF THE OKTOBER GUARD?
THAT WOULD BE COLONEL BREKHOV, STORMAVIK AND THAT BIG MOOSE, HORROR-SHOW!
DAINA! COLONEL BREKHOV HERE!
PLEASE TO BE CURBING YOUR NATURAL BLOODTHIRSTY TENDENCIES AND FOLLOW OUR AGENDA FOR THE WEAPONS TEST!
WE WOULDN'T WANT THE LASER TO FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS...
WHAT? HOW CAN AFGHANIS WITH BOLT-ACTION ENFIELDS SHOOT DOWN AN ARMORED HELICOPTER?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I'M GOING TO FRY THEM ALL MEDIUM RARE!
DAINA! DON'T FOLLOW THEM INTO THAT CANYON! THAT'S--

UH-OH!
THOSE WEREN'T AFGHAN TRIBESMEN!
IT WAS A COBRA TRAP!
THEY FELL FOR IT, DESTRO!
I KNEW THEY WOULD, BARONESS. OPEN FIRE WITH THE ASPS! HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITH PROXIMITY FUSES!
...AND KINDLY AVOID DAMAGING THE LASER!
YOU HEARD HIM!
BLAMM BLAMM!
AIM HIGH. FORCE THE HELICOPTER DOWN ON THE FIRE-RETARDANT FOAM!
THE ESCORT CHOPPER IS GETTING AWAY!
THAT'S ACCEPTABLE. THE TARGET IS DISABLED AND FALLING INTO THE FOAM...
...WITH LASER INTACT!
FOOOSH!

COLONEL! WE'RE LOSING OIL AND HYDRAULICS--

STORMAVIK, YOU WILL MAKE THIS CRAFT STAY UP OR HORROR-SHOW WILL BREAK YOU...

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

THE COBRAS ARE DISMANTLING THE LASER AND LOADING IT ON A TRAILER IN BACK OF A *HISS* TANK!

THEY'VE GOT DAINA AND SCHRAGE TIED UP IN THE BACK SEATS OF TWO STINGER JEEPS...

ODDS ARE GOOD, THEY'LL HEAD FOR THE OPEN DESERT FOR A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS.

WE GOT THE WHEELS. LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!

SOMETIME LATER...

WE'RE STILL HALF AN HOUR AWAY FROM THE LZ*AND--

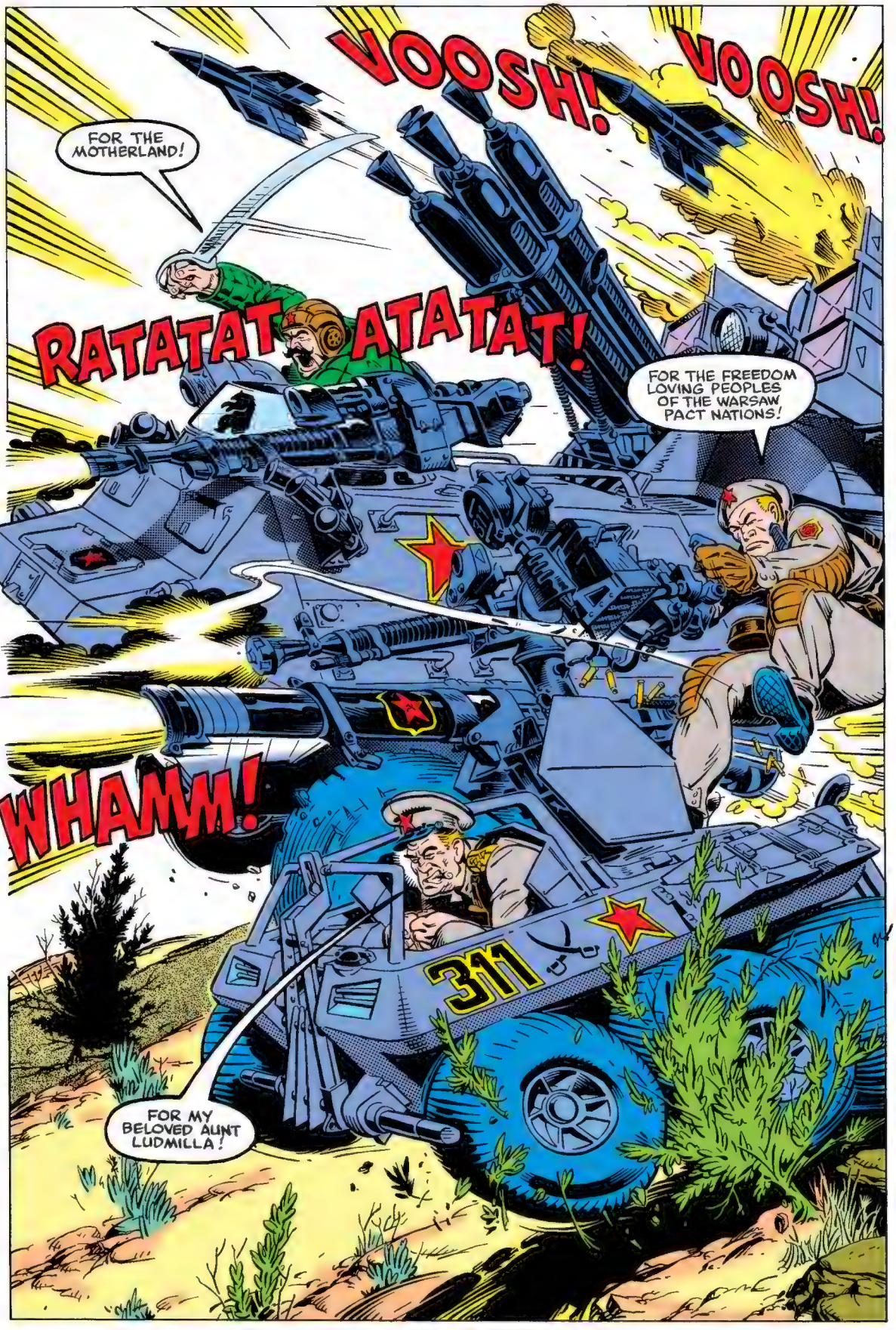
LOOK, DESTRO! THAT DUST CLOUD ON THE RIDGE...

I SEE IT. LOOKS LIKE AN ARMORED COLUMN, MOVING FAST!

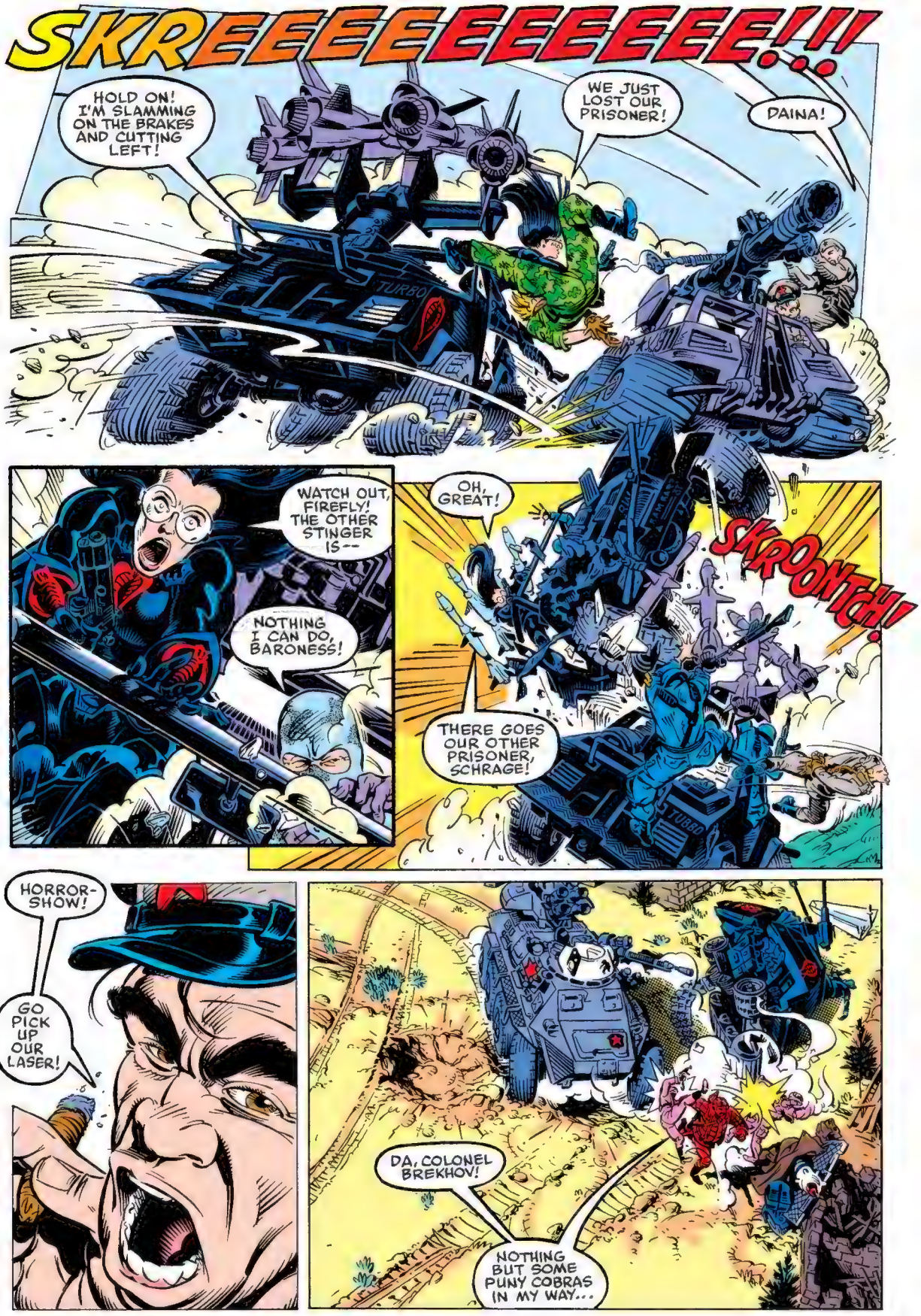
*LANDING ZONE

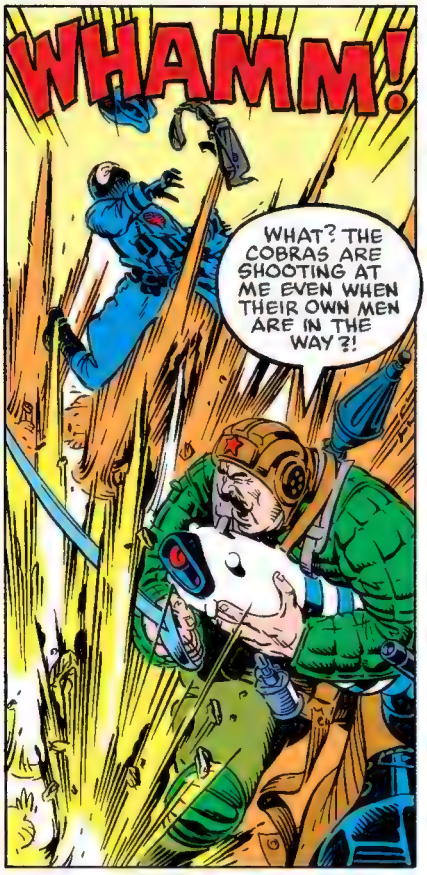
TRAVERSE THOSE TURRETS! LOAD ALL WEAPONS WITH *HEAT*** ROUNDS!

**HIGH EXPLOSIVE ANTI TANK


VOOSH!
VOOSH!
FOR THE MOTHERLAND!
RATATAT ATATAT!
FOR THE FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLES OF THE WARSAW PACT NATIONS!
WHAMM!
311
FOR MY BELOVED AUNT LUDMILLA!

WHAMM. WHAMM!
THEY HIT DESTRO'S HISS TANK AND HE WAS HAULING THE LASER!
HA! I HOPE COLONEL BREKHOV BLEW THAT CHROME PLATED HEAD OF DESTRO'S CLEAR INTO PAKISTAN!
YOU SHUT UP!
FIREFLY! TURN THIS THING AROUND AND CRANK UP SOME FIRE-SUPPORT!
I'M TRYING, BARONESS! THIS TERRAIN IS MURDER!
YOWWW!
CHOMP!
THE LITTLE ROOSKIE'S GOT FANGS!
I TOLD YOU TO GAG THAT--
WHAA!! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?!!


SKREEEEEEEEEE!!!
HOLD ON! I'M SLAMMING ON THE BRAKES AND CUTTING LEFT!
WE JUST LOST OUR PRISONER!
DAINA!
TURBO
WATCH OUT, FIREFLY! THE OTHER STINGER IS--
NOTHING I CAN DO, BARONESS!
OH, GREAT!
SKROONTCH!
THERE GOES OUR OTHER PRISONER, SCHRAGE!
TURBO
HORROR-SHOW!
GO PICK UP OUR LASER!
DA, COLONEL BREKHOV!
NOTHING BUT SOME PUNY COBRAS IN MY WAY...


WHAMM!
WHAT? THE COBRAS ARE SHOOTING AT ME EVEN WHEN THEIR OWN MEN ARE IN THE WAY?!

FOR SHAME!!
87

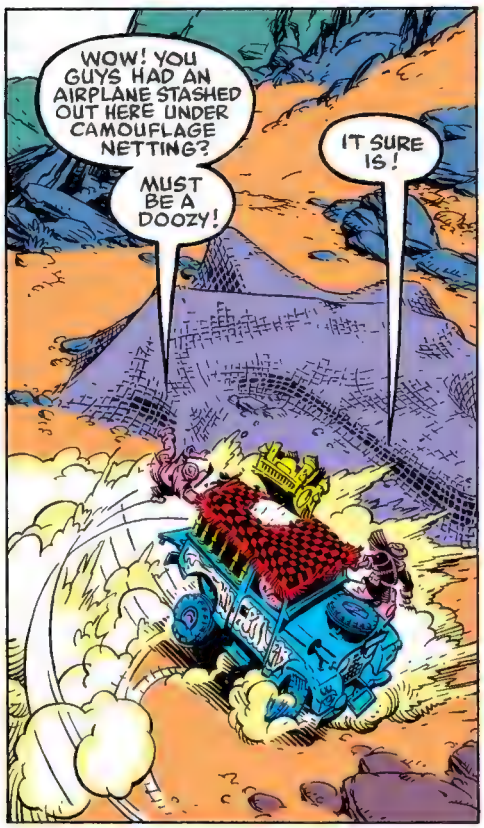
WHOOMPF!
87
HERE!
VOOSH!
HAVE A TASTE OF 40MM RPG7V HEAT MISSILE!

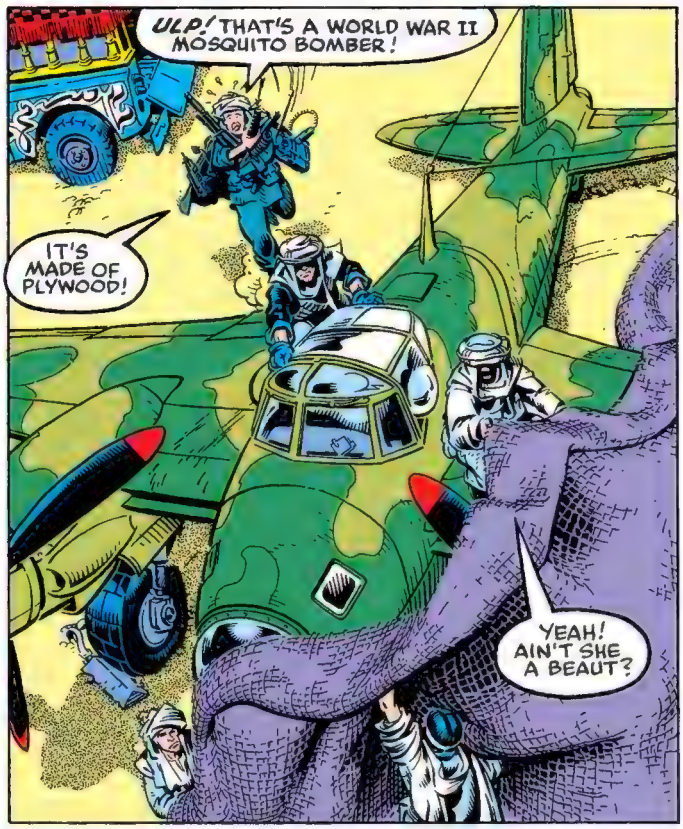
LOAD UP THAT LASER AND LET'S GO!
311
SKREEEEEEEE!!
YOU HEARD THE COMRADE COLONEL, DAINA! WE CUT YOU LOOSE LATER!

VROOOM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
CEASE FIRE, YOU IDIOTS! THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY CLEAN!
DESTRO! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THOSE ROOSKIE VEHICLES CAN OUTRUN US COLD!
NOT TO WORRY! WE GOT SOMETHING STASHED OVER THE NEXT RISE!

THE OKTOBER GUARD IS HEADING FOR PAKISTAN! THEY'LL HAVE AIR SUPPORT WITHIN THE HOUR AND THE PROTECTION OF AN ARMORED BATTALION SHORTLY THEREAFTER!
THEY HAVE TO GET TO PAKISTAN FIRST...
NOT GIVING UP YET, DESTRO?

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
TELEVIPER! RAISE ME THAT HELICOPTER EXTRACTION UNIT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET UP WITH...
THEY'RE ON LINE NOW, DESTRO!
I WANT TO RE-ROUTE THEM...





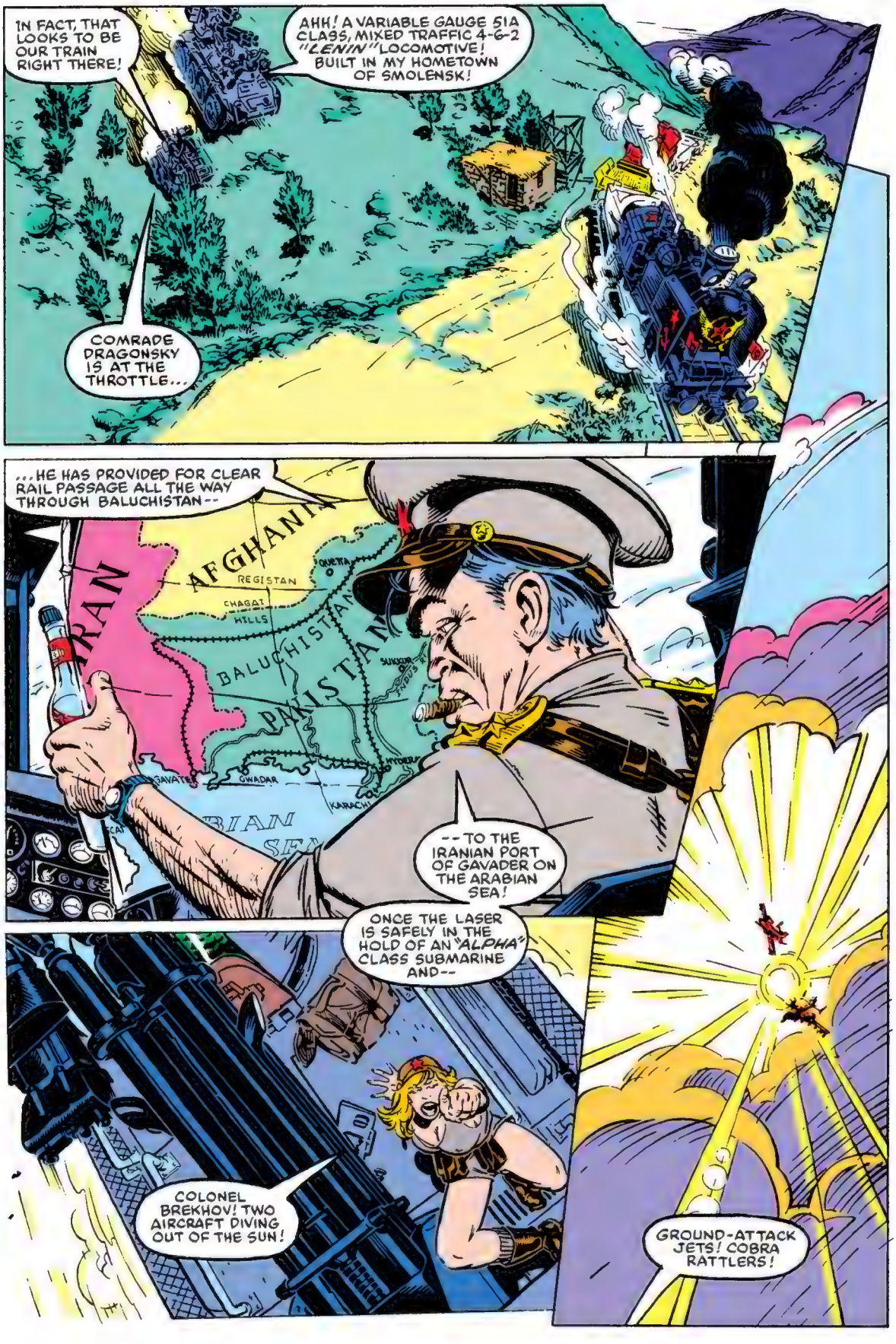
LATER...

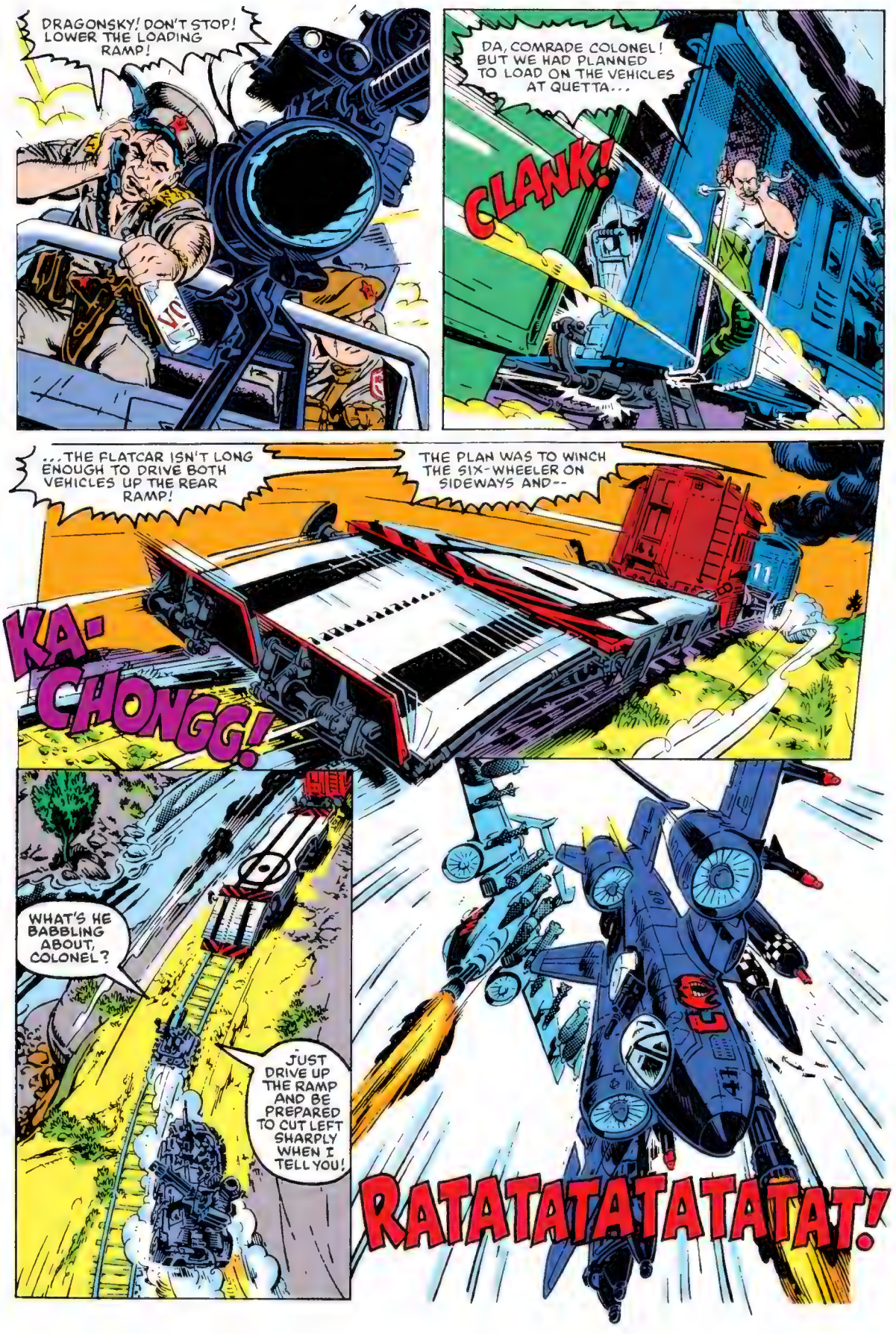
COMRADE COLONEL! IS YOUR COMPASS BROKEN? WE'RE NO LONGER HEADED TOWARDS PAKISTAN!

I KNOW! WE'RE GOING INSTEAD TO THE RAILHEAD AT QUETTA!

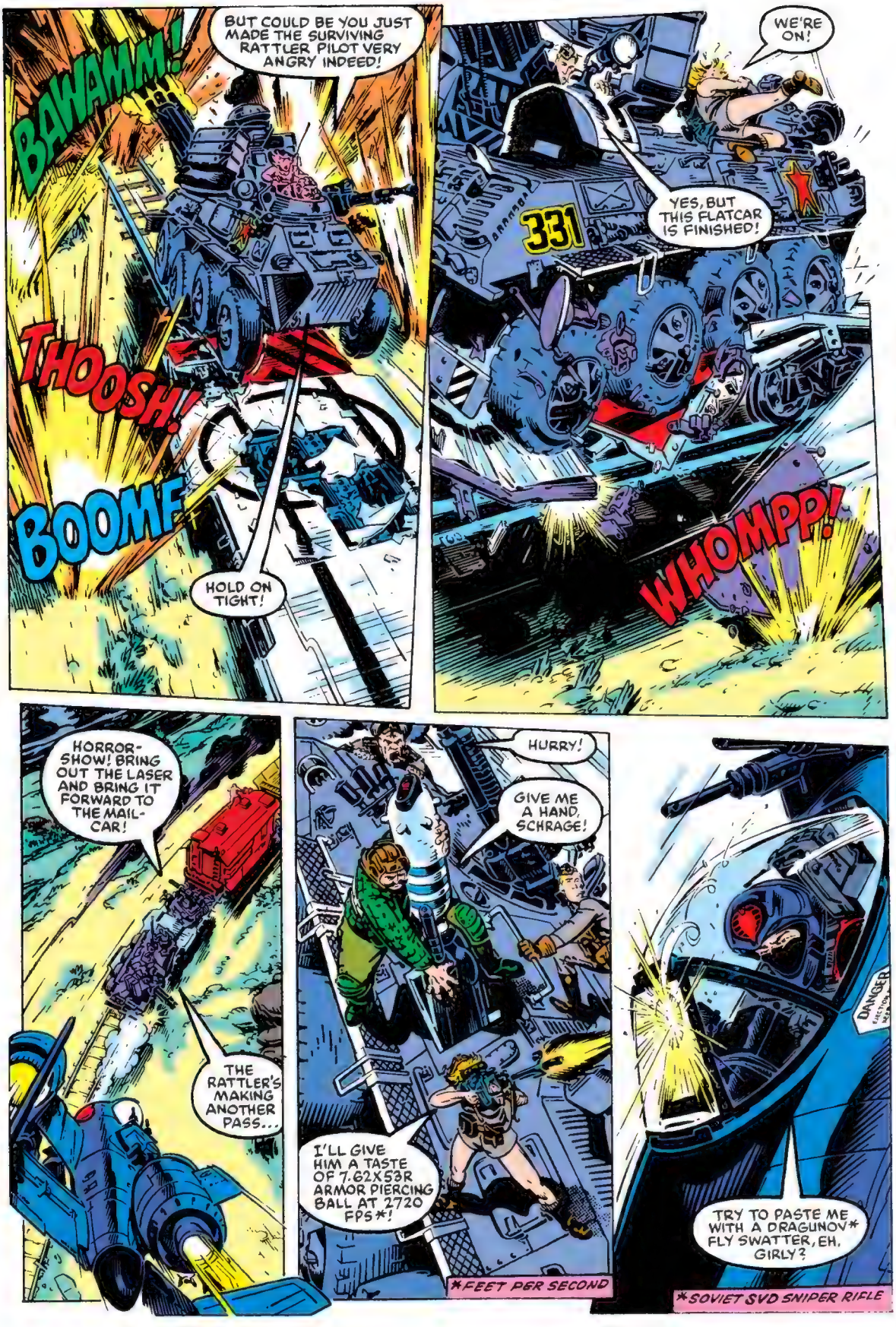
WE'LL TAKE A QUIET TRAIN TO THE PORT OF KARACHI AND SHIP THE LASER TO MOSCOW BY STEAMSHIP!

THE COBRAS CAN COMB THE DESERT FOR WEEKS!


IN FACT, THAT LOOKS TO BE OUR TRAIN RIGHT THERE!
AHH! A VARIABLE GAUGE 51A CLASS, MIXED TRAFFIC 4-6-2 "LENIN" LOCOMOTIVE! BUILT IN MY HOMETOWN OF SMOLENSK!
COMRADE DRAGONSKY IS AT THE THROTTLE...
...HE HAS PROVIDED FOR CLEAR RAIL PASSAGE ALL THE WAY THROUGH BALUCHISTAN--
AFGHANI
REGISTAN
QUETA
CHAGAI HILLS
BALUCHISTAN
PAKISTAN
SUKKUR
HYDERA
GWADAR
KARACHI
--TO THE IRANIAN PORT OF GAVADER ON THE ARABIAN SEA!
ONCE THE LASER IS SAFELY IN THE HOLD OF AN "ALPHA" CLASS SUBMARINE AND--
COLONEL BREKHOV! TWO AIRCRAFT DIVING OUT OF THE SUN!
GROUND-ATTACK JETS! COBRA RATTLERS!

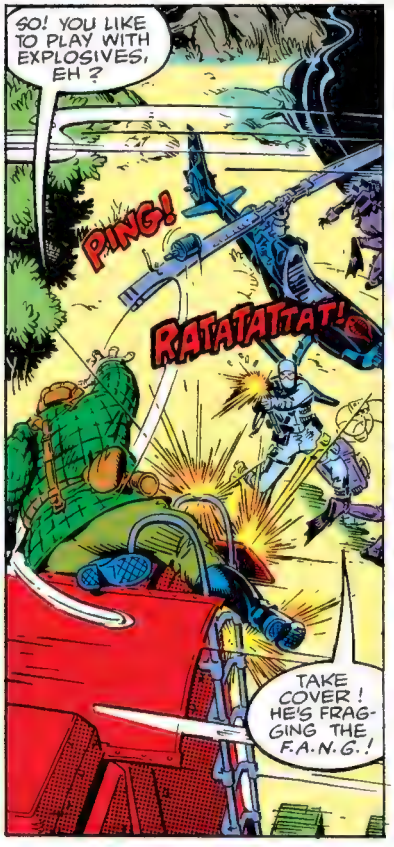

DRAGONSKY! DON'T STOP! LOWER THE LOADING RAMP!
DA, COMRADE COLONEL! BUT WE HAD PLANNED TO LOAD ON THE VEHICLES AT QUETTA...
CLANK!
...THE FLATCAR ISN'T LONG ENOUGH TO DRIVE BOTH VEHICLES UP THE REAR RAMP!
THE PLAN WAS TO WINCH THE SIX-WHEELER ON SIDEWAYS AND--
KA-CHONGG!
WHAT'S HE BABBLING ABOUT, COLONEL?
JUST DRIVE UP THE RAMP AND BE PREPARED TO CUT LEFT SHARPLY WHEN I TELL YOU!
RATATATATATATAT!

VIP! TZING! BWEE!
NOW, STORMAVIK! HIT THE BRAKES BEFORE THE WHEELS HIT THE DECK!
SKRUMP!
FDOOM! BOOSH!
--AND CUT THE WHEEL TO THE LEFT!
SKREEEEEE!
NOW THERE'S ROOM FOR THE PERSONNEL CARRIER!
ACH! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ONTO THE FLATCAR IF I DON'T EVEN UP THE ODDS...
...WITH MY EAST-GERMAN BUILT 23mm QUAD AA MOUNT!
WHOOMF!
GOOD SHOT, SCHRAGE!
POOM! POOM! POOM!

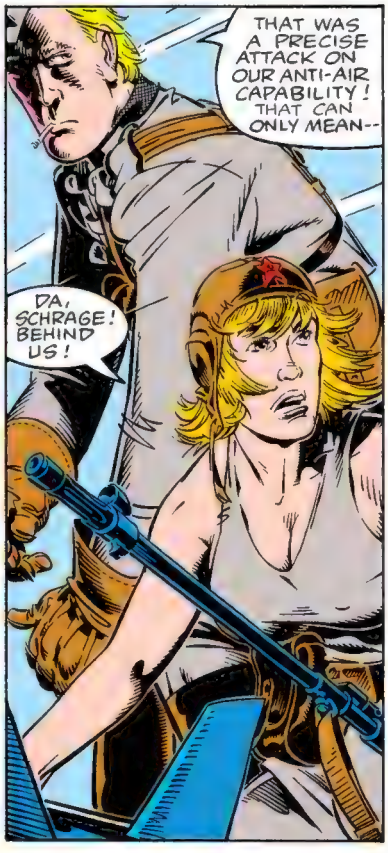

BAWAMM!
BUT COULD BE YOU JUST MADE THE SURVIVING RATTLER PILOT VERY ANGRY INDEED!
THOOSH!
BOOMF
HOLD ON TIGHT!
WE'RE ON!
331
YES, BUT THIS FLATCAR IS FINISHED!
WHOMPP!
HORROR-SHOW! BRING OUT THE LASER AND BRING IT FORWARD TO THE MAIL-CAR!
THE RATTLER'S MAKING ANOTHER PASS...
HURRY!
GIVE ME A HAND, SCHRAGE!
I'LL GIVE HIM A TASTE OF 7.62X53R ARMOR PIERCING BALL AT 2720 FPS*!
*FEET PER SECOND
DANGER
TRY TO PASTE ME WITH A DRAGUNOV* FLY SWATTER, EH, GIRLY?
*SOVIET SVD SNIPER RIFLE

BWAMM!
FOOOOSH!
THANKS, DAINA! YOUR DRAGUNOV DISTRACTED THE RATTLER LONG ENOUGH...
...FOR MY SA-7V "STRELA" * TO "LOCK-ON" HIS ENGINE HEAT SIGNATURE!
GET THAT LASER ON THE MAIL-CAR!
* SURFACE TO AIR MISSLE KNOWN IN WEST AS "GRAIL".
TOOOOT!
BRIDGE UP AHEAD! OBVIOUS AMBUSH POINT!
WHAT ABOUT SAPPERS!? MIGHT THEY BLOW THE BRIDGE?
NYET, DAINA...
... THEY WANT THE LASER INTACT!
THAT'S WHY THE FOAM FOR THE HELICOPTER AND THE INEXPLICABLE BAD MARKSMANSHIP OF THE RATTLER PILOTS!
BOTH CHARGES ARE SET, FIREFLY!
GOOD WORK, EELS!

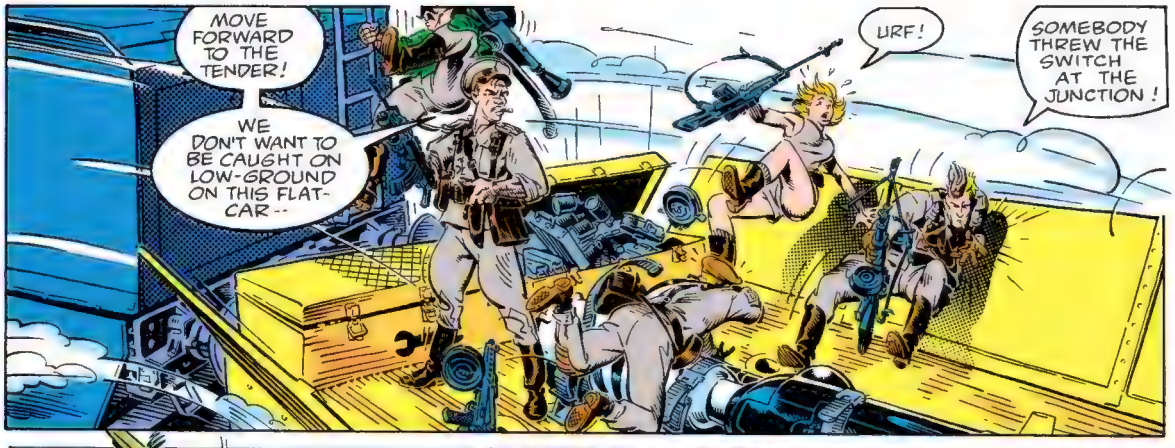
MOVE THAT LASER FORWARD! WE'LL SECURE IT TO THIS FLAT-BED--
WHOOMPF!
SHAPED CHARGES ON THE CENTRAL BRIDGE PILLAR!
THERE! ON THE NEAR BANK! THE SAPPER TEAM!

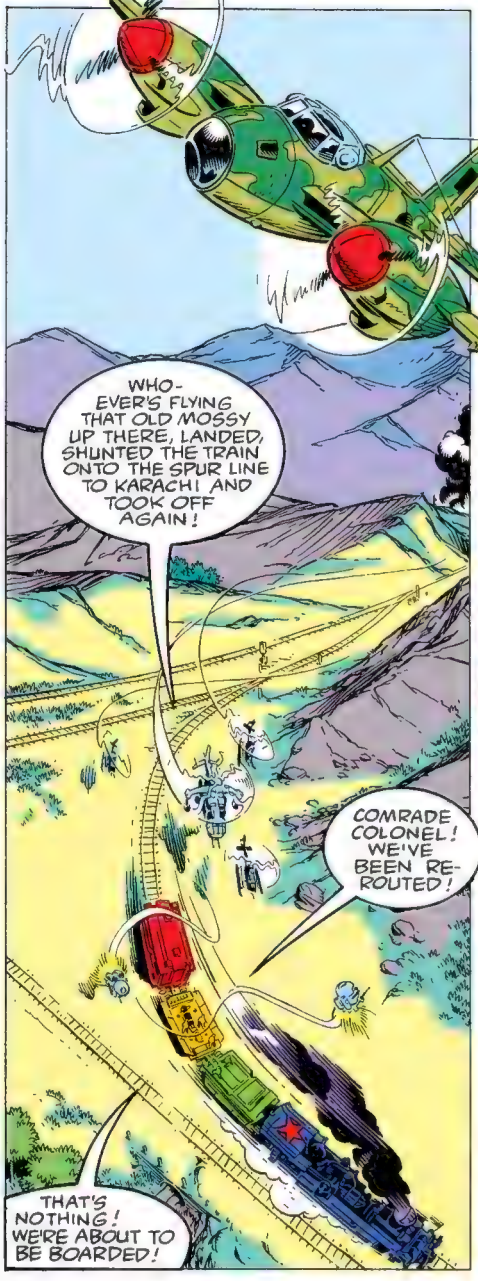

SO! YOU LIKE TO PLAY WITH EXPLOSIVES, EH?
PING!
RATATATTAT!
TAKE COVER! HE'S FRAGGING THE F.A.N.G.!

WHOMP!
THE VEHICLES ARE GONE...
AND WITH THEM, OUR AIR-COVER...


THAT WAS A PRECISE ATTACK ON OUR ANTI-AIR CAPABILITY! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN--
DA, SCHRAGE! BEHIND US!

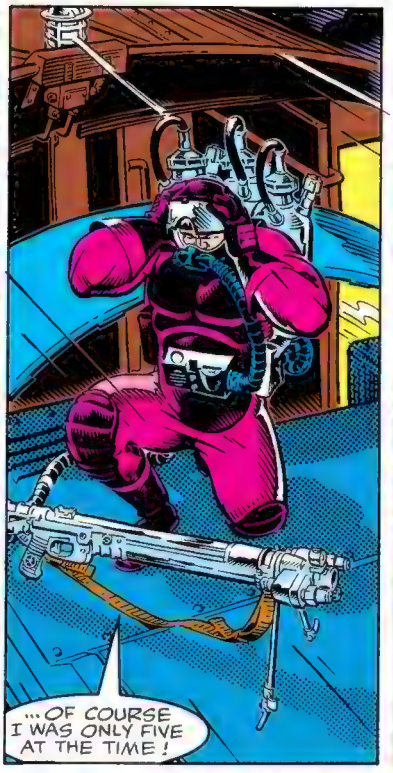
GOOD WORK, FIREFLY! THE SUPPORT COLUMN WILL PICK YOU UP --WE'RE NOT STOPPING!
TELEVIPERS-- DEPLOY YOUR TROUBLE-BUBBLES FORWARD AND DRAW FIRE!
F.A.N.G.S -- GIVE US FLANK AND TAIL COVER!
DESTRO! UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT TAKING OFF FROM THE RAIL-JUNCTION!


MOVE FORWARD TO THE TENDER!
WE DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT ON LOW-GROUND ON THIS FLAT-CAR --
URF!
SOMEBODY THREW THE SWITCH AT THE JUNCTION!

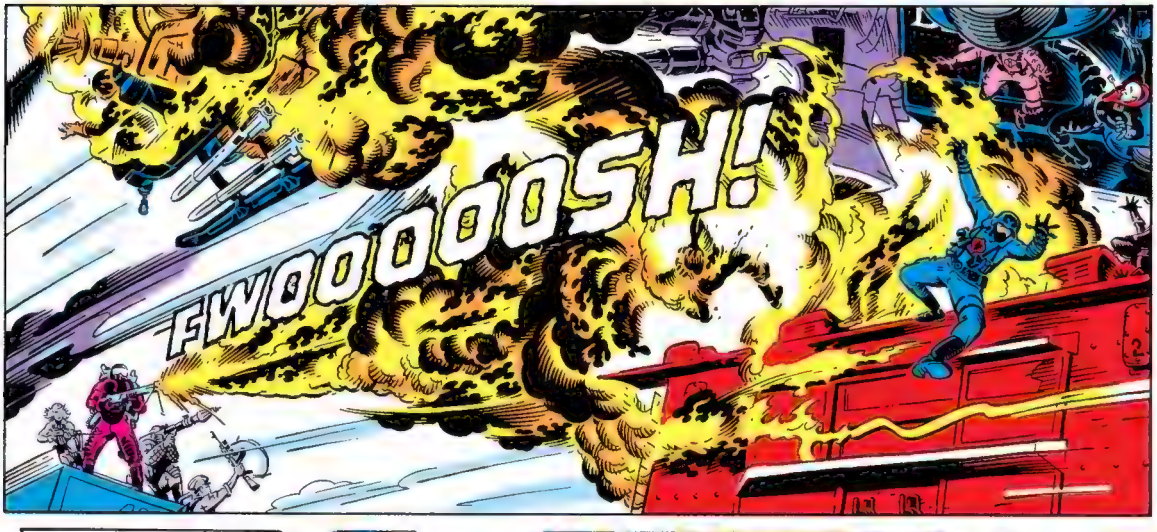

WHO-EVER'S FLYING THAT OLD MOSSY UP THERE, LANDED, SHUNTED THE TRAIN ONTO THE SPUR LINE TO KARACHI AND TOOK OFF AGAIN!
COMRADE COLONEL! WE'VE BEEN RE-ROUTED!
THAT'S NOTHING! WE'RE ABOUT TO BE BOARDED!

COMBAT ASSAULT! SMALL ARMS WITH LOW-VELOCITY SAFETY SLUGS ONLY!
I DON'T WANT THAT LASER DAMAGED!
NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER AND NO PRISONERS!
BL
COBRA!!

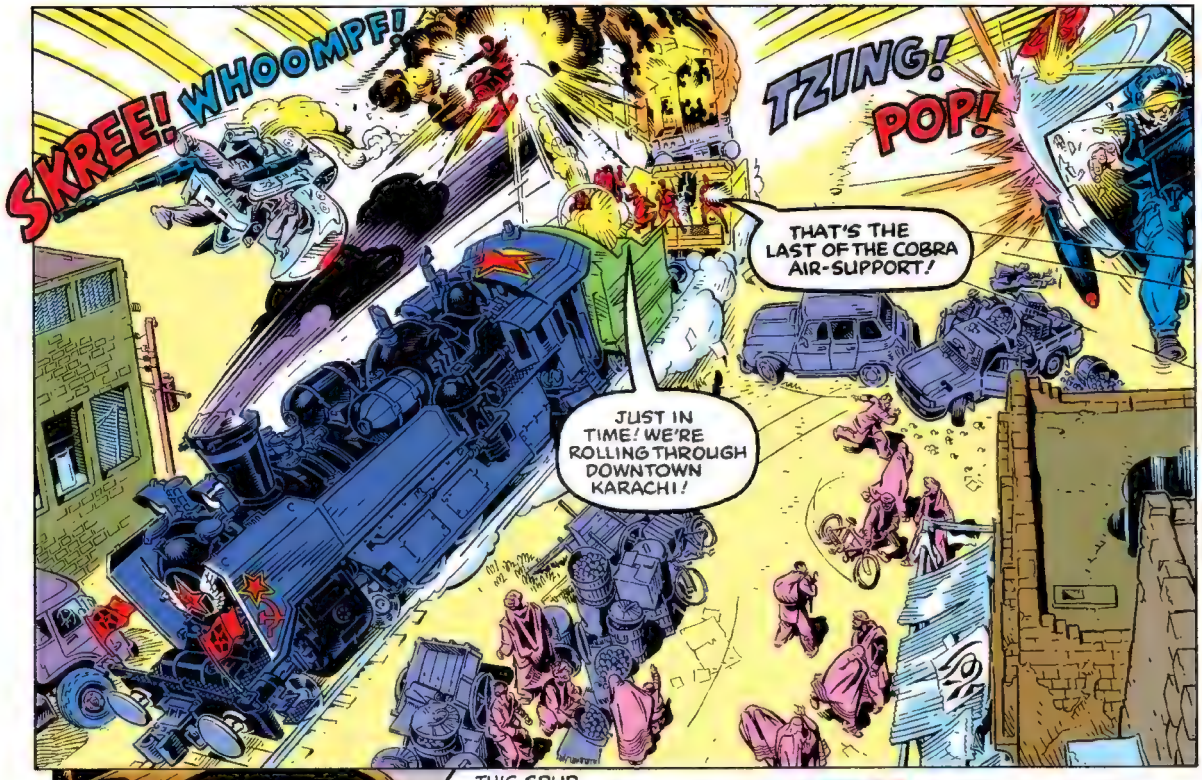
IT SEEMS THE DREAD OKTOBER GUARD IS ABOUT TO LOSE FIRE-SUPERIORITY!
COMRADE DRAGONSKY!
LUCKILY SOVIET TECHNOLOGY HAS IMPROVED SINCE I THREW MOLOTOV COCKTAILS AT GUDERIAN'S PANZERS DURING THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR...


...OF COURSE I WAS ONLY FIVE AT THE TIME!

AH, WHAT I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN FOR THIS "ZHUKOV ZIPPO" BACK THEN...

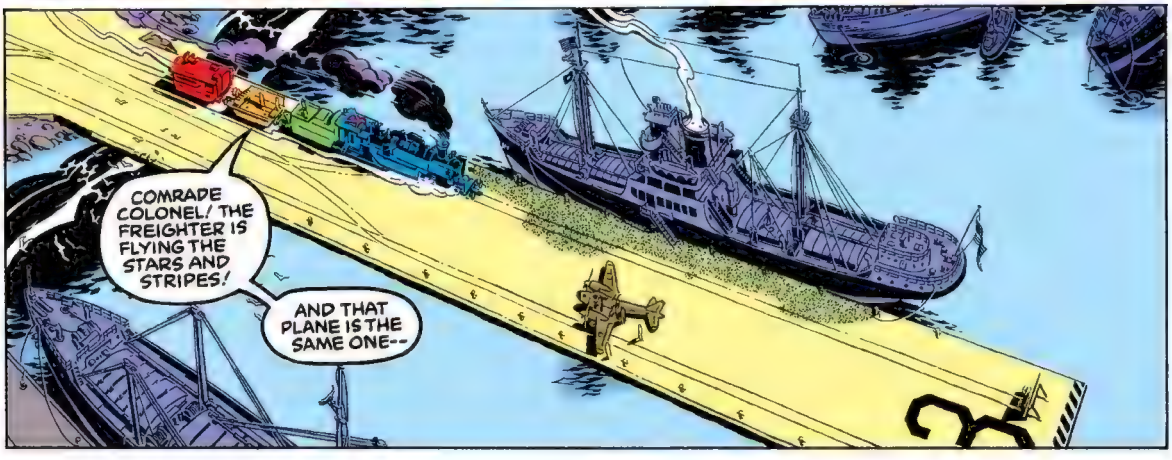

FWOOOOOSH!

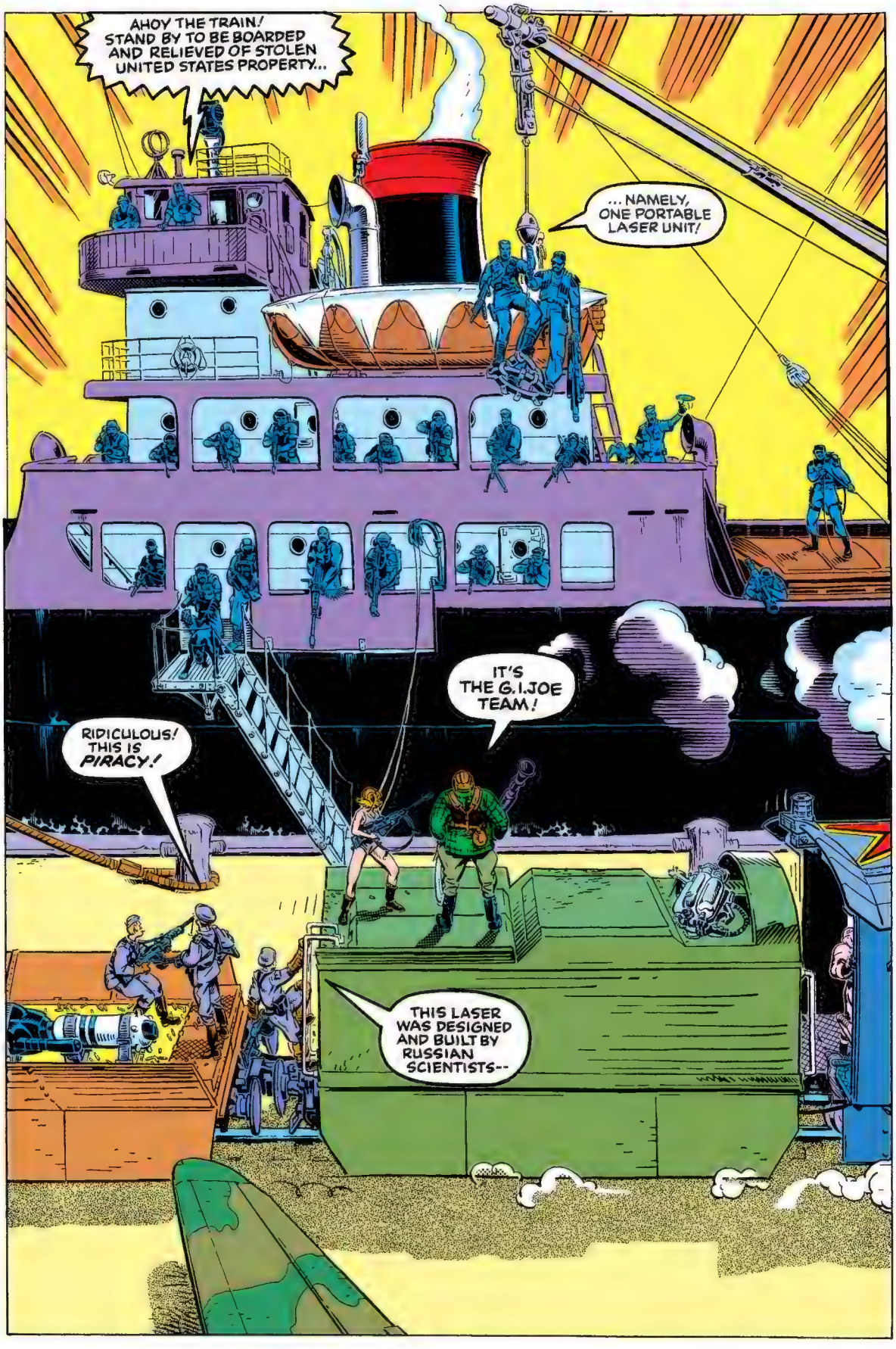
COMRADE DRAGONSKY IS TOO MODEST! HE WAS MADE A "HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION" THE HARD WAY...
...AT STALINGRAD!
WHOMP!
THUMP!
I KNEW THIS GRENADE-LAUNCHER WOULD COME IN HANDY...


SKREE! WHOOMPF!
TZING!
POP!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE COBRA AIR-SUPPORT!
JUST IN TIME! WE'RE ROLLING THROUGH DOWNTOWN KARACHI!

THIS SPUR ENDS AT THE DOCKYARDS. WE CAN TURN AROUND, MOP UP THE COBRAS LEFT ON THE MAIL CAR...
...AND STILL MAKE OUR SUBMARINE RENDEZVOUS.

IT'S UP TO US NOW, BARONESS!
OUR BEST CHANCE IS TO RUSH THEM BEFORE THE TRAIN STOPS.


COMRADE COLONEL! THE FREIGHTER IS FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES!
AND THAT PLANE IS THE SAME ONE--


AHOY THE TRAIN! STAND BY TO BE BOARDED AND RELIEVED OF STOLEN UNITED STATES PROPERTY...
... NAMELY, ONE PORTABLE LASER UNIT!
IT'S THE G.I.JOE TEAM!
RIDICULOUS! THIS IS PIRACY!
THIS LASER WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT BY RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS--

WRONG! IT WAS DESIGNED BY AMERICANS IN SILICON VALLEY, U.S.A.!

SOVIET SPIES HAVE BEEN STEALING OUR TECHNOLOGY FOR YEARS. YOU DON'T EVEN MODIFY THE STUFF. JUST COPY IT EXACTLY...

DON'T TRY IT, BARONESS.

WE DON'T REALLY *NEED* THE LASER. BUT BY EXAMINING IT, WE CAN DETERMINE WHERE OUR INFORMATION LEAK IS...

...AND PLUG IT!

END

THE TELEVISION JOES

The struggle between G.I. JOE and Cobra continues—every weekday on your tv set.

The first appearance of G.I. Joe on television occurred in 1982 in commercials promoting Hasbro's Joe toys and monthly Marvel comic book. The commercials also reintroduced a process called *full animation*, which most cartoon studios had abandoned years before. Too expensive, they said. No one cares, they said.

But full animation gave the G.I. Joe commercials a feeling of reality that no other cartoons of the day had. Virtually overnight, response to the ads created a demand for a regular G.I. Joe TV show. It fell to Sunbow Productions, in conjunction with Hasbro and Marvel Productions, to fill that demand.

They moved slowly at first, testing the waters in 1983 with a five part G.I. Joe mini-series. Fans went wild. Another mini-series appeared in 1984. Reaction was even greater. TV station after TV station all around the country rushed to sign up for a regular G.I. Joe series.

A quiet moment in the lives of the Joes. There aren't many of these in the high-flying TV show.

This fall, 53 brand-new G.I. Joe cartoons are taking America by storm, with 25 more set to air in 1986. The current cartoon crop features the Joes in combat with Cobra all across the globe, from Washington DC to the Middle East, from Hollywood to an alternate universe where Cobra rules, from outer space to the inner sanctum of the Joes' own headquarters. The main warriors on the G.I. Joe side are Duke, Scarlett, Flint, Lady Jaye, Shipwreck, Gung Ho, Spirit, Snake-Eyes, Snow Job, Torpedo, Wild Bill, Roadblock, Rip Cord, Recondo, Mutt and Junkyard, Blowtorch, Sparks, and five new Joes, Quick Kick, Dusty, Footloose, Barbecue, and Airtight—but expect to see other Joes like Bazooka, Alpine, and Cover Girl as well. Even they have trouble handling the Cobra forces arrayed against them: Cobra Commander and his Crimson Guard, The Baroness, Destro, Major Bludd, Storm Shadow, Firefly, Zartan and the Drednoks, Scrap Iron, and legions of Cobra Troopers. And the Joes face other problems as well, including dinosaurs, crazed

computers, a savage tribe of apemen, and, in a special story written by none other than G.I. Joe editor Denny O'Neil, the Soviet-based October Guard.

The Joe's march to TV is long and hard. It starts with Hasbro Toys working hand-in-hand with G.I. Joe comic scripter Larry Hama to create the characters the fans want. Hasbro defines a character's role in the G.I. Joe team, and Larry adds name and background to create a believable, exciting personality. The character then goes to Sunbow Productions.

Sunbow then assigns stories to writers. "We just started looking for the best," says Buzz Dixon, the story editor on the 1986 series. "Steve Gerber, who story edited the 1985 series, recommended a lot of writers who had experience in comic books, who could shift from comics to animation. The only criterion we have is that the writer can do a good story. Steve says our standards are higher than the standards of prime-time television." Aside from maintaining high story quality, the story editor rigorously ensures that the characters stay true to the characters that Larry Hama designed, and that no errors in continuity occur.

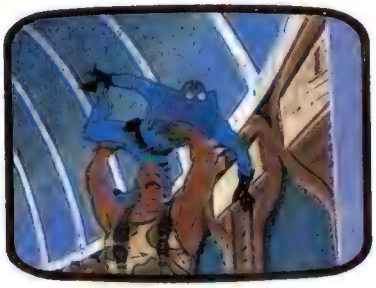
When Sunbow is finally satisfied with the script, it is sent to Marvel Productions, Marvel's animation wing. Here the scripts are turned into *storyboards*, visually breaking down the action in much the same way that comic book scripts are turned into completed pages of comics art. This is the stage where the settings and accessory characters in the stories are designed. Several of the artists designing the storyboards have worked on Marvel's G.I. Joe comic book, including Russ Heath and Mike Vosburg.

Once storyboards are complete, a script is written from them. Actors are brought in to read the dialogue, which is recorded, and the soundtrack and storyboards are then sent to studios in Japan to begin the arduous process of animation.

Using the storyboards as visual guidelines and the soundtrack for exact pacing, artists begin work on *cels*, which are individual shots like single frames on a reel of movie film. When enough cels have been finished to tell the story, other drawings must be done to fill in the spaces between the cels, until every tiny movement a character

Another Cobra trap! In their television adventures, the Joes are almost *never* out of danger.

While the evil mastermind Destro schemes...



...Roadblock reasons with Cobra Commander.

Storm Shadow and Spirit Iron-Knife—their face-to-face combat will heat up the TV screen!

makes is captured in art.

Finally, the cels and the connected drawings are filmed in order one frame at a time, until the full cartoon is captured on film. This is a slow process, but it's worth it. Unlike most cartoons, the G.I. Joe series takes no shortcuts, and the result is powerful, realistic adventures in brilliant color.

Only when Hasbro, Sunbow, and Marvel Productions are all completely satisfied does a G.I. Joe cartoon go on the air.

Even as the 1985 episodes are appearing on tv for the first time, Sunbow is hard at work on the 1986 series. The battle still rages, but many unexpected changes are at hand. Story editor Buzz Dixon offered an exclusive sneak preview of some of the things you'll see:

—Hints about the origin of G.I. Joe, including the introduction of the counter-terrorist organization's founder. Says Buzz, "He has never been seen before because he has been in Washington with the joint chiefs of staff. Every once in awhile, he'll get directly involved in adventures, and there's one episode specifically about him. But for the most part, he's the general, and the Joes are the tactical force."

—A romance between a Cobra villainess and a Joe.

—A new leader of Cobra, who will trigger a power struggle between his faction and Cobra Commander's followers. "Several Cobra scientists decide they need a better leader than Cobra Commander," Buzz Dixon says. "They steal genetic material from some of the great leaders of the past—Napoleon, Ghenghis Khan, Alexander The Great—and synthesize the DNA of the perfect Cobra leader. He's ruthless and a great strategist, but he has no patience, because he was born full grown. That's his one big weakness, because he'll plunge into action before he's ready."

—The mutal destruction of the U.S.S. Flagg and Cobra's Flying Fortress in a sea battle to end all sea battles.

—Two new Drednoks. "One loves to play with dynamite, and the other is so nasty that even the Drednoks don't like him," Buzz says. "They won't associate with him if they don't have to, and he doesn't like them either."

—Zartan's brother Zandar and sister Zarana, who will also go to work for Cobra.

—Dr. Mindbender, the Cobra Interrogator. "He's a master of psychological terror, and dresses in a way that will psych out his opponents," Buzz says. 'Even the Cobras think he's creepy, but they tolerate him because he gets results."

—A Cobra android strike team called the B.A.T.S.—which stands for Battle Android Trooper. The Joes will discover that these robot soldiers are unstoppable.

As if this weren't enough, 1986 will see the introduction of several new Joes, all of whom are a little out of the ordinary. Buzz Dixon described them:

—"Lowlight. He's a sniper.

Frankly, he was badly mistreated by his father when he was growing up, so he's become tight-lipped and withdrawn. He's not very sociable. If he were a Cobra, no one would notice him, but as a Joe he's pretty unusual.

—"Mainframe. He's one of the oldest Joes. He was in the army in Vietnam, was discharged, became a computer expert, and reenlisted. But he's not really happy being the Joes' computer expert. He wants to be involved in combat more often, but the only way the Joes would take him, because of his age, is as a computer expert.

—"Lifeline. A pacifist. He's a conscientious objector, a paramedic. He doesn't believe in fighting and he won't touch a weapon, but he goes on missions to save lives. The Joes think he's nuts, but at the same time they never find fault with his personal courage.

—"Lift-Ticket. The pilot of a rescue chopper called a Tomahawk. He's a real shoot first and ask questions later type, but his job is to chauffeur Lifeline around. He has no hesitation about arming a first-aid copter with missiles and grenade launchers, which causes great tension with Lifeline. It's like Alan Alda and Charles Bronson being in the same helicopter.

—"Dialtone. The new communications expert. There's no other way to say it—the guy's a nerd. He's hanging onto his Joe status by his fingernails.

—"Slip-Stream. A fighter pilot, flying the new computerized Conquest aircraft. He's in an odd position, because he's an officer, so he ranks above most of the other Joes, but he's also fresh out of the Academy, so he hasn't got half the experience the others have.

—"Cross-Country. He's a good old boy from Appalachia who loves driving heavy machinery. He gets on the others' nerves a little, because he's fearless almost to the point of stupidity, and so he gets a little reckless in combat situations."

As in 1985, the 1986 season will kick off with another five-part mini-series. "It's still in discussion," Dixon revealed. "I'm hoping we can get into how a Joe becomes a Joe, which is something everyone seems

Expect to see plenty of Zartan and his marauding Drednoks when you tune in the television adventures of GI JOE.

After the smoke of battle clears, Spirit Iron-Knife and his eagle Freedom head for home.

interested in. We may have the two stories running parallel—the creation of the new Cobra leader, and Dialtone's story. How he gets recruited into the Joes, how he becomes a Joe, and how he holds onto his status. That may change, but it's a good possibility for the mini-series.

"We're doing stories in 1986 that are much more rooted in the real world. We won't be going into space or into other dimensions, and the stories will involve real world problems. There's a story involving the dust children, Asian children of American G.I.s, who still live in Vietnam, where they're looked down on by society. They help the Joes, but there's not really a happy ending, because the Joes have to leave them there at the end, and the kids still have to learn to deal with the society they're living in. We talk about Low-light's childhood, and how it still affects him as an adult. There's a very good story about how fear affects us. We deal with how the ongoing battle between G.I. Joe and Cobra affects civilians who get in the middle of it. There will be stories where G.I. Joe really doesn't win. They survive, but there's no clear-cut victory.

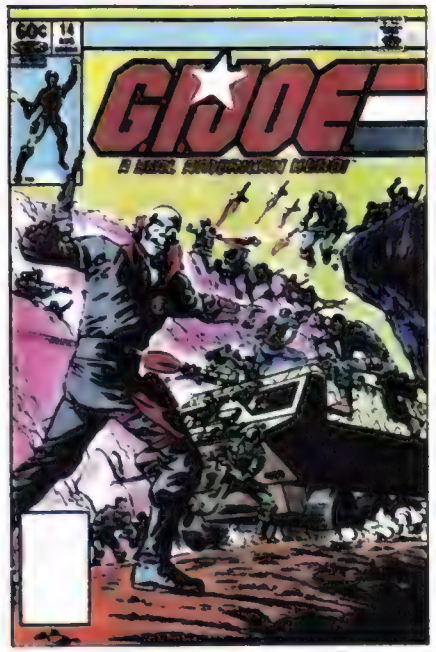
"There's even a story about the power structure of Cobra, in which G.I. Joe only makes what amounts to a cameo appearance.

"The '86 season will focus more on the new characters, though we still have many episodes where the old characters play the major roles. We're shying away from the take-over-the-world type stories, and doing stories on a smaller scale. Instead of trying to take over the world, maybe Cobra's just trying to take over one corner of it for some particular reason. We've been able to focus very sharply on characters, and the emphasis in 1986 will be on the people involved in this ongoing struggle between Cobra and G.I. Joe. Basically, we narrow in on the characters who will best personify an episode's conflict. But we don't skimp on action. We don't skimp on adventure. There's just as much actual physical action, only now it's much tighter and more involved with particular characters.

"If we have one goal next season, it's to let the viewer really get inside the Joes' heads, to see how they tick. The more they get involved with the characters, the more they'll be involved with the stories."

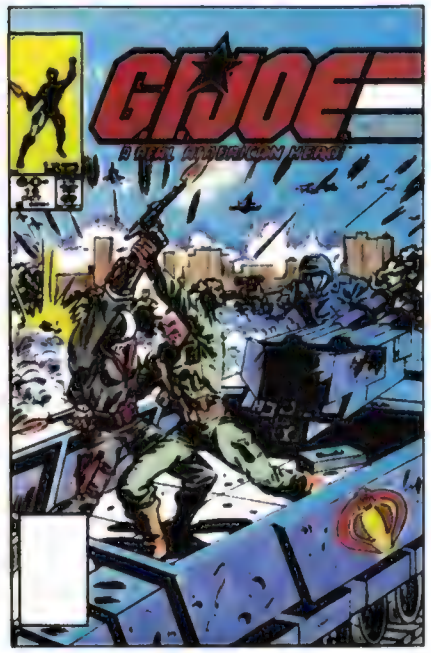
The wily Baroness and Zartan, master of disguise, plan another strike against the Joes.

"Last Plane from Rio Lindo"



"Destro Attacks"

"Red-Eye to Miami!"



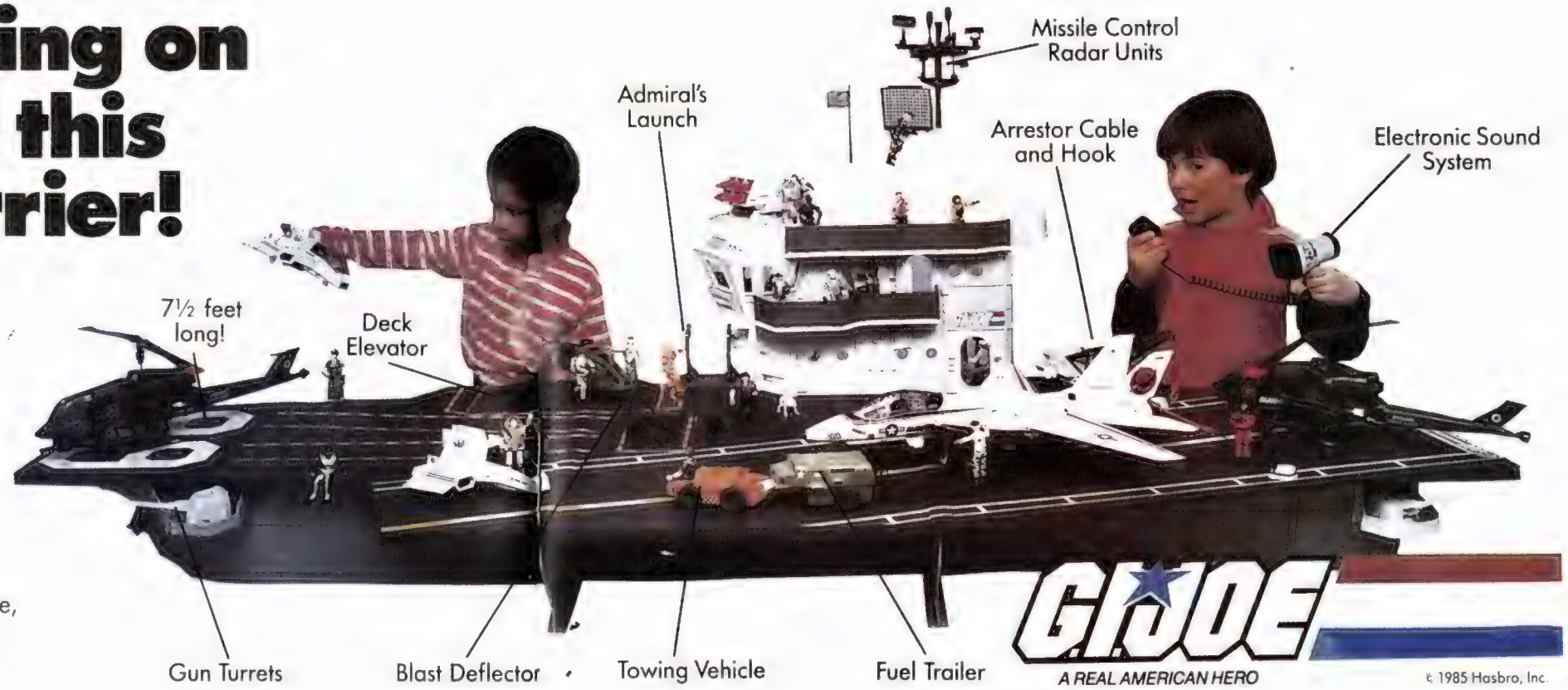
"Night Attack!"

Imagine being on the deck of this aircraft carrier!

Introducing the G.I. Joe® U.S.S. Flagg Aircraft Carrier.

The U.S.S. Flagg is 7½ feet long! Plenty of room for all your Joes and their equipment. An electronic sound system with microphone lets you give commands! Or lets you blast three different alarm sounds. There are six rooms on three levels, and a working elevator to lift vehicles to the flight deck!

The U.S.S. Flagg dismantles into four pieces for easy storage in a closet or under a bed! It comes complete with Admiral Figure, Admiral Launch, Towing Vehicle and Fueling Trailer and many extras. Other vehicles and figures sold separately.



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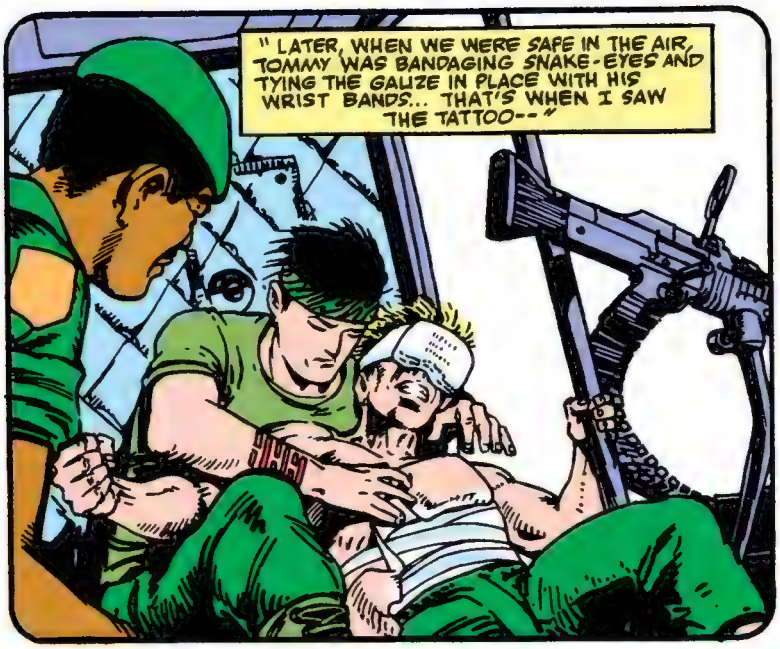
AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES

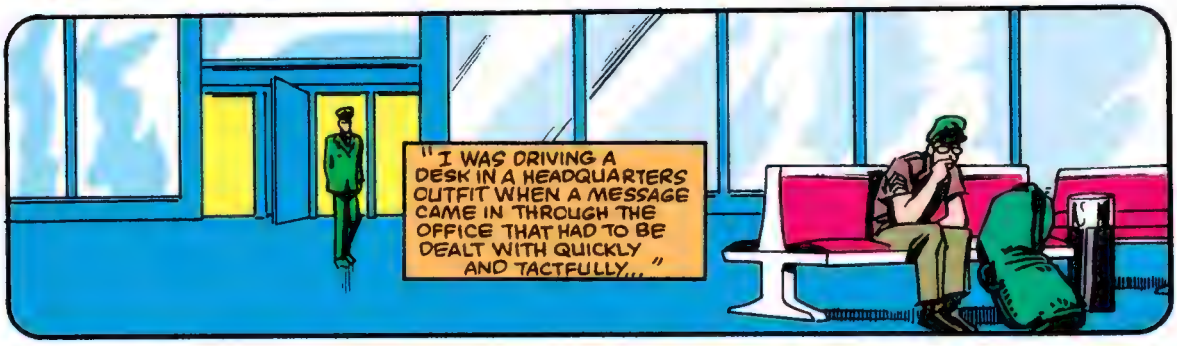
A lot's been happening to the Joes, much of it good, some of it bad, and all of it exciting. What follows is a quick glance over their record since last time out.

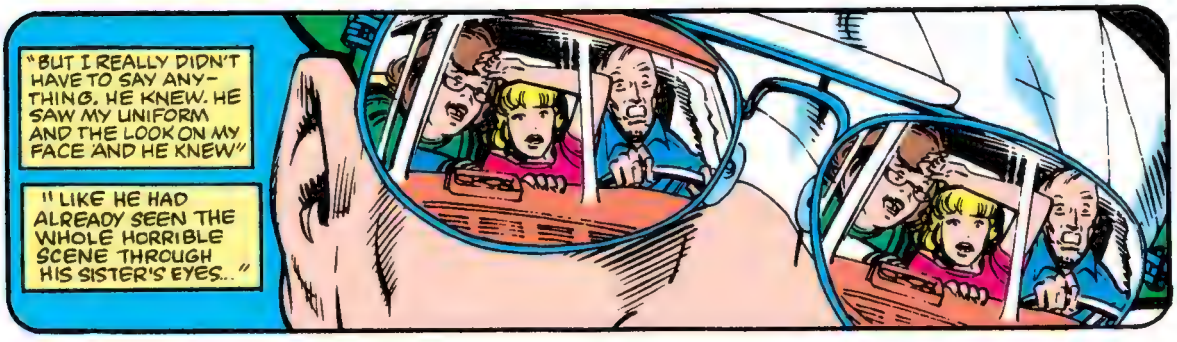
After the deaths of General Austin and Kwinn the Eskimo, the Joes tracked Cobra to the Floridian Everglades, and had their first run-in with the new Cobra recruit, Zartan, a terrorist with the powers of a chameleon . . .

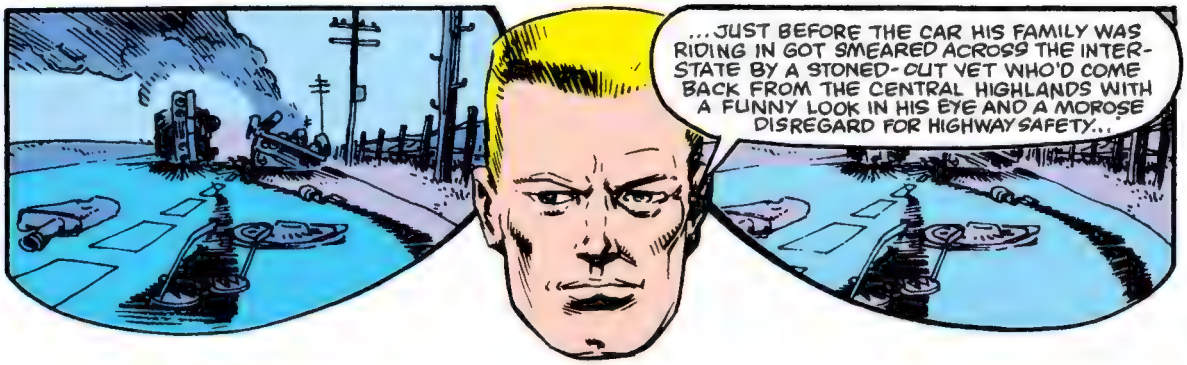
While Mutt, Junkyard, Trip-Wire and Torpedo battle Cobra in the swamps of Florida, back in New York City, people are reconstructing what little they know of Snake Eyes. Stalker reviews their tour of duty . . .



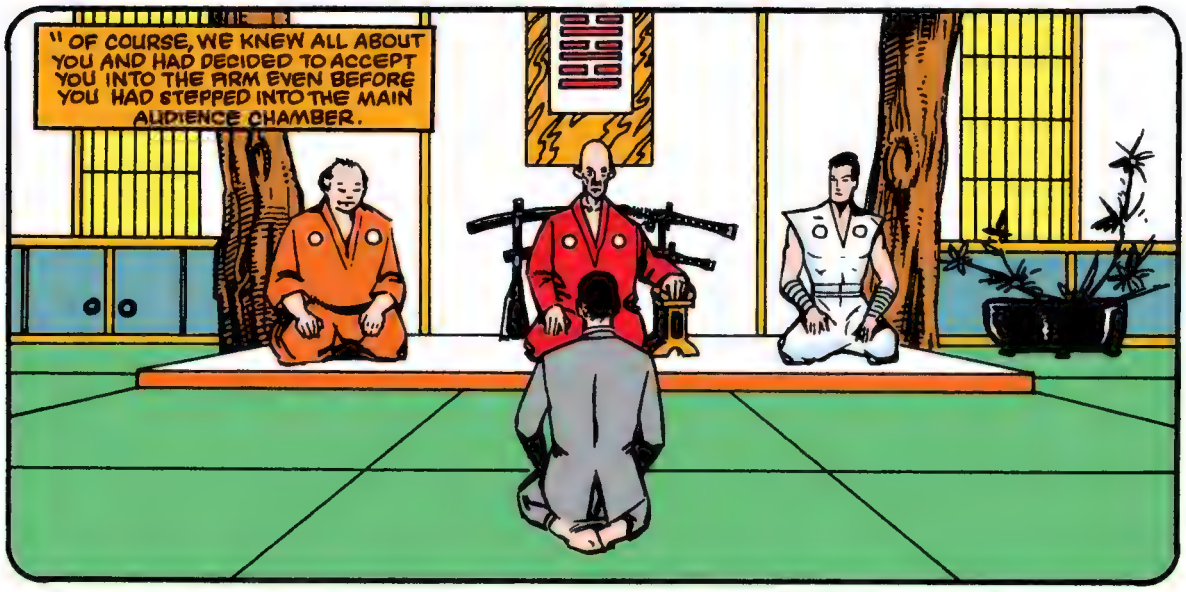
On Snake Eyes' first day home from the war in Asia, he receives a piece of very sad news. The bearer? None other than Hawk . . .

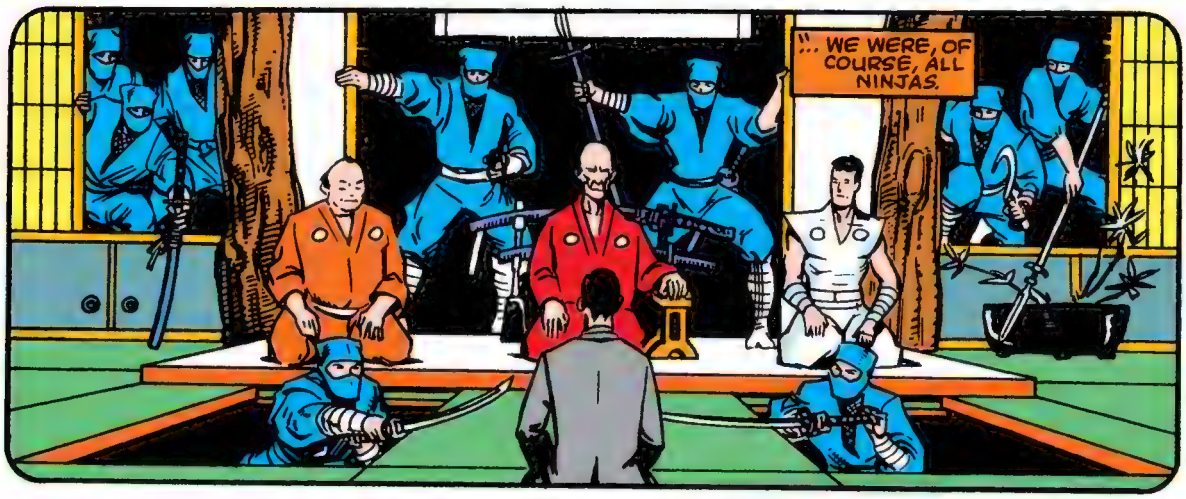




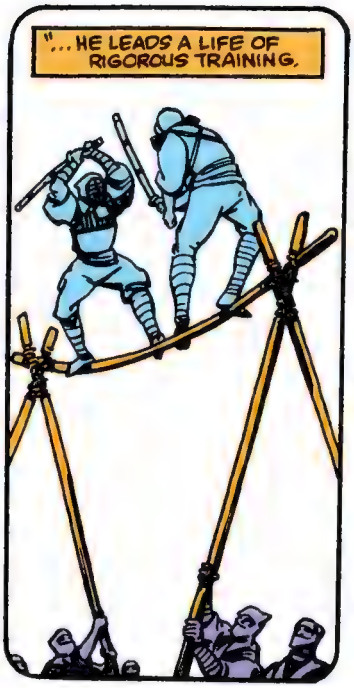


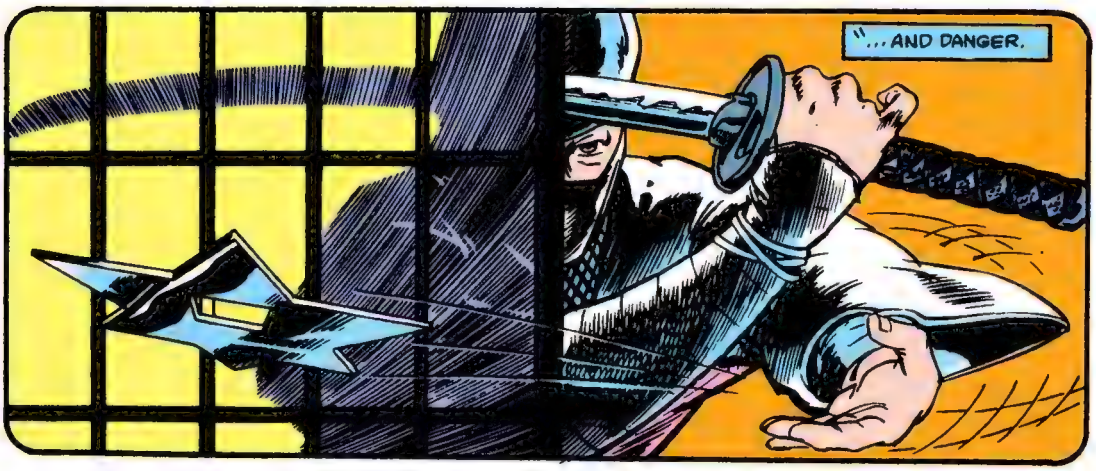
Grief-stricken, Snake Eyes heads for Japan to start a new life working in his Army buddy Tommy's family business, with Tommy and his two uncles, the Soft Master and the Hard Master. As the Soft Master recalls:



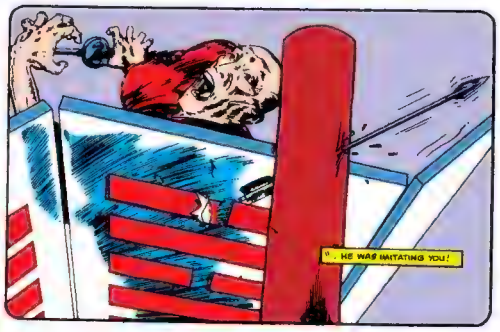


Already a qualified commando and an expert in Western guerilla tactics, Snake Eyes now immerses himself in Eastern disciplines . . .





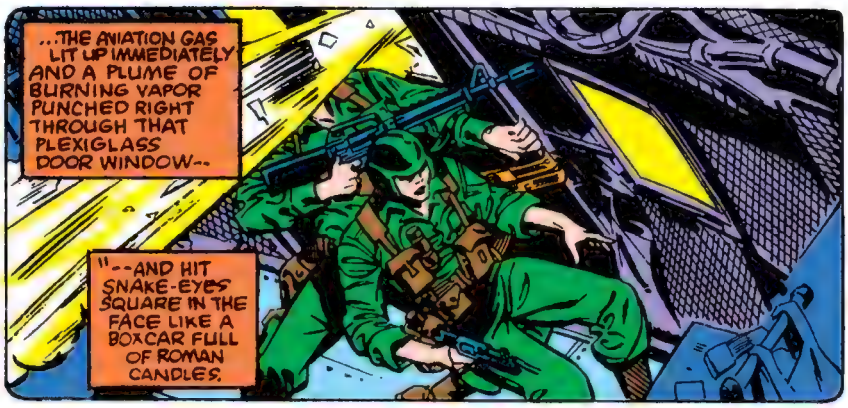
Snake Eyes' plan for a new life is suddenly shattered when the Hard Master is mysteriously murdered.



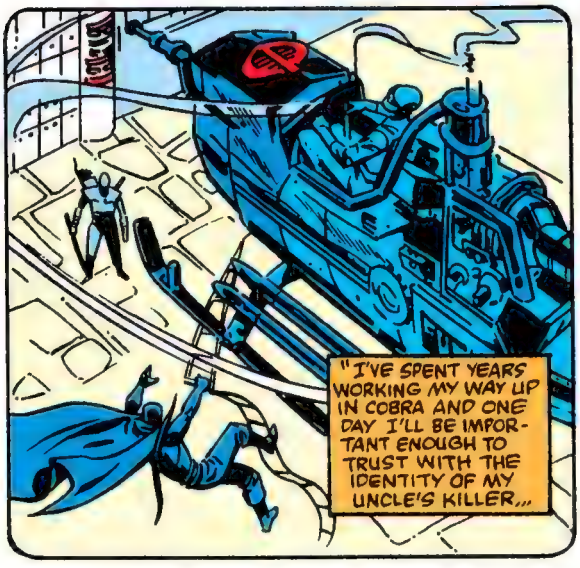
All clues point to Tommy, who disappears, the Soft Master in pursuit. The family business dissolves, and Snake Eyes enjoys the anonymity he craves at his mountain lodge in the High Sierras until . . .

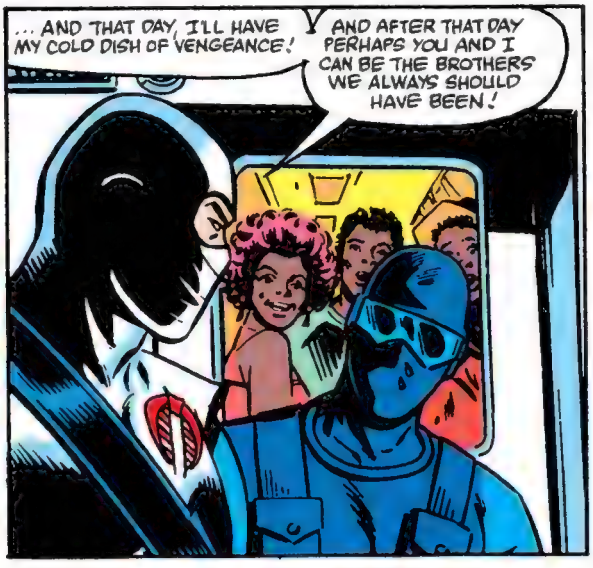
. . . Hawk and Stalker track him down and recruit him as a Joe.

Months later, heedless of his own safety, Snake Eyes refuses to jump from a helicopter which is about to crash. Instead, he remains inside, fighting to free a doomed Scarlett, when . . .



Snake Eyes continues on as a Joe. He crosses paths with Storm Shadow as each seeks the Hard Master's killer, and after Snake Eyes spares Storm Shadows' life in a fight atop a speeding subway car, Storm Shadow explains his means and his ends:





Meanwhile, at a Cobra rally in Springfield, Cobra Commander unveils Cobra's ultra-secret new weapon . . .

MEANWHILE, IN SPRINGFIELD...

DO NOT LET THE FALSE RUMORS OF OUR MILITARY MISHAPS ALARM YOU! COBRA IS *WINNING*!

WHEN THE CITIZENRY LOLL BACK ON THEIR FAT HAUNCHES AND HIRE THE POOR MINORITIES TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK, WE *WIN*!

WHEN LOVE OF MONEY ECLIPSES MORAL CONVICTION, WE *WIN*!

WHEN GOOD MEN SEE THE ASCENSION OF EVIL AND DO NOTHING, WE *WIN*!

OUR HOUSEHOLD CLEANING PRODUCT PYRAMID SCHEME GROWS EXPONENTIONALLY! IT IS A MONEY-MAKING JUGGERNAUT! IT IS BASED ON MAN'S WILLINGNESS TO EXPLOIT HIS NEIGHBORS!

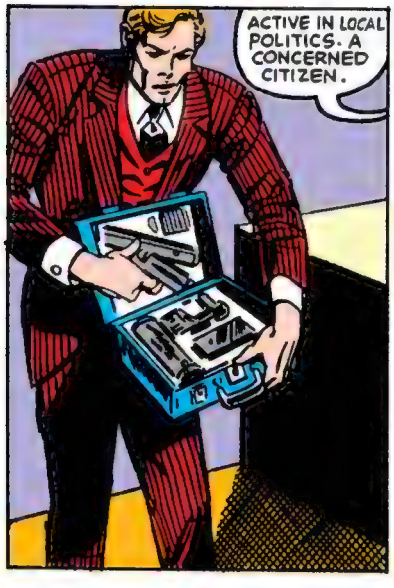
OUR NATIONWIDE "GREED IS GOOD FOR YOU" SEMINARS ARE FILLED TO CAPACITY AND OUR MEDIA DEPARTMENT HAS SUCCEEDED IN SELLING TEN MORE MINDLESS SITCOMS TO THE NETWORKS TO FURTHER LOWER THE INTELLIGENCE OF AMERICA!

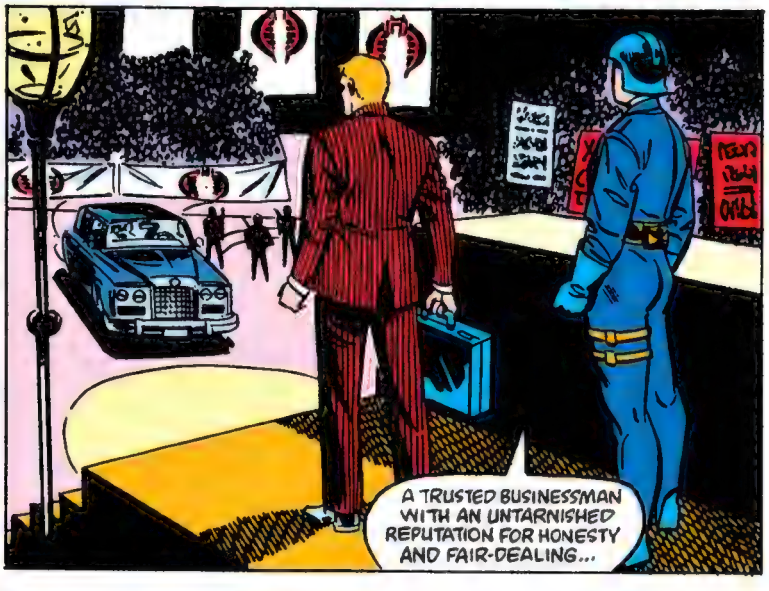
ARMIES OF COBRA ACCOUNTANTS ADVISE MILLIONS OF AMERICANS TO CHEAT ON THEIR TAXES, DENYING FUNDS TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND PROMPTING CUTS IN DEFENSE SPENDING!

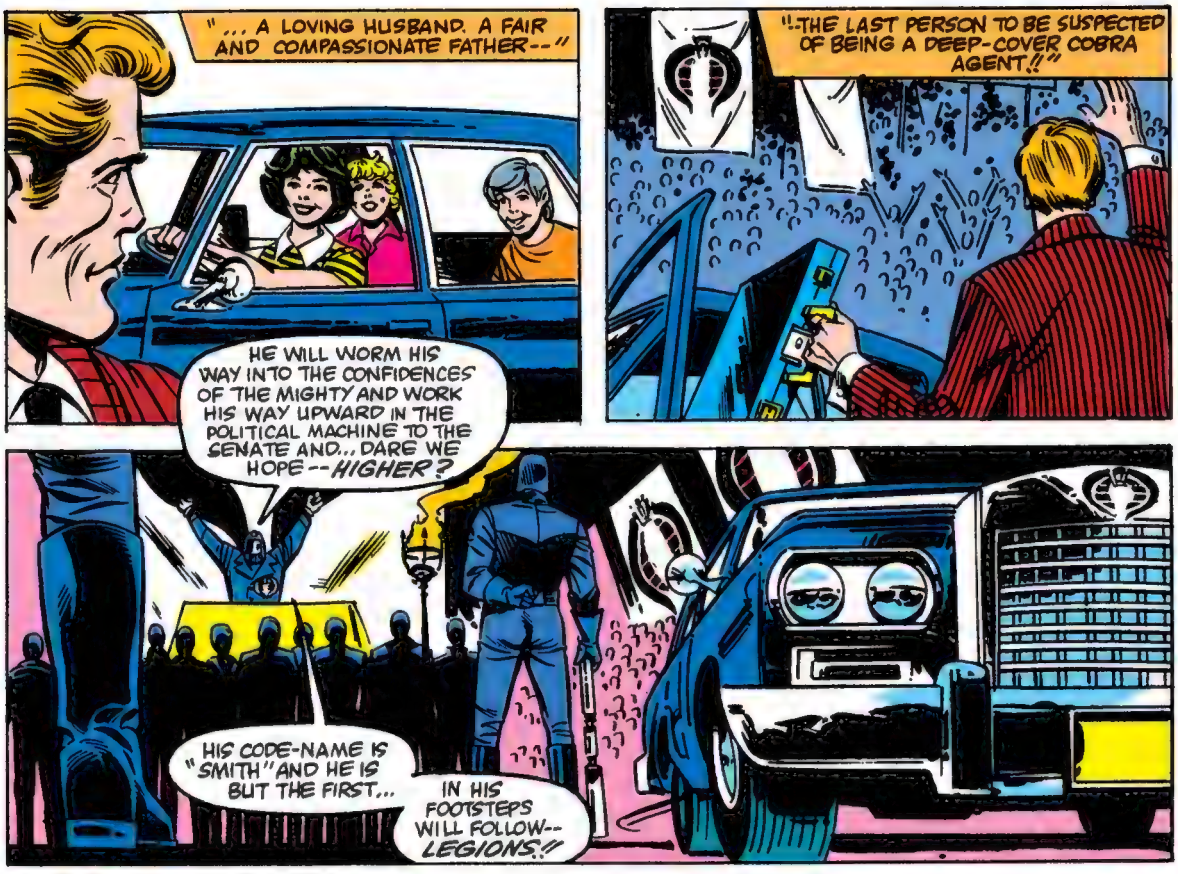
IT IS TIME FOR COBRA TO MAKE ITS NEXT MOVE! I PRESENT TO YOU THE COBRA ELITE TROOPER! A CRIMSON GUARD! ONE OF COBRA'S BEST--
... AND TOO GOOD TO SQUANDER ON A BATTLE-FIELD!

HE IS YOUNG, INTELLIGENT, GOOD-LOOKING, AND... UPWARDLY MOBILE!

ON THE SURFACE, AN UPSTANDING PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY!

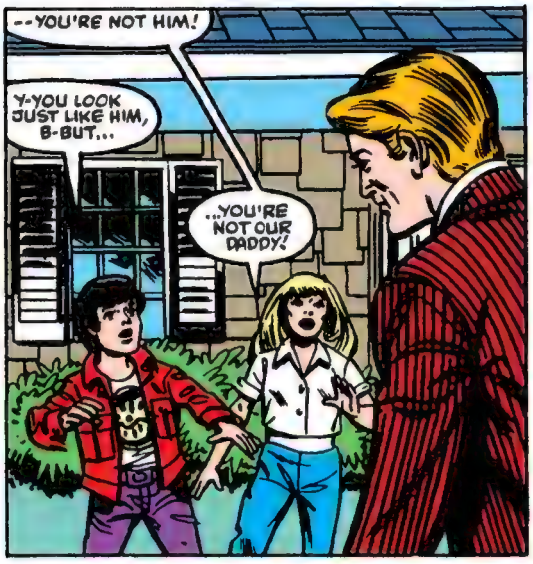

ACTIVE IN LOCAL POLITICS. A CONCERNED CITIZEN.

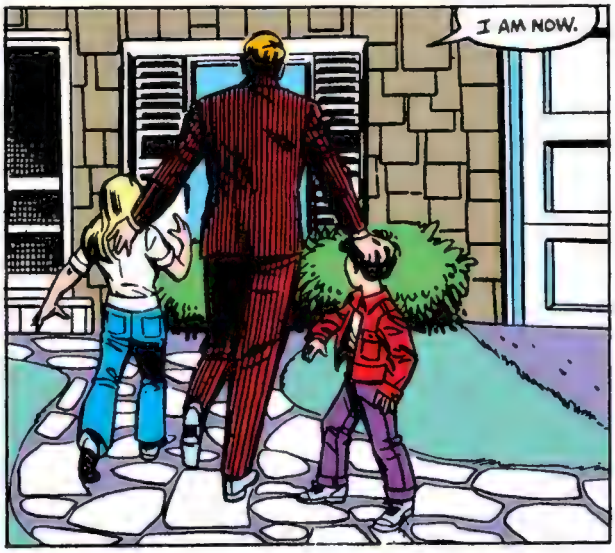

A TRUSTED BUSINESSMAN WITH AN UNTARNISHED REPUTATION FOR HONESTY AND FAIR-DEALING...



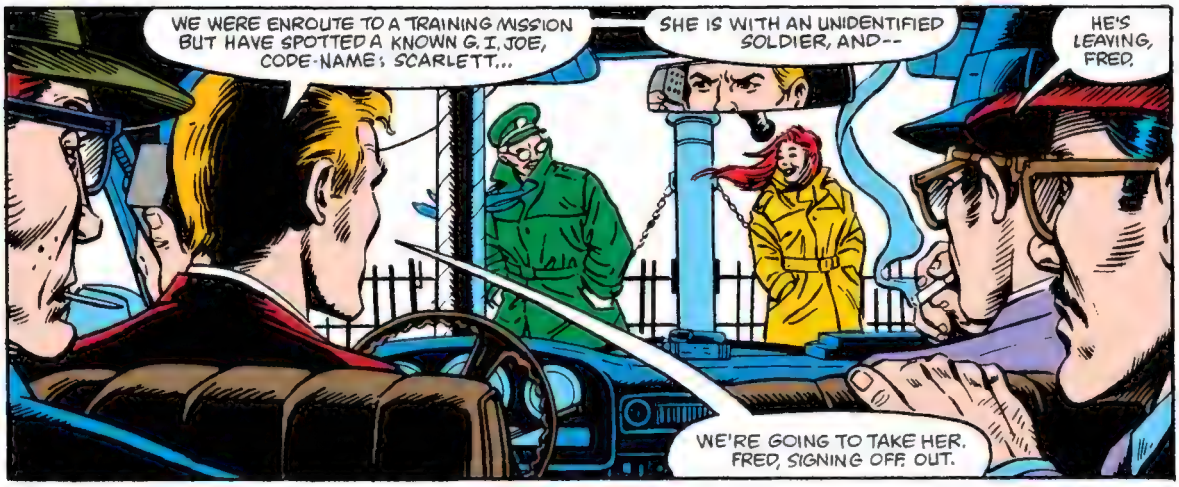
Even as Cobra Commander speaks, forces within Cobra plot his assassination. The weapon? Billy the kid . . .

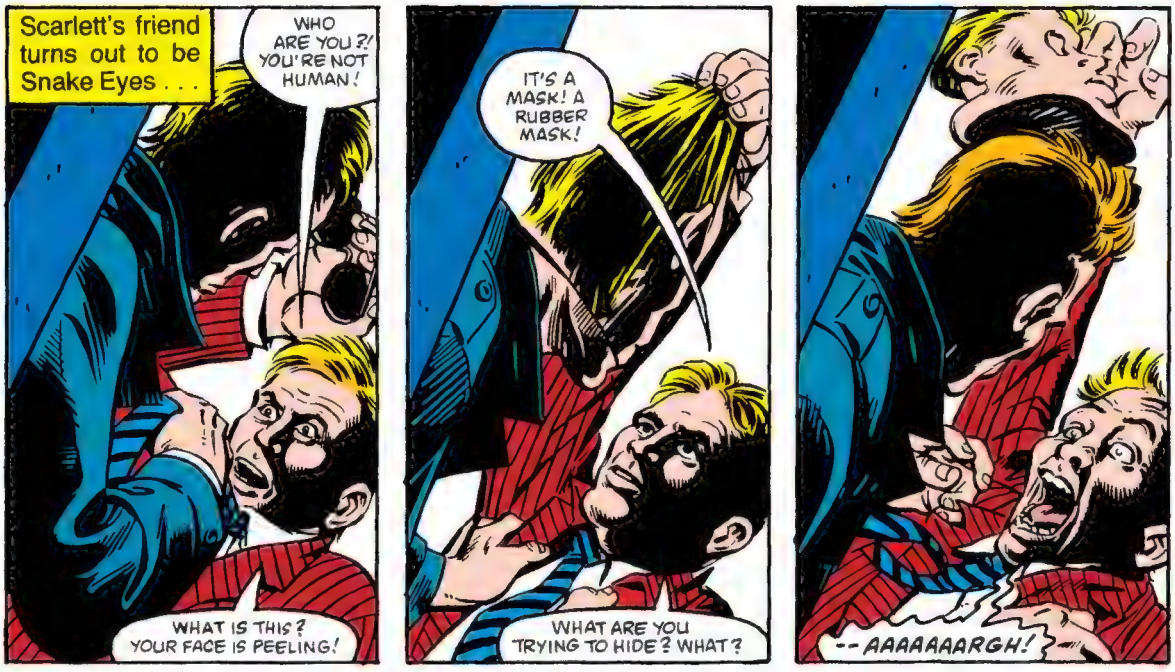
Heather Broca and her brother are two other kids enmeshed, whether they like it or not, in Cobra. Their dad, Fred, is a deep-cover Cobra agent, and when he's killed on a mission to kill Snake Eyes, Cobra replaces Fred with a look-alike. The kids aren't fooled, though . . .





Fred Broca II tries to capture Scarlett and her mysterious companion aboard the Staten Island Ferry . . .

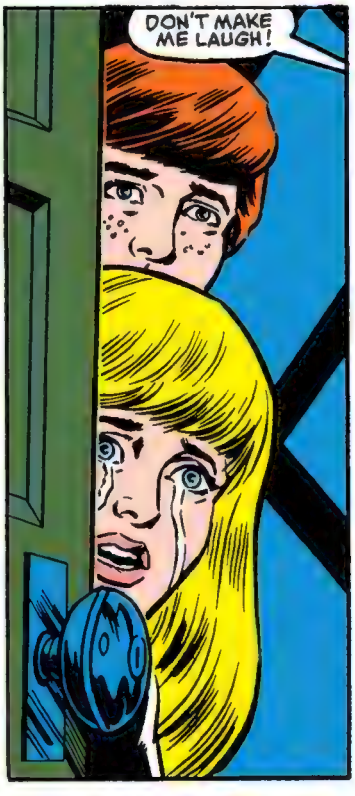




Snake Eyes throws Fred II overboard, losing him temporarily, but not for long. Meanwhile, routine shakedown flights for Ace and Lady Jaye in the Skystriker and Wild Weasel and the Baroness in the Rattler evolve into a dogfight to an involuntary draw . . .

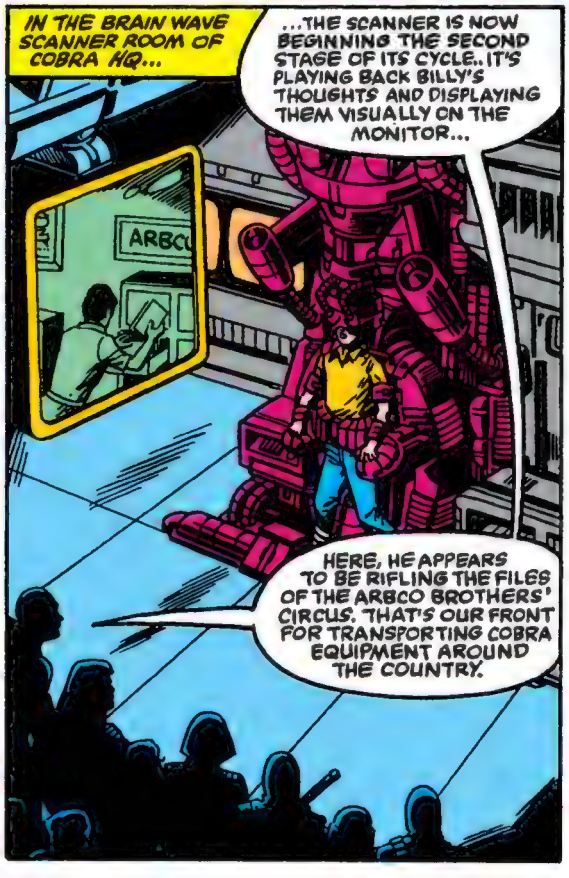
Back in Springfield, Destro foils Billy's attempt to assassinate Cobra Commander, and then reveals a relationship between the would-be killer and his intended victim which neither knew existed . . .

Billy's not the only kid with family problems. Things at the Broca household, just outside the gates of Fort Wadsworth, aren't running much smoother . . .

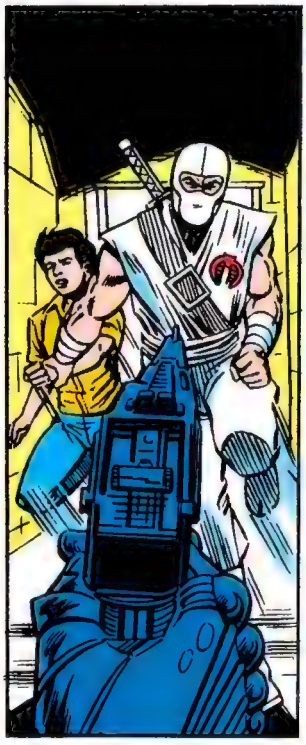


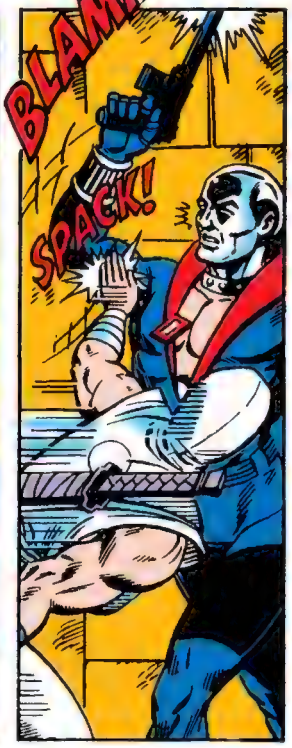
The Broca household's a picnic compared to Billy's situation, as Cobra Commander and Destro interrogate him, pressuring him to reveal the identity of his accomplices in the plot to kill Cobra Commander. Everyone, it seems, is a suspect:

Rubber hoses? Obsolete! Cobra's got state-of-the-art interrogation equipment, courtesy of the late Dr. Venom, and Cobra Commander is willing to use it on his own flesh and blood!

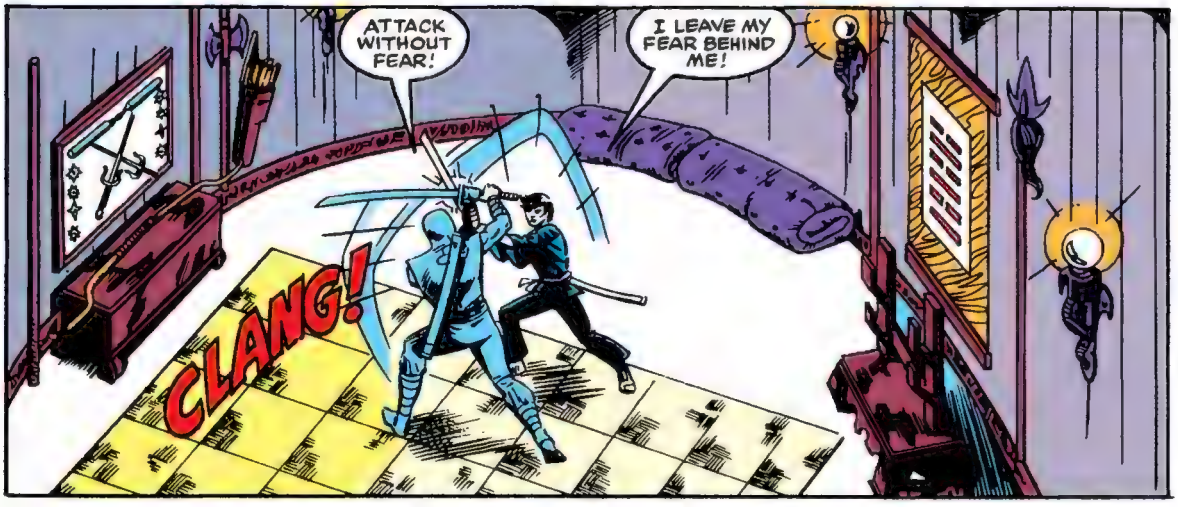


Billy doesn't crack right away, but sooner or later, like anyone else, he'll tell them everything. But before Cobra can break him . . .





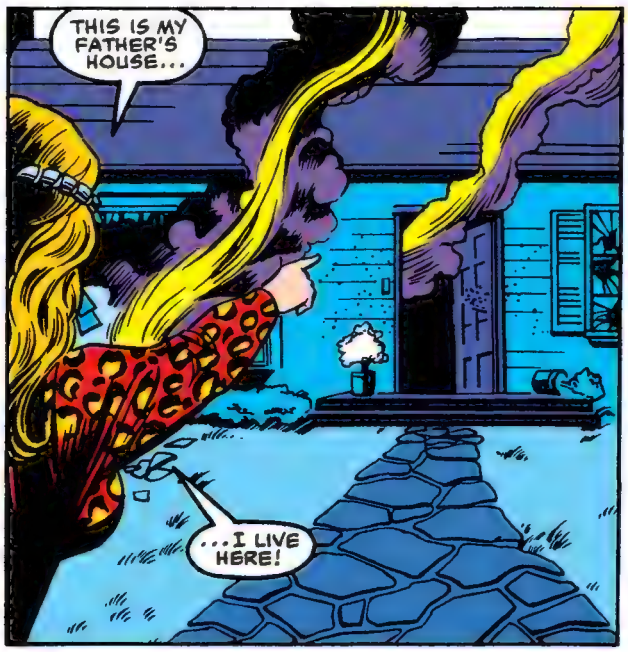
Once free, Billy begins a long and arduous apprenticeship to Storm Shadow in a hidden midtown Manhattan dojo.

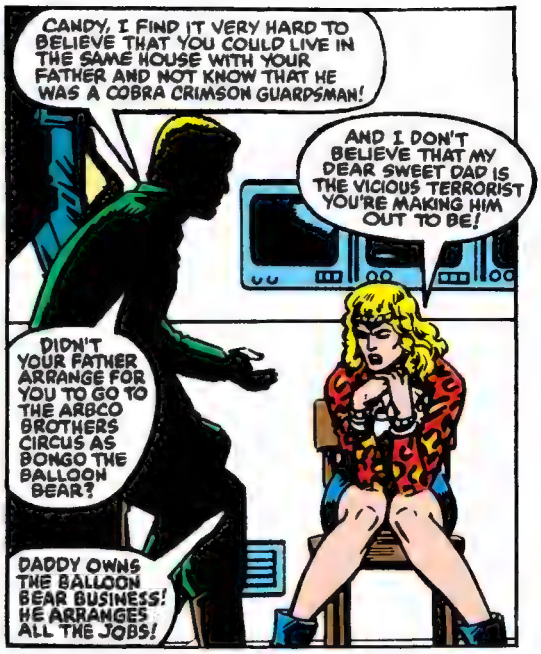


South of them, on suburban Staten Island, the Joes raid a suspected Cobra safehouse . . .

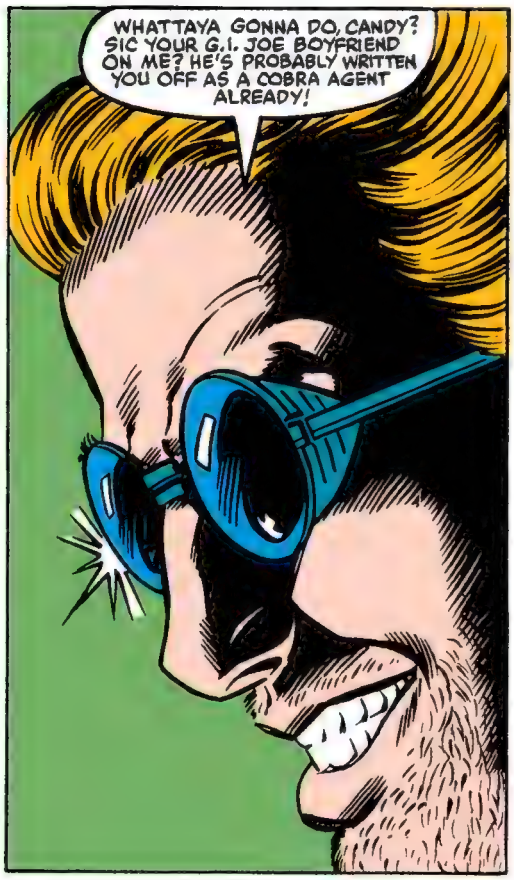
Inside the safehouse are two new Cobra agents, Tomax and Xamot, who escape the Joes, using their ability as twins to share perceptions.

The reaction of Ripcord's new girlfriend Candy, a.k.a. Bongo the Balloon Bear, upon her arrival at the scene of the raid, prompts the Joes to interrogate her . . .





Candy denies being a Cobra, but before the Joes can verify her claim to innocence, she's gone—snatched by Buzzer, one of Zartan's Drednoks, whom Candy inadvertently aids in a breakout from G.I. Joe custody.



Meanwhile, in the Gulf of Mexico, on an island barely ten minutes old, a Cobra trooper plants a Cobra flag.

Simultaneously, Cobra lawyers storm every embassy along the Gulf's perimeter, while aboard the Arbco Star, Candy's father, Professor Appel, basks in his latest success as Cobra's top scientist . . .

...WE'VE CREATED A TOTALLY NEW LAND MASS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO! A LAND MASS WELL BEYOND THE THREE MILE LIMITS OF THE NEAREST SOVEREIGN STATE!

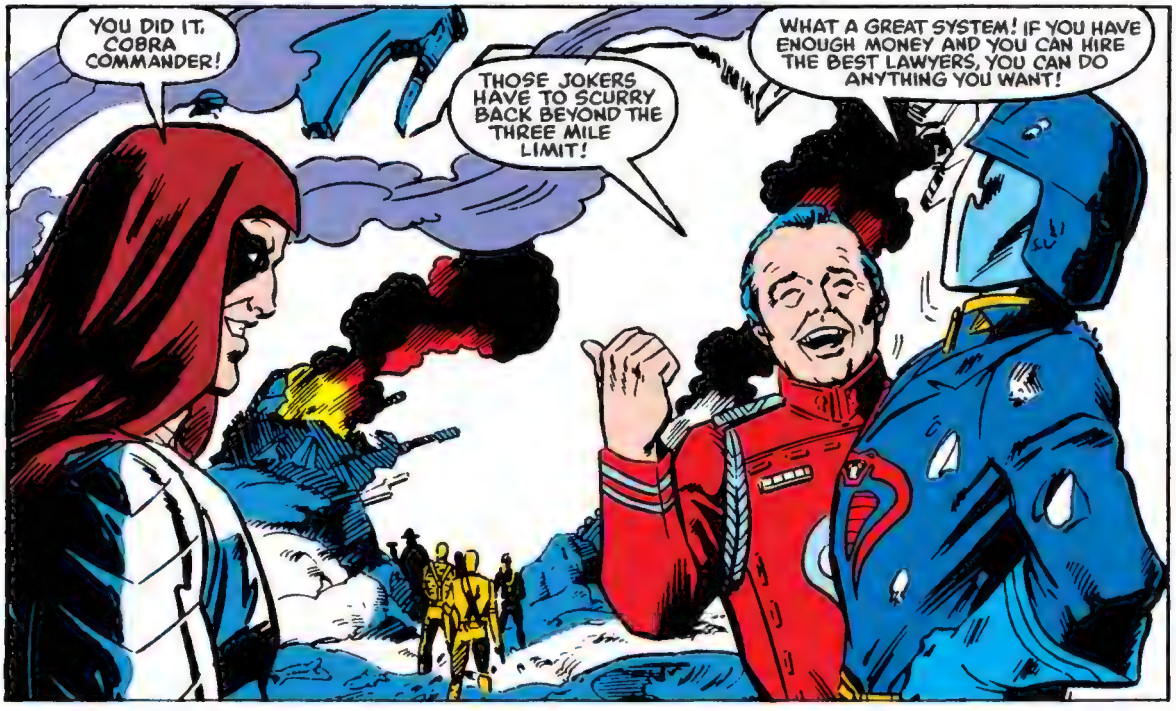
A NEW COUNTRY WHERE COBRA IS THE LEGAL AND RIGHTFUL GOVERNMENT!

AND ALL THANKS TO THE G.I. JOE TEAM WHO SO KINDLY PROVIDED US WITH A DETONATION LARGE ENOUGH TO AGGRAVATE THE FAULT LINE!

ARBCO STAR

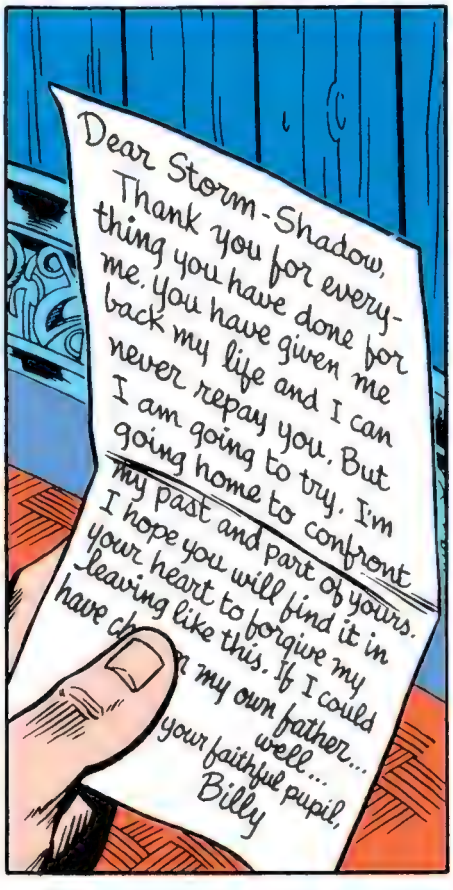
Hawk briefs the Joes on their mission . . .

The Joes capture the island—but too late! It's Cobra Island now, a bona-fide country, and the Joes are forced to withdraw, as Cobra Commander, Professor Appel, and Zartan gloat . . .



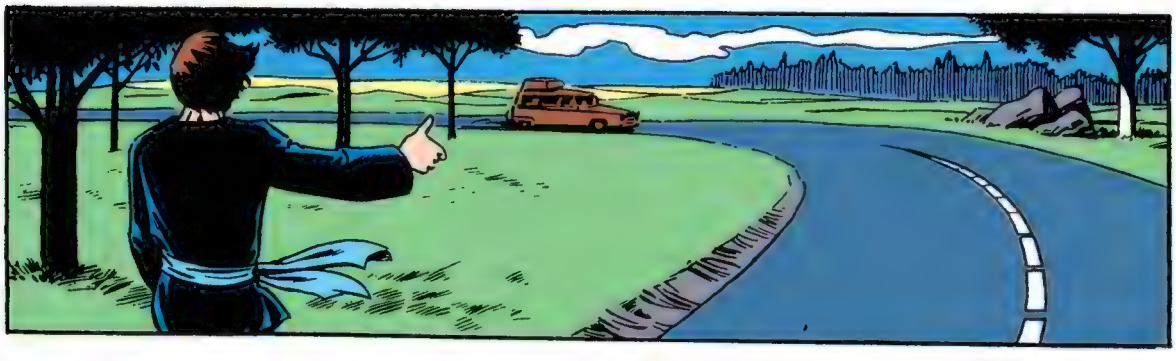
. . . as in Washington, D.C., an old war buddy turned Cobra agent takes Snake Eyes and Stalker prisoner . . .

. . . and in New York City, Storm Shadow's protege has left for home . . .



and one big link in the G.I. Joe chain of command snaps:

As Hawk rushes to General Austin's bedside, Billy, en route to see his father, puts his thumb out for a ride. It is to be the last ride Billy will ever hitch . . .

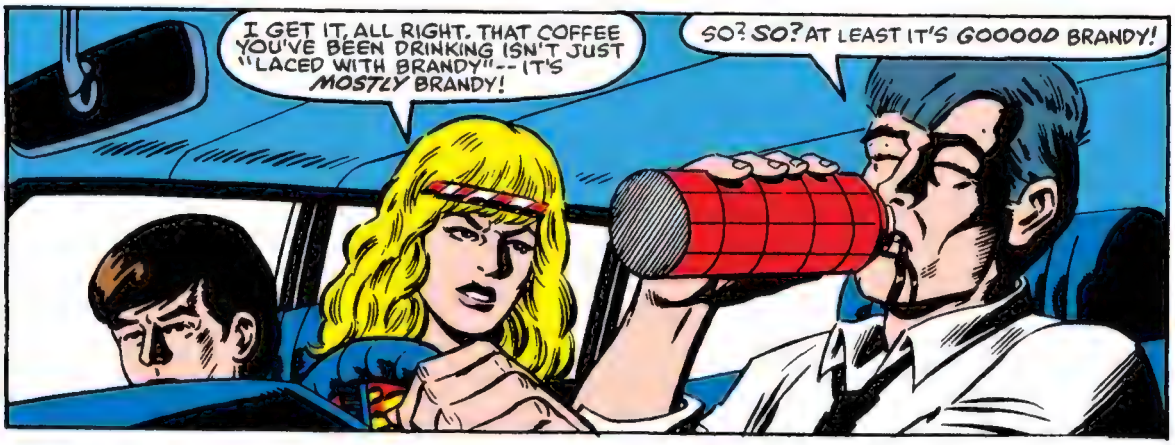


As forces whose logic they could not fathom continued to shape and twist their lives, Billy, Candy and the Soft Master kept moving, each of them relentless in his personal quest: Billy, to confront Cobra Commander, his father; Candy, to rejoin Ripcord, and to confront *her* father; and the Soft Master, to ascertain the identity of his brother's murderer. Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C. . . .

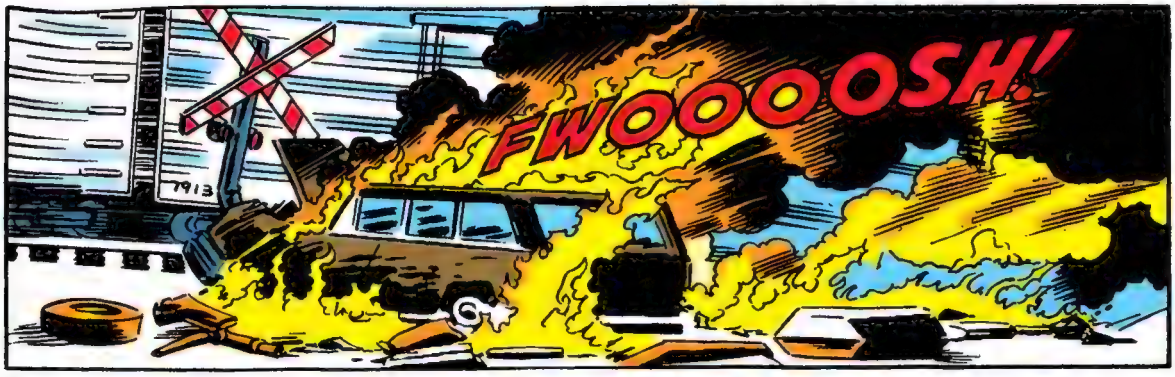
Stalker initiated a dialogue with his and Snake-Eyes' captor, their old war buddy, Wade . . .

The Soft Master learned who killed his brother . . .

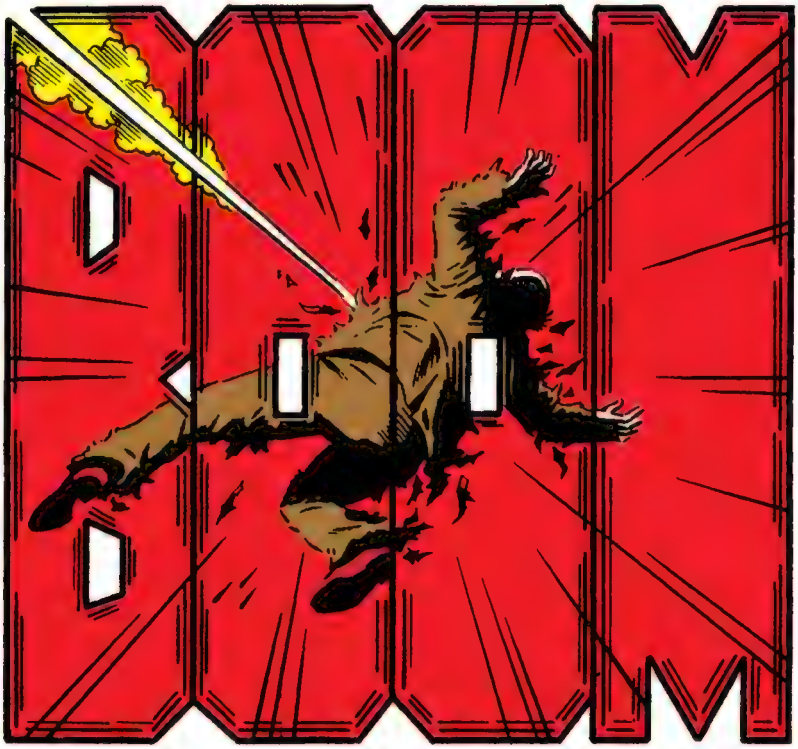
The Soft Master fought his way out of the police station, stole a police car, and headed for the outskirts of town, where he ran into Billy, Candy, and the drunk driver who had picked them up . . .



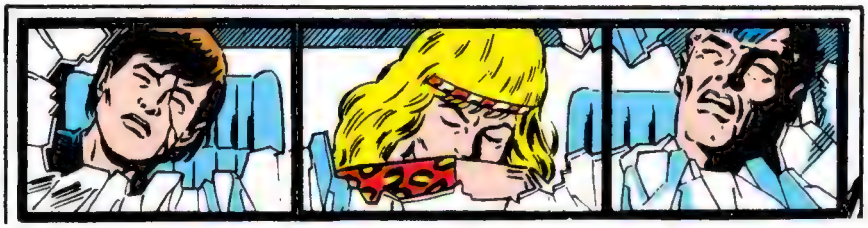
The drunk driver crashed, and the Soft Master, Cobra in close pursuit, turned back to help.

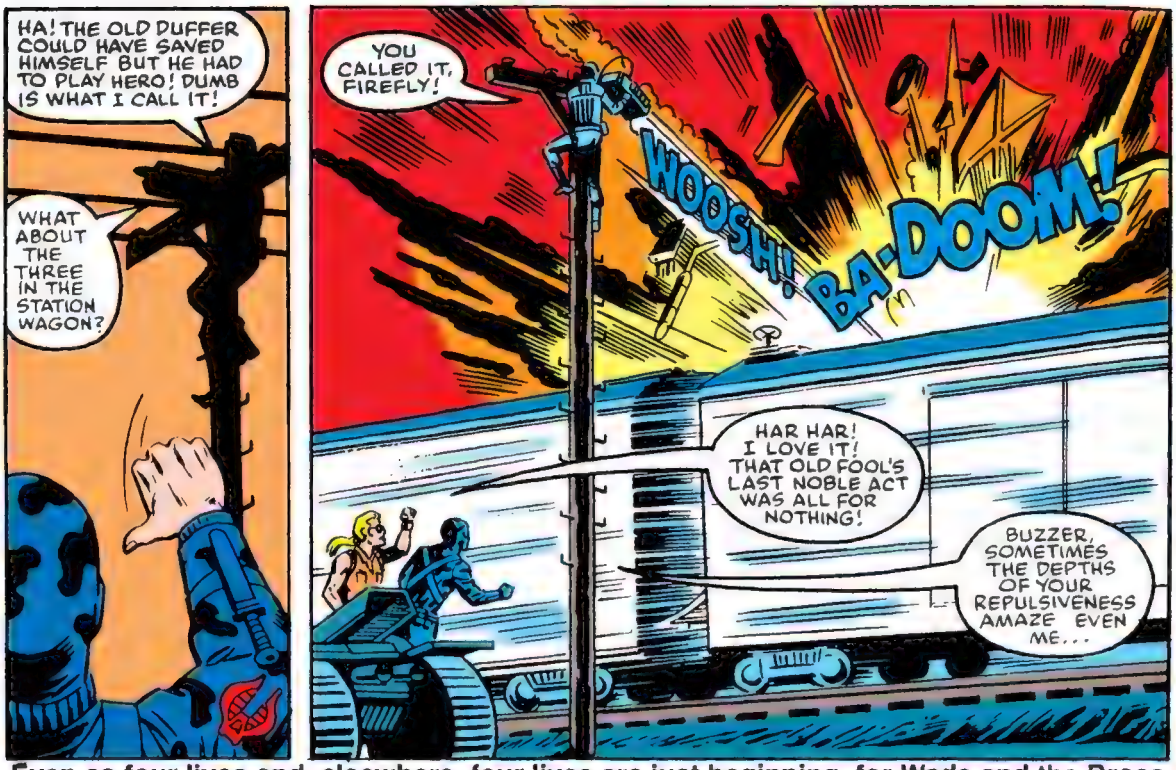


Scrap-Iron fired a missile at the flaming wreck containing Billy, Candy, and the intoxicated driver, and Softy sacrificed this life to save theirs

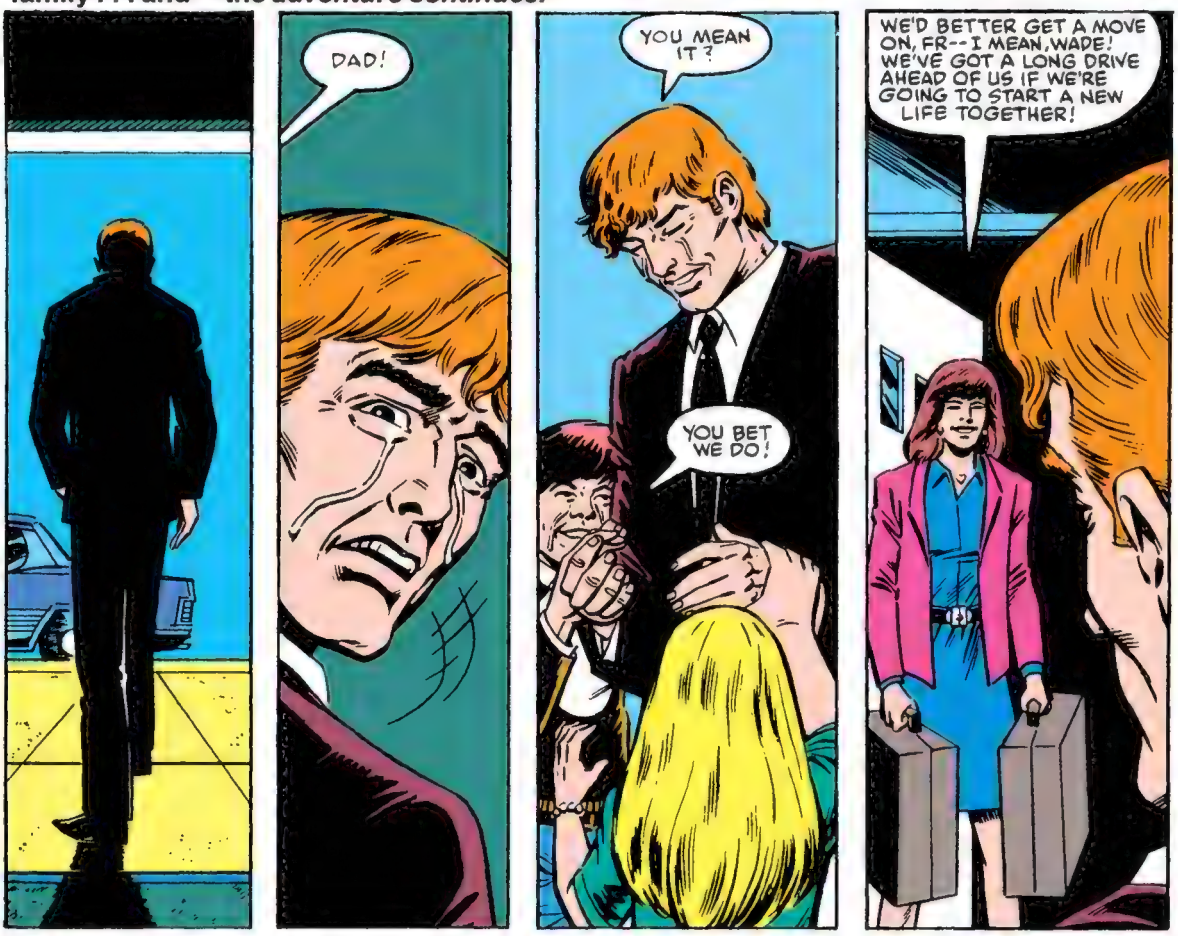


. . . but to no avail. With the Soft Master dead, Scrap-Iron fired a second missile, which reduced the car and its occupants to smoking rubble.





Even as four lives end, elsewhere, four lives are just beginning, for Wade and the Broca family . . . and—the *adventure continues!*



MEMO

From: Hawk
To: All units
Subj: GI JOE

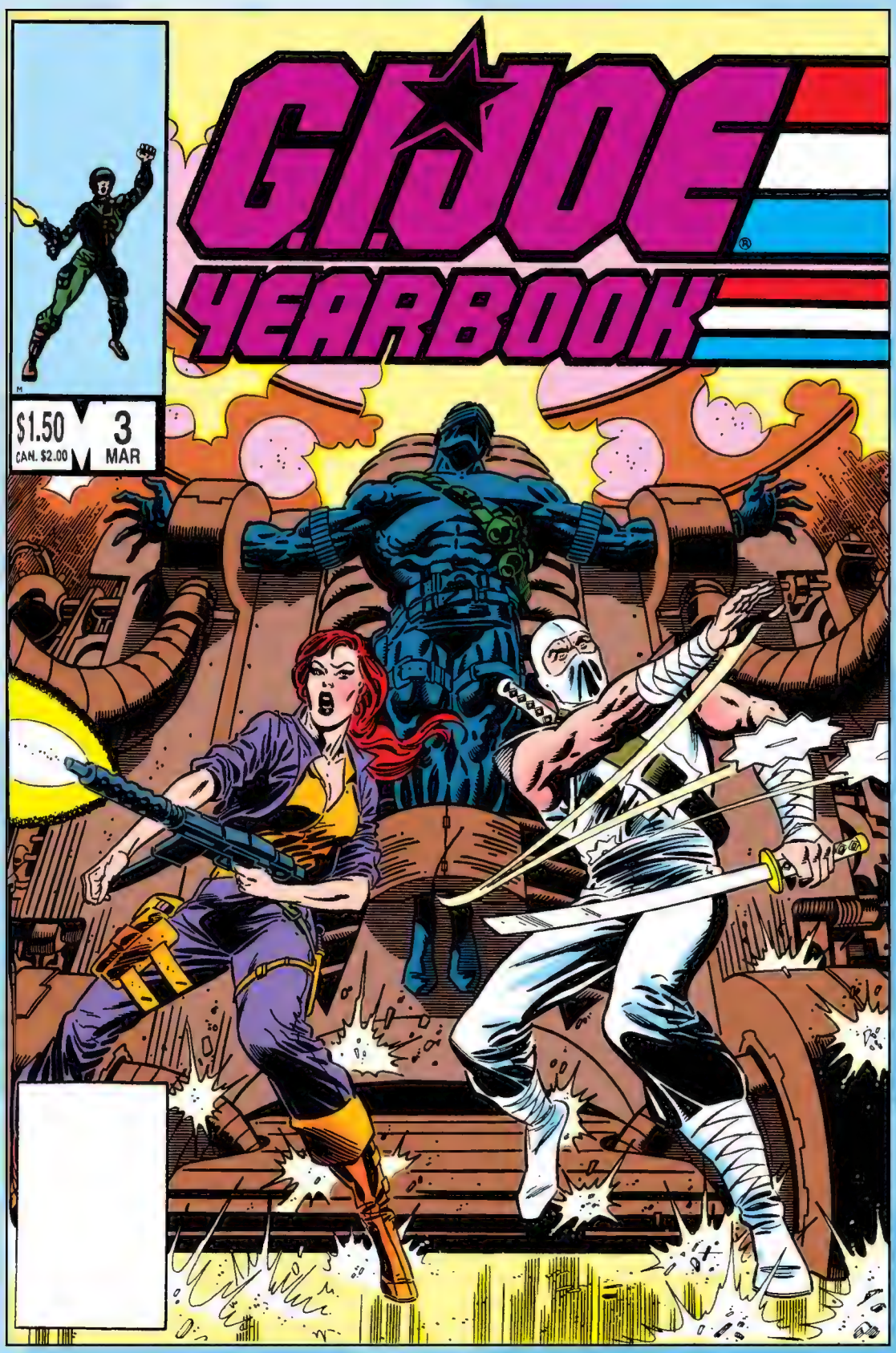
Well, troops, we've gotten through another 12 months more or less intact, and I guess that surprises you as much as it does me.

We figured on a lot of trouble from Cobra and our snake-loving buddies sure didn't disappoint us. But what we didn't figure on was Cobra tricking us into blasting loose the chunk off of the Gulf of Mexico that became Cobra Island. In my book, that's a mark against us—a big, black mark. Maybe the biggest and blackest ever. Next time we're tempted to get cocky, maybe we should remember it.

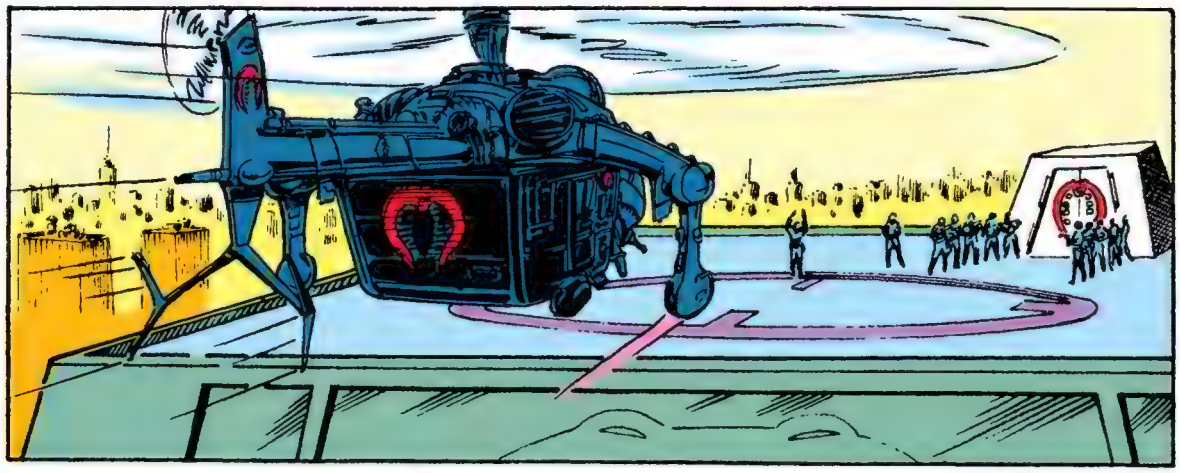
As for the rest of the year . . . we didn't do too badly. When we didn't win, we at least fought them to a standstill, and when the enemy's as tough and nasty as Cobra, that's okay.

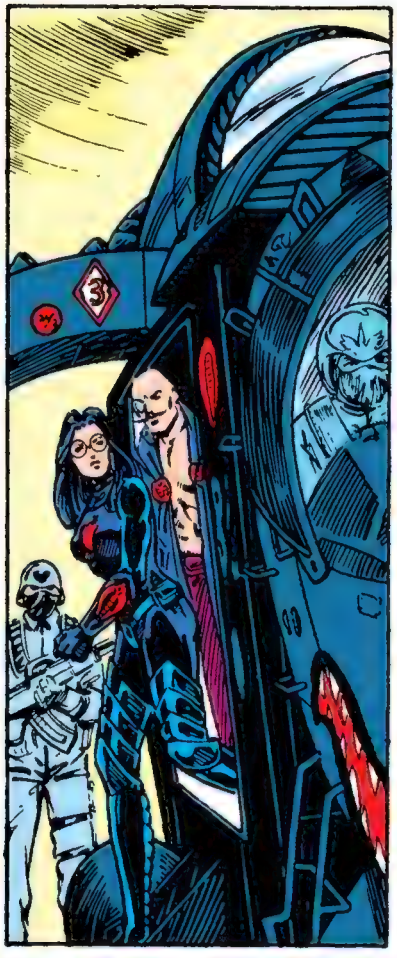
One more thing: some of you have been forgetting that I've been promoted. I'm now a general. So show some respect when the other brass is around.

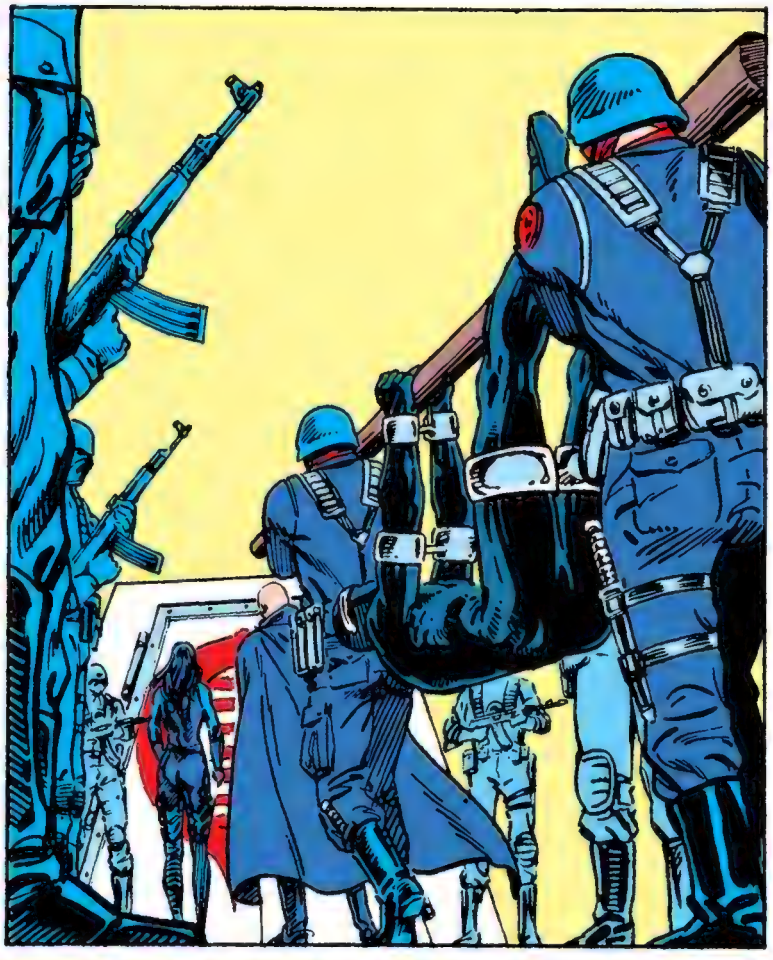
Hawk

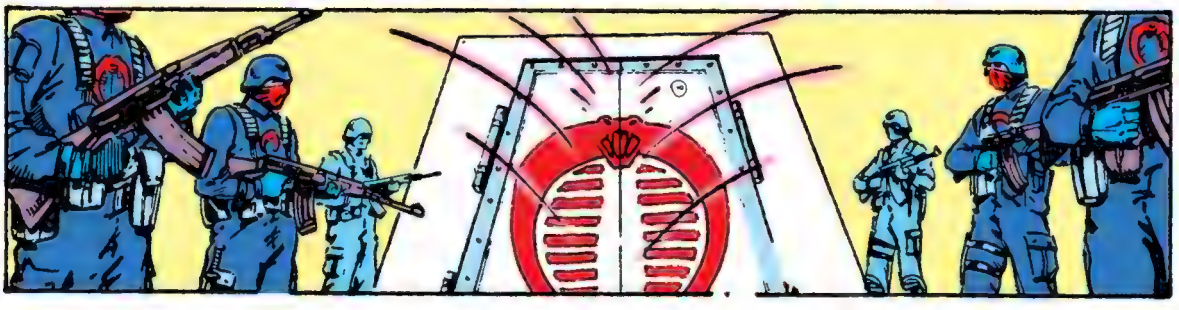

G.I. JOE
YEARBOOK
$1.50
CAN. $2.00
3
MAR

HUSH JOB
TEAK & BREW
STORY
LARRY HAMA
PENCILS
RON WAGNER
INKS
KIM DEMULDER
COLORS
MAX SCHEELE
EDITOR
BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF
JIM SHOOTER

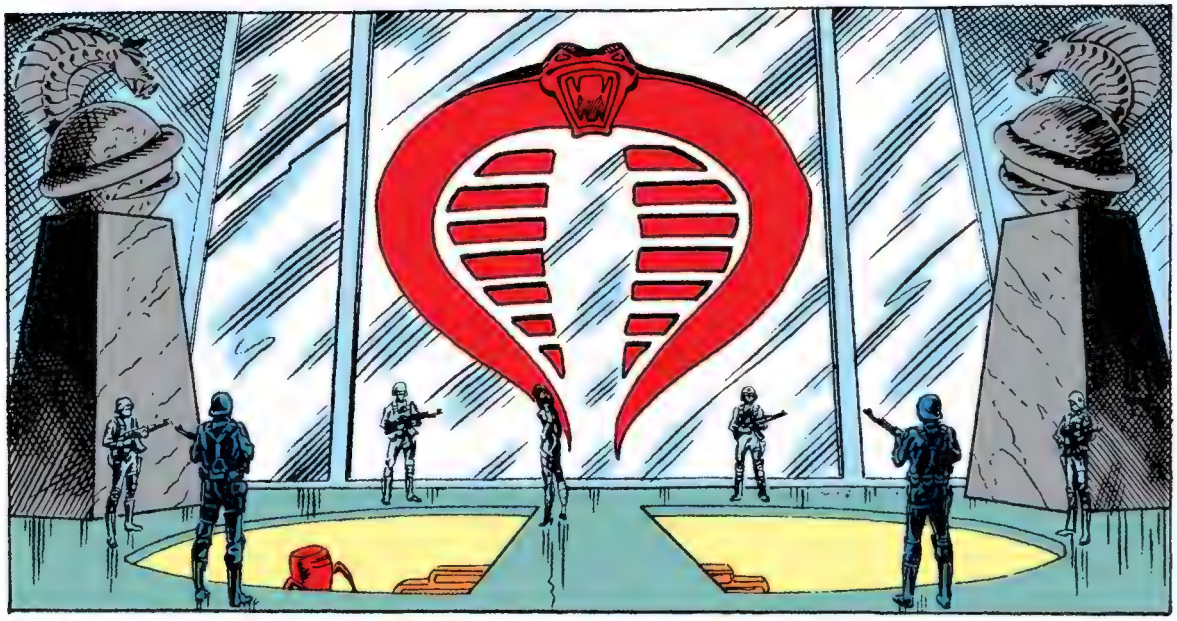


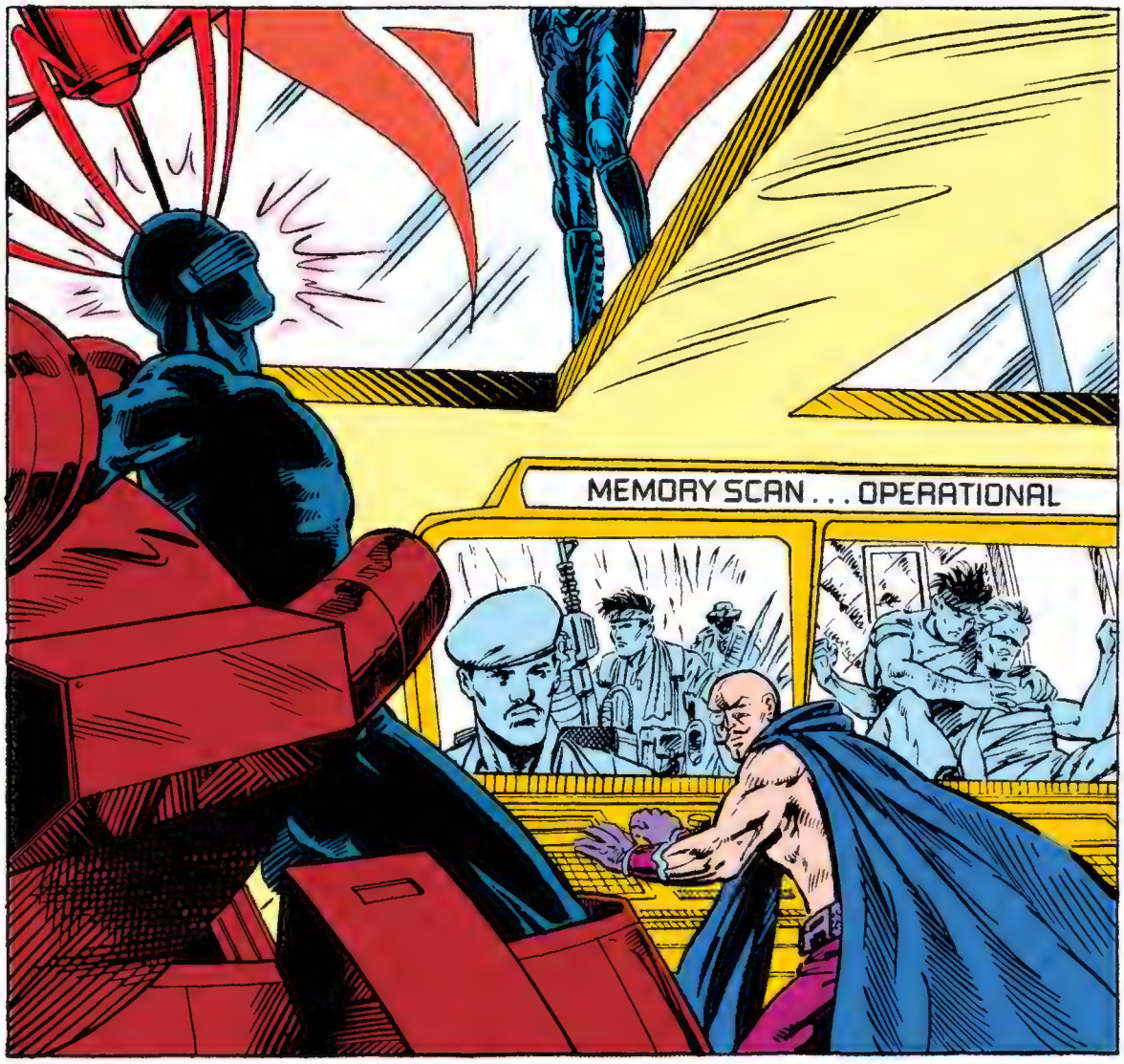


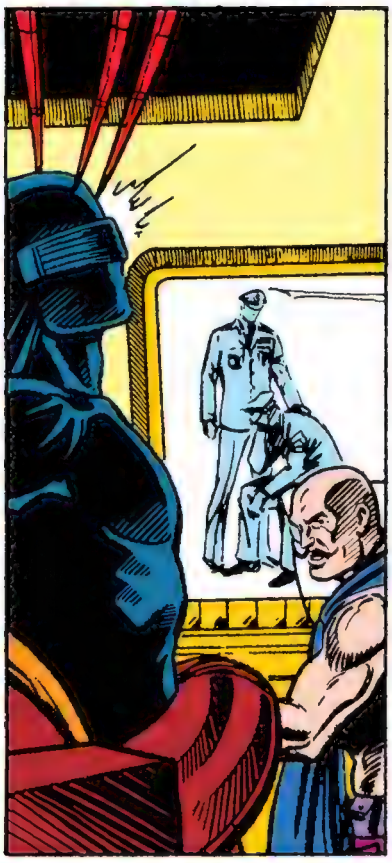


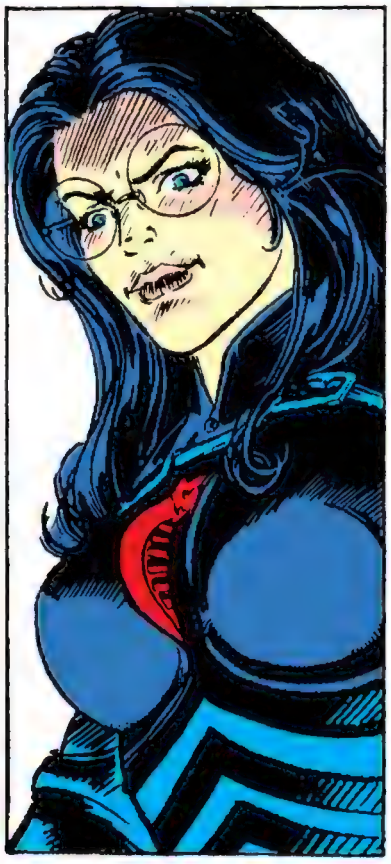
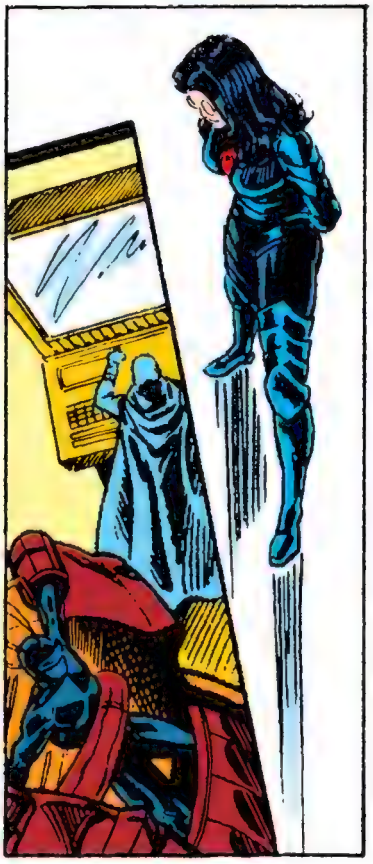
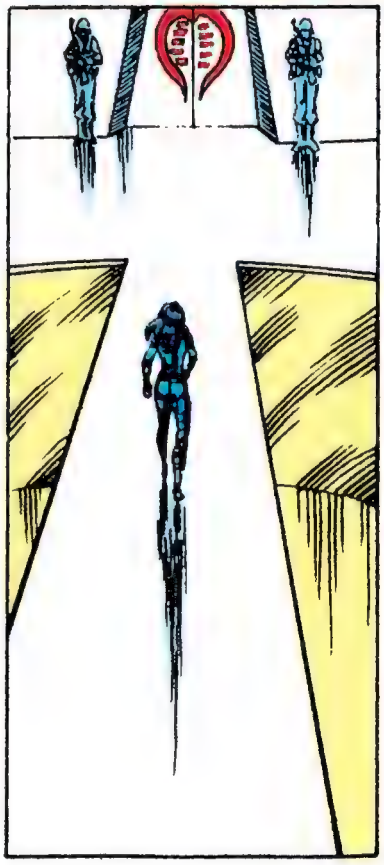


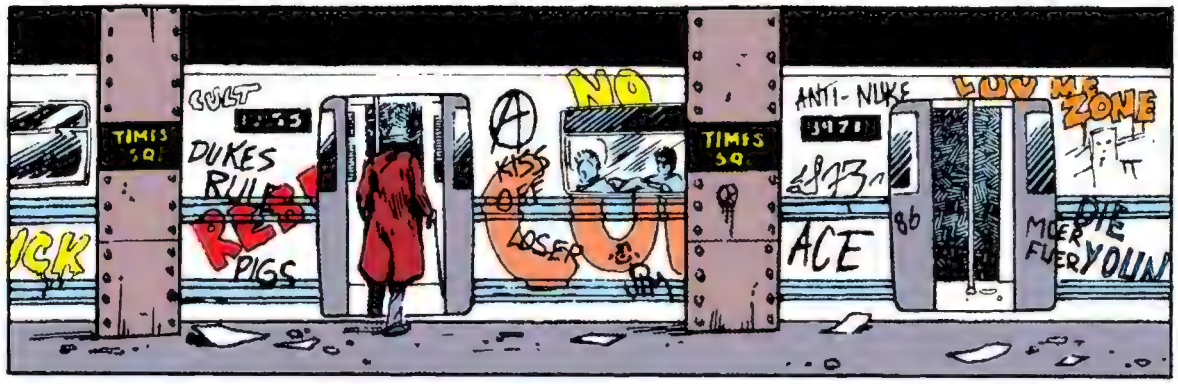
SCARLET
FREEZE FRAME
ENHANCED IMAGE
MAX MAGNIFICATION




MEMORY SCAN . . . OPERATIONAL




TIMES SQ.
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TIMES SQ.
ANTI-NUKE
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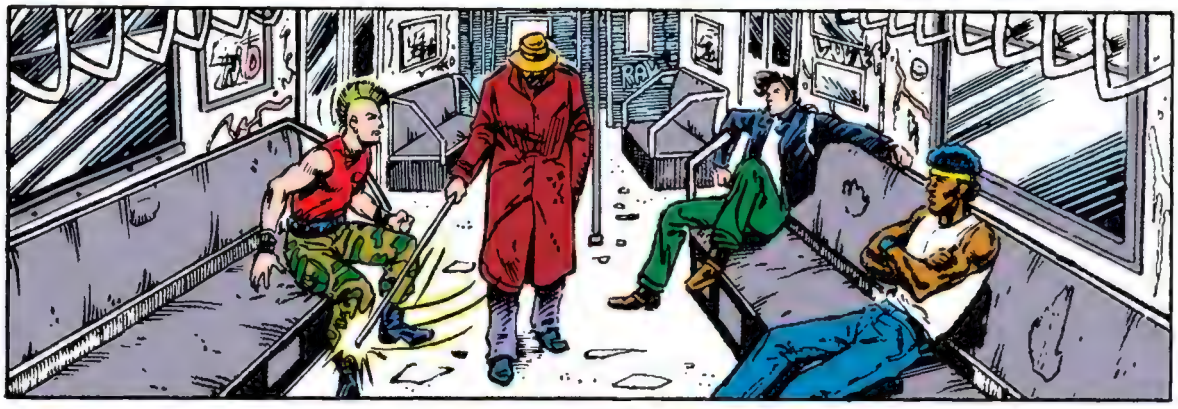
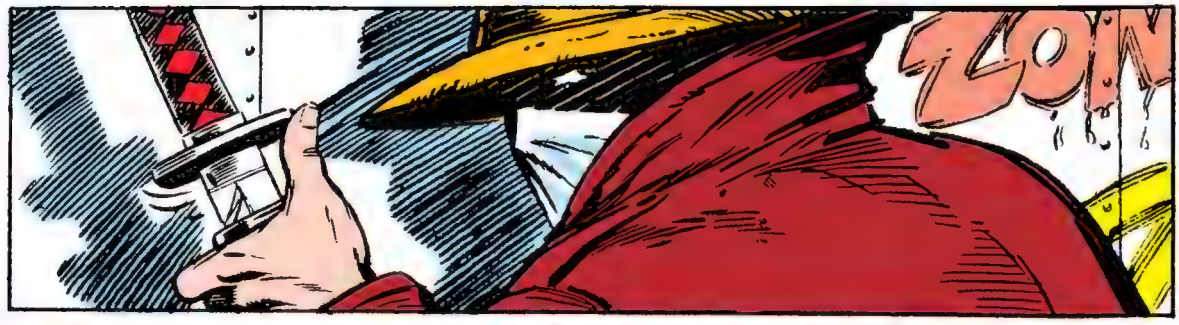
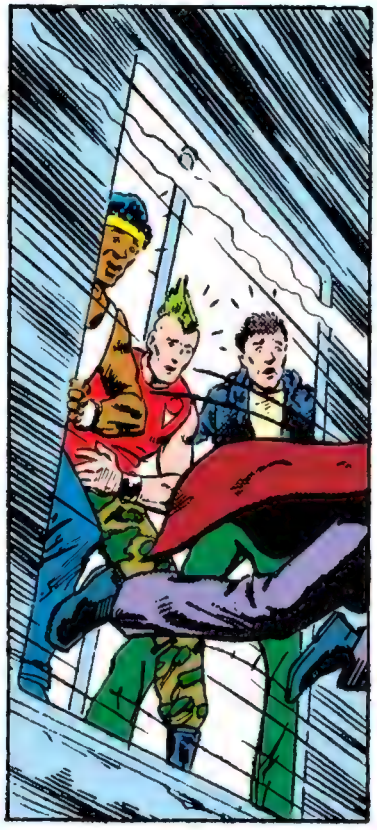
LUV ME ZONE
DIE YOUN

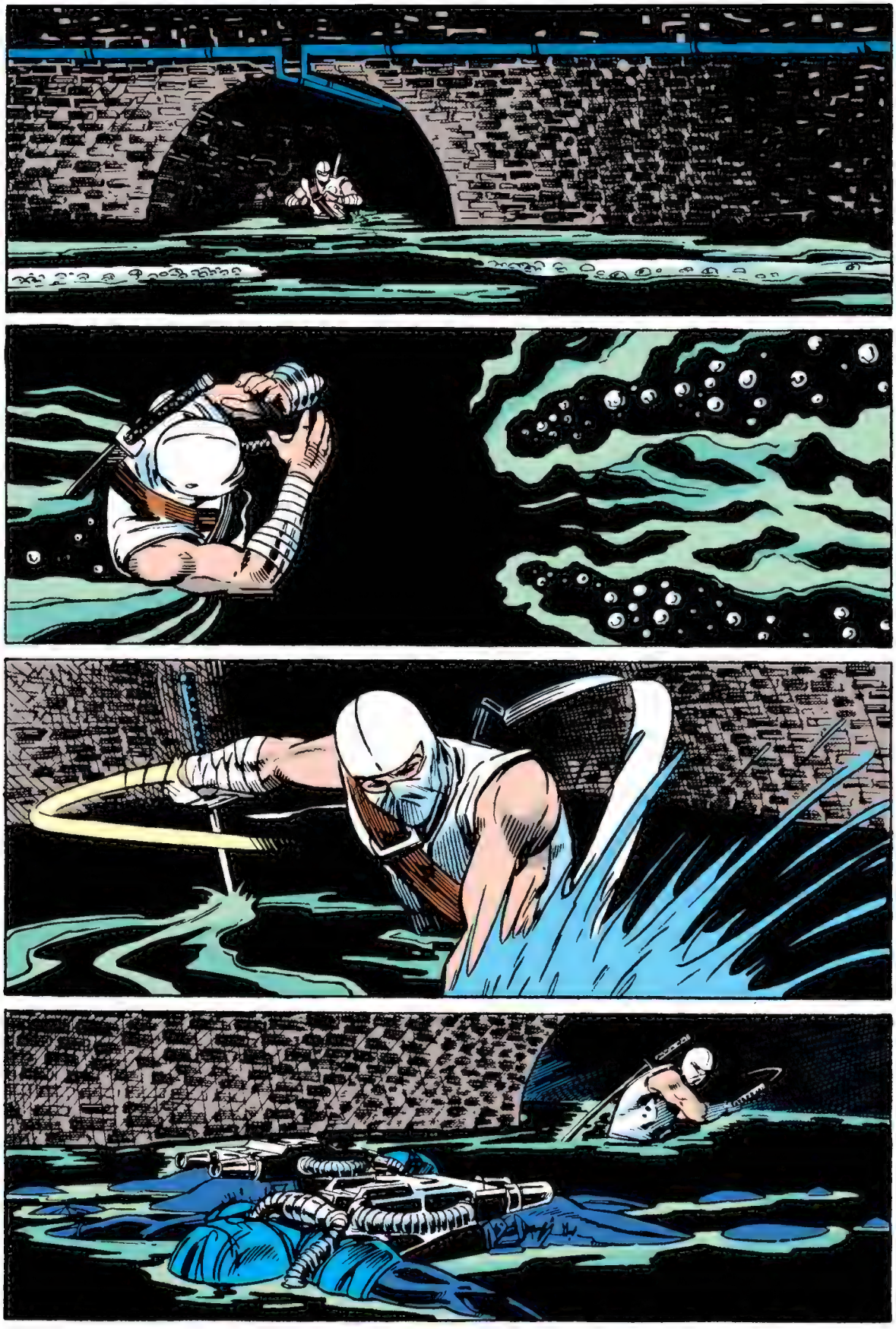


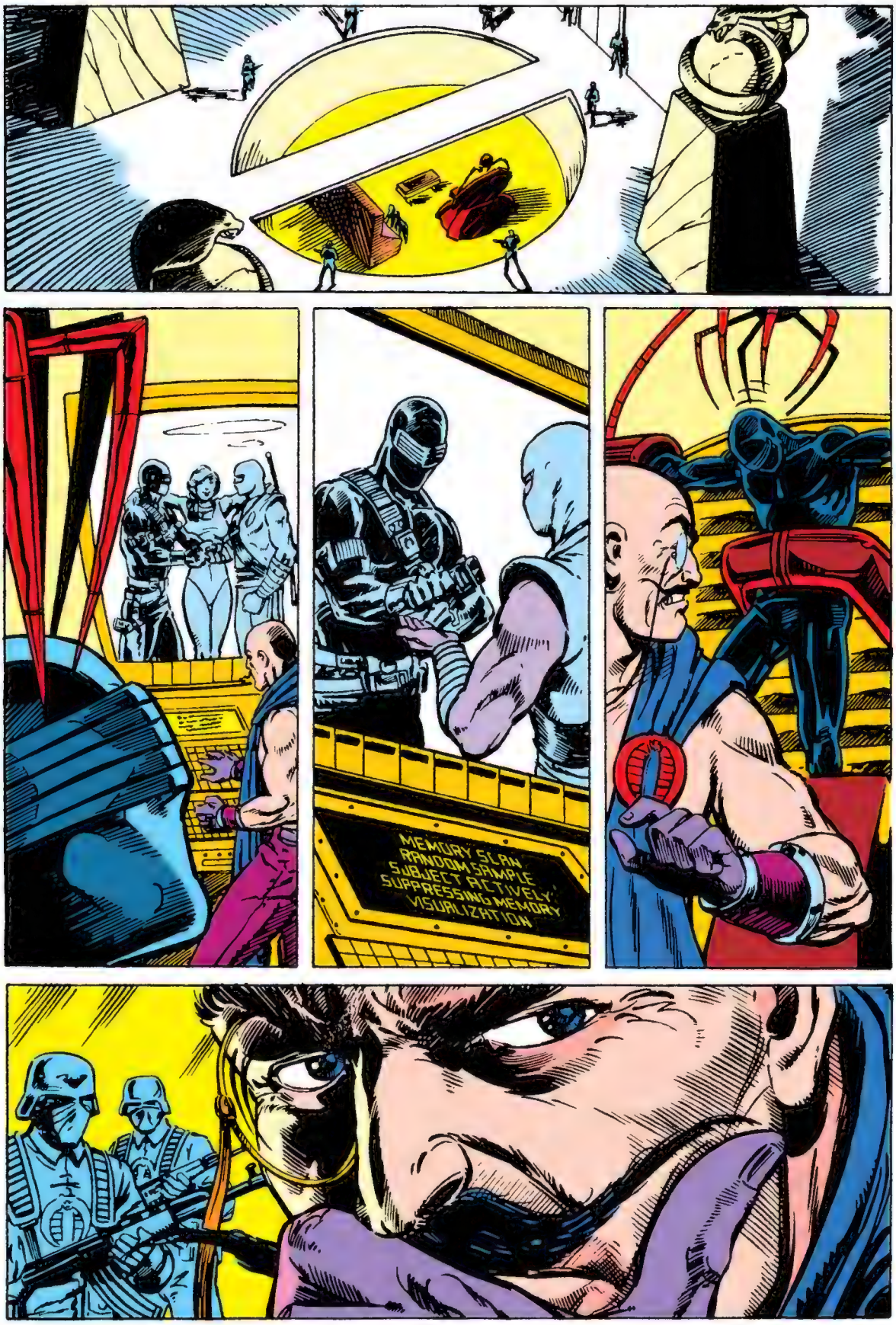
KILLER BUSINESS


CLOW

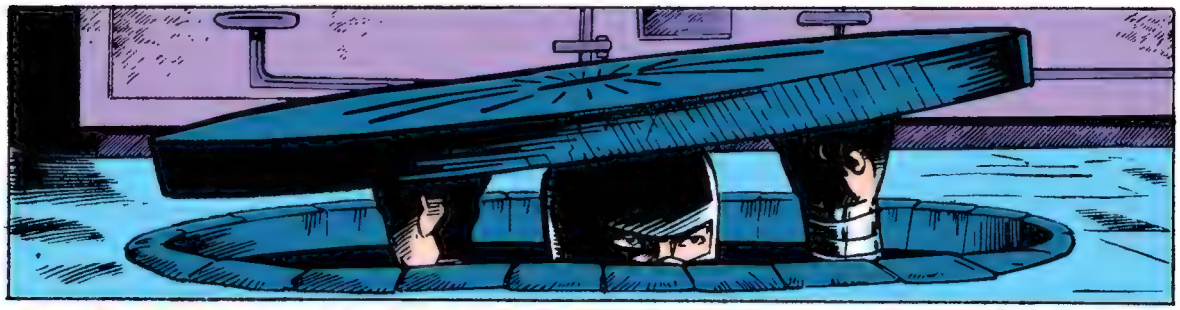
RULES

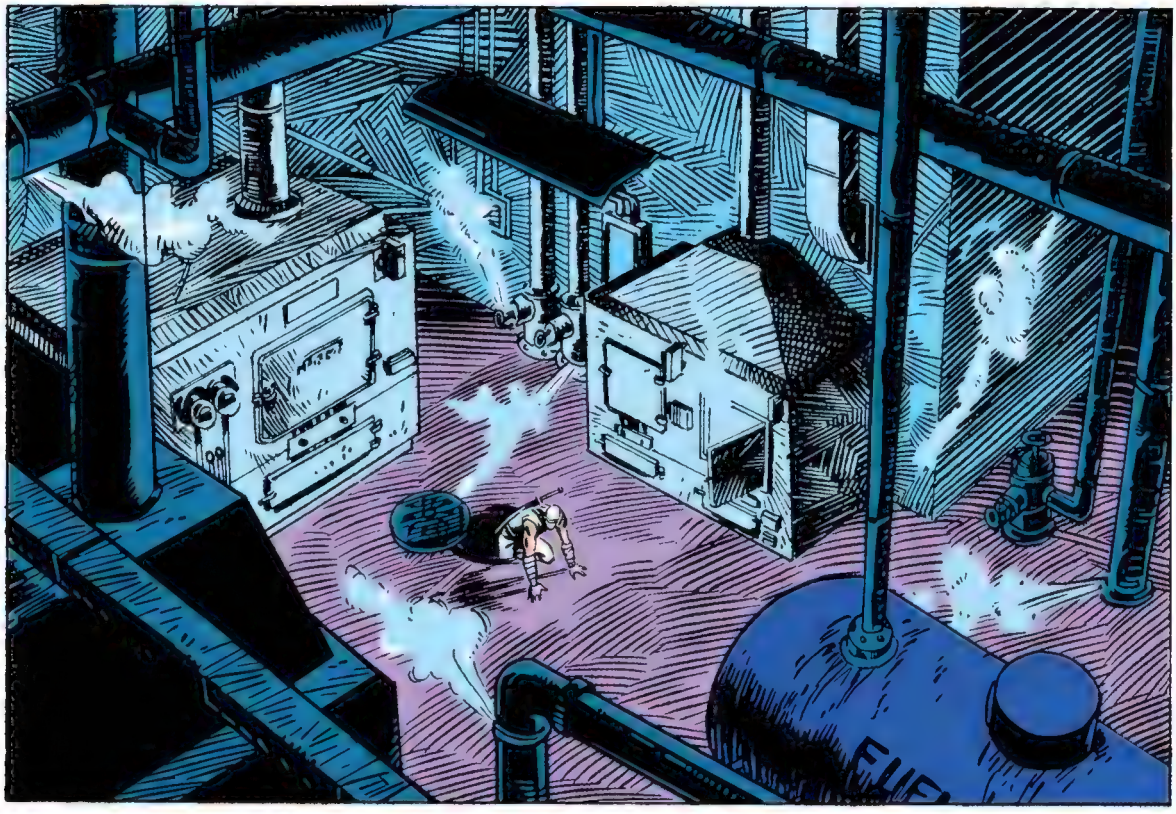




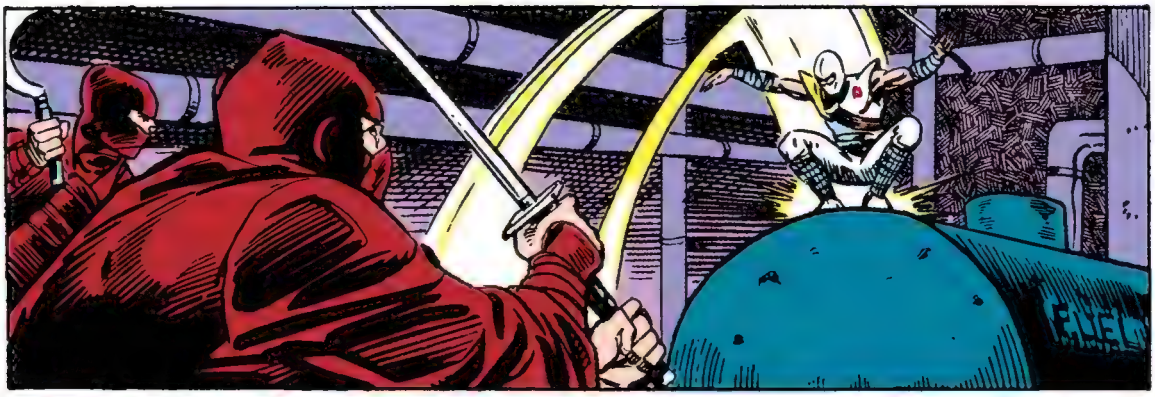

MEMORY SCAN
RANDOM SAMPLE
SUBJECT ACTIVELY
SUPPRESSING MEMORY
VISUALIZATION

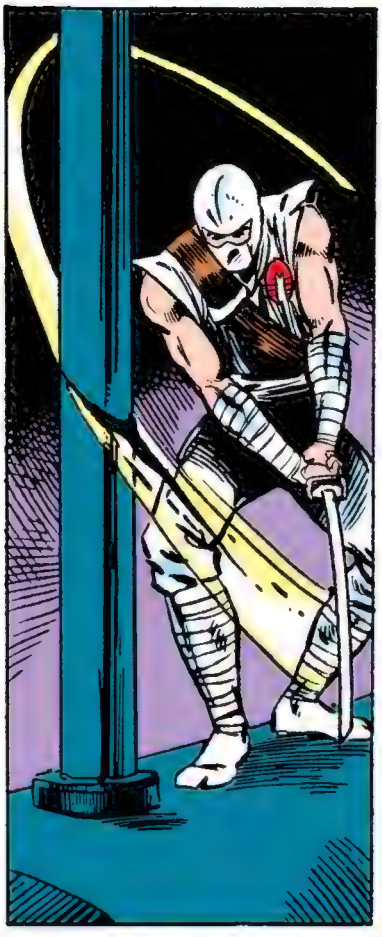
INTRUDER
ARMED

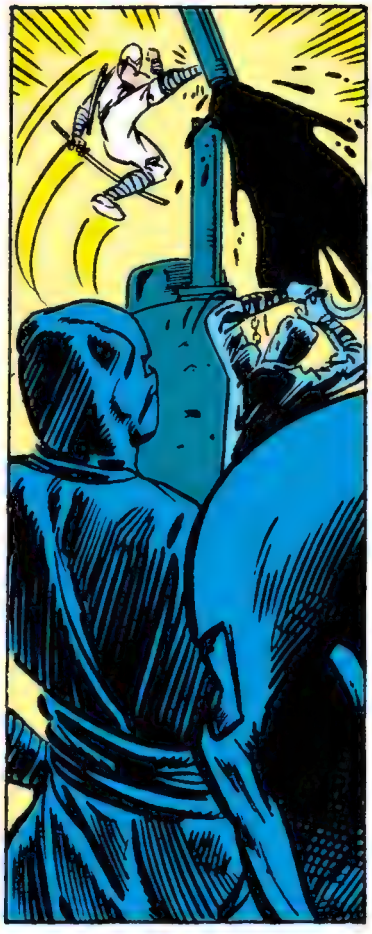


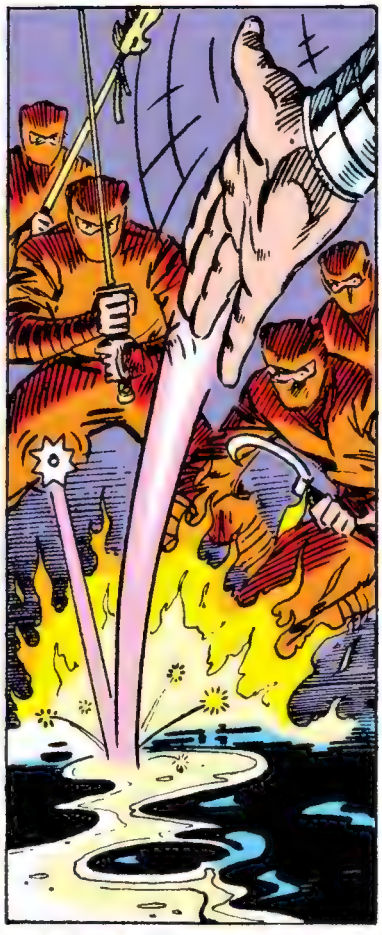

FUEL

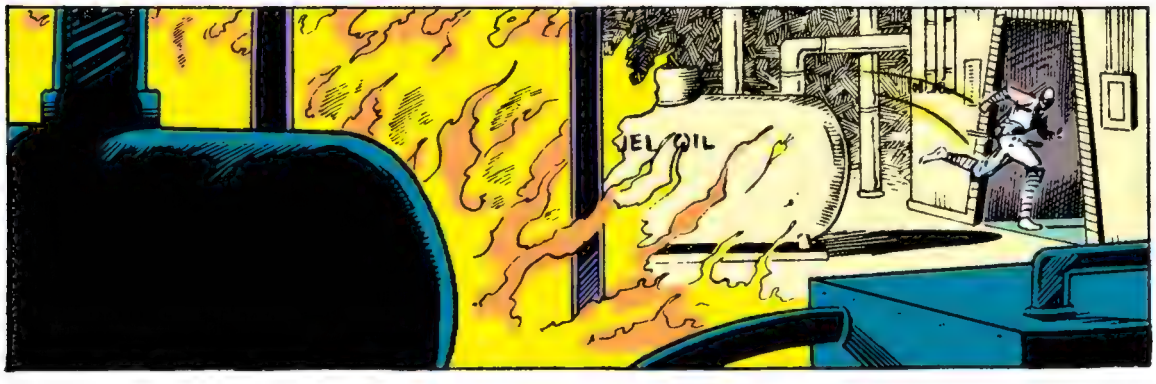
FUEL OIL

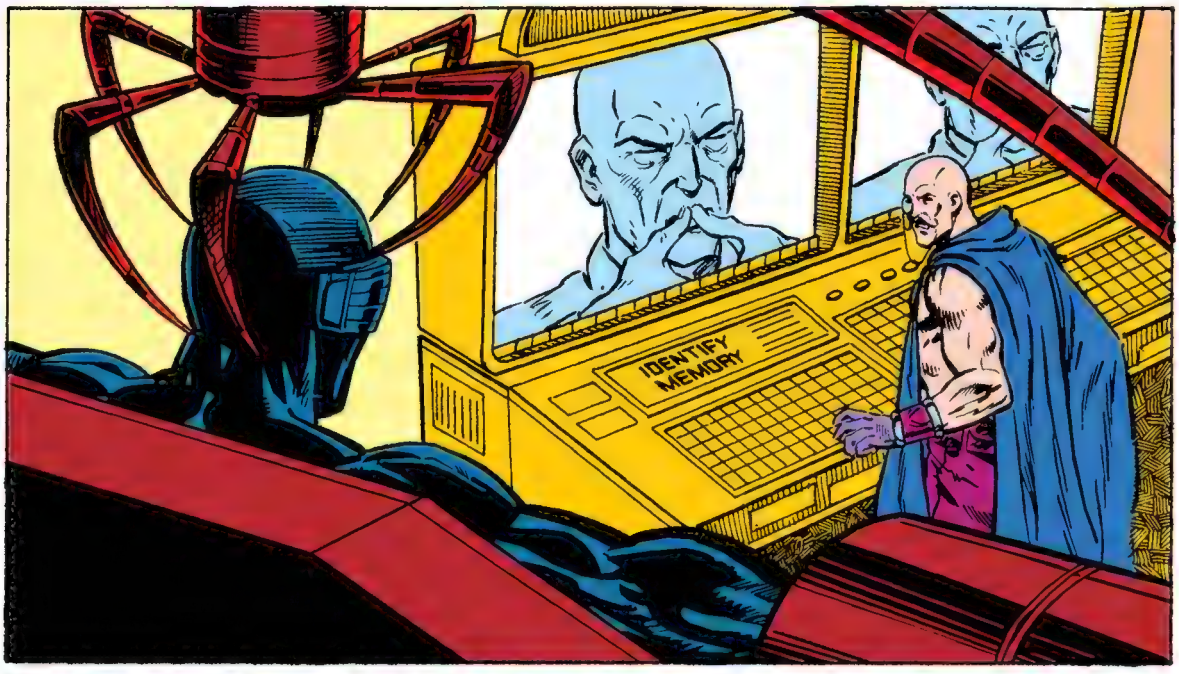

FUEL





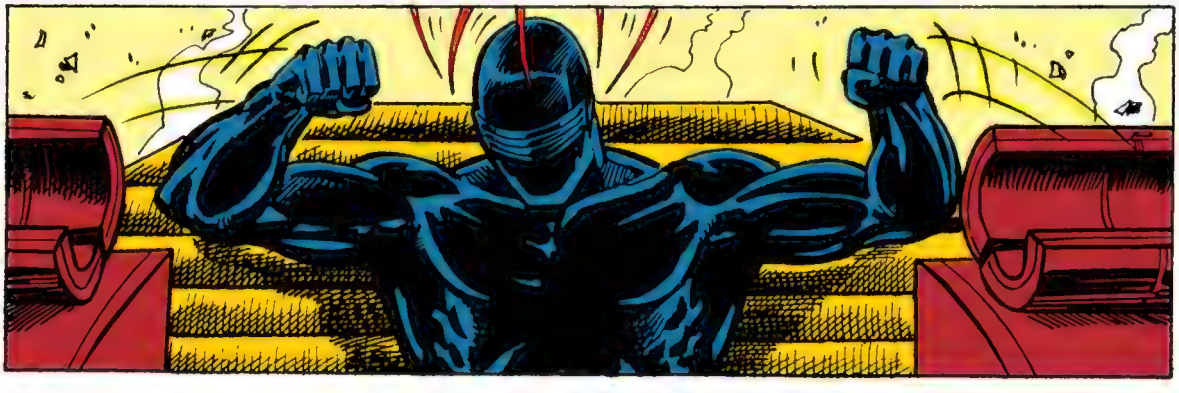


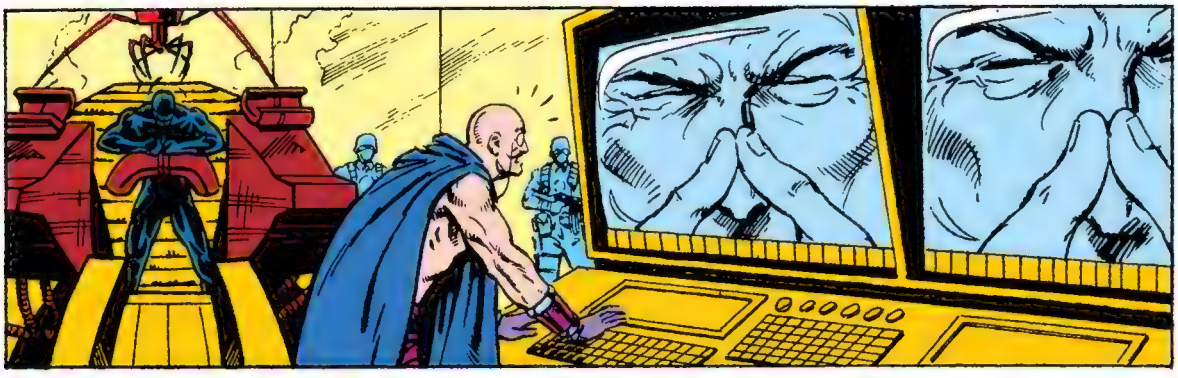

JEL OIL

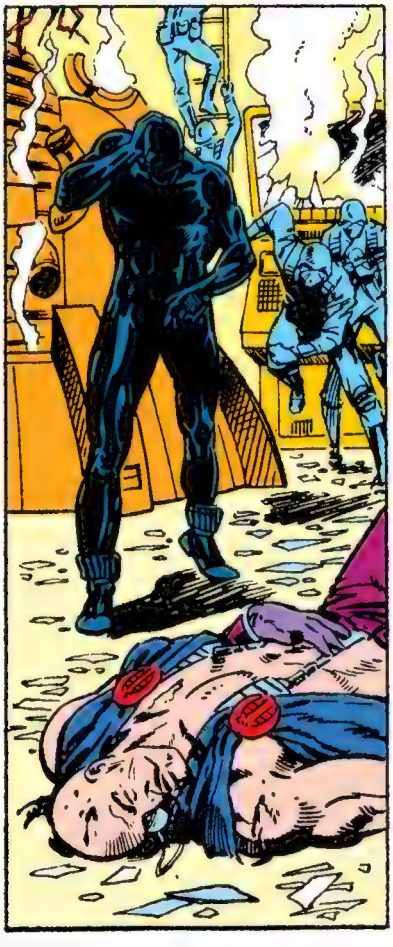

IDENTIFY MEMORY

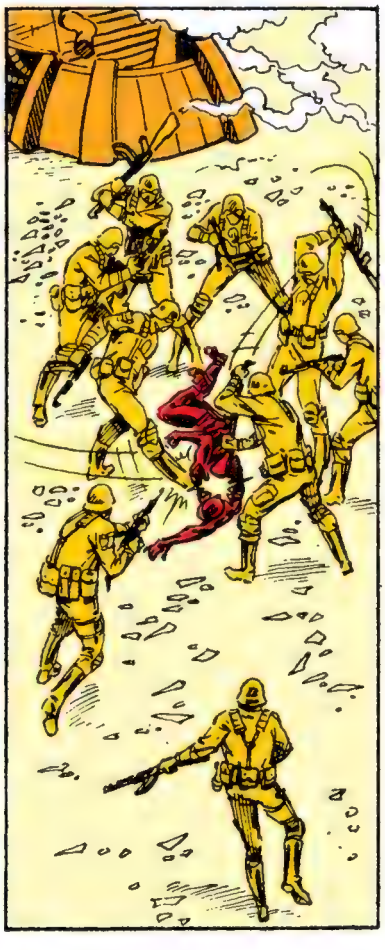
SUBJECT IS IN ZEN TRANCE . . . COMPLETE BRAIN BLOCK IN EFFECT
ALPHA WAVE OVERLOAD
IDENTIFY MEMORY
IDENTIFY MEMORY

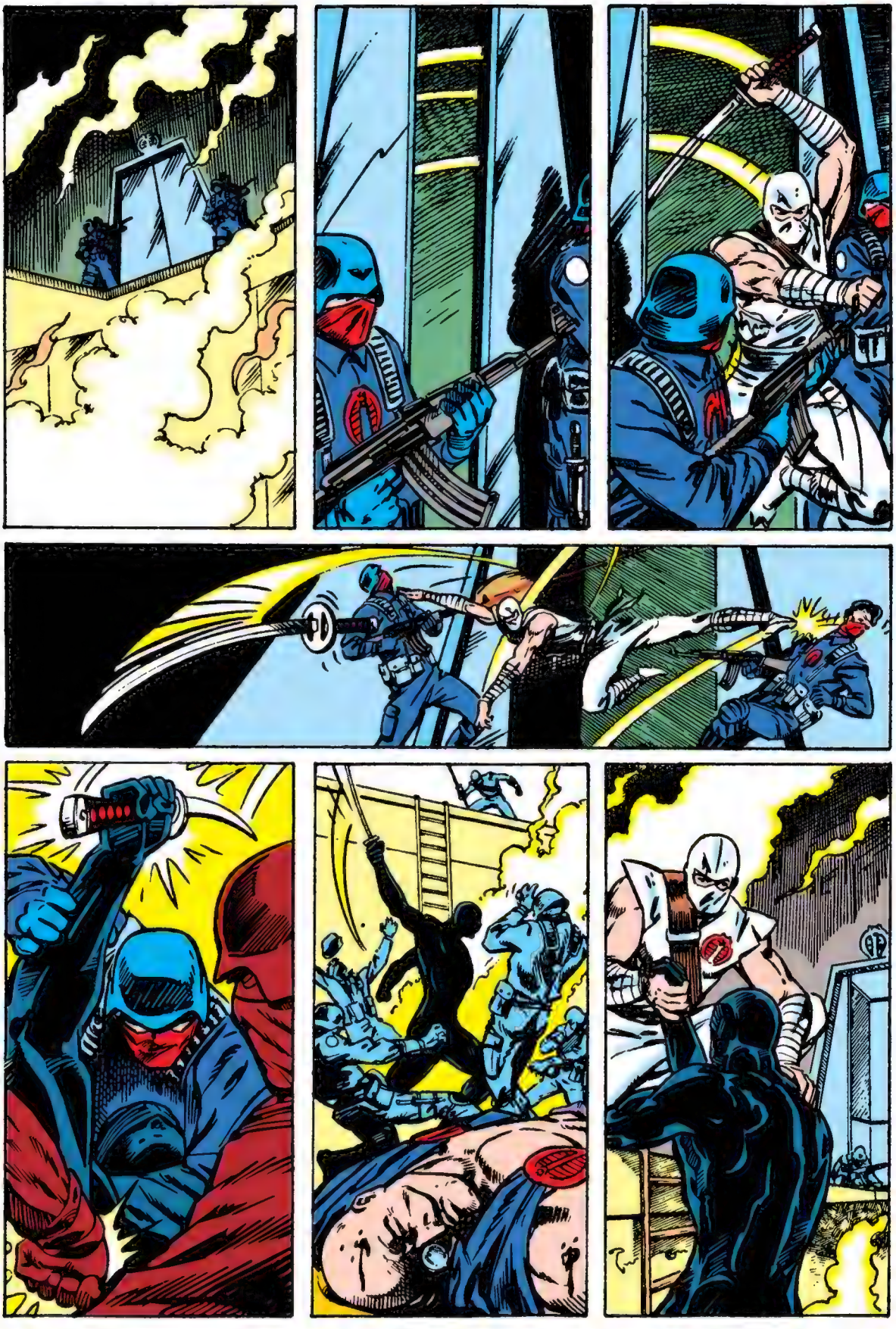
ALPHA WAVE OVERLOAD

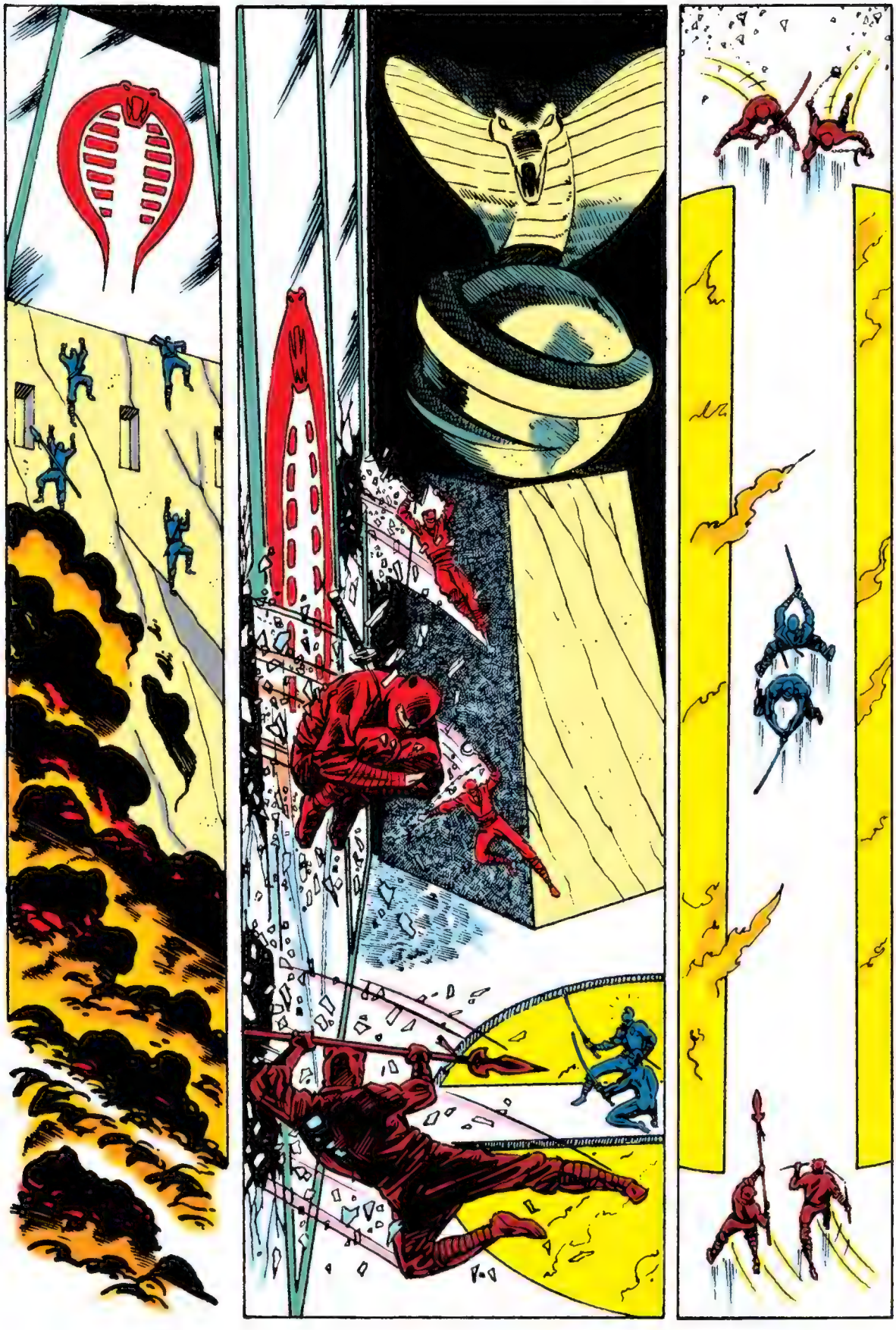


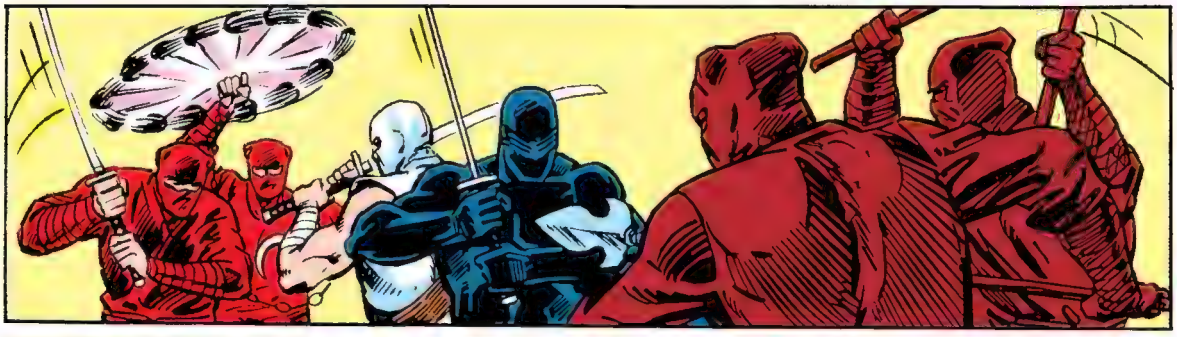


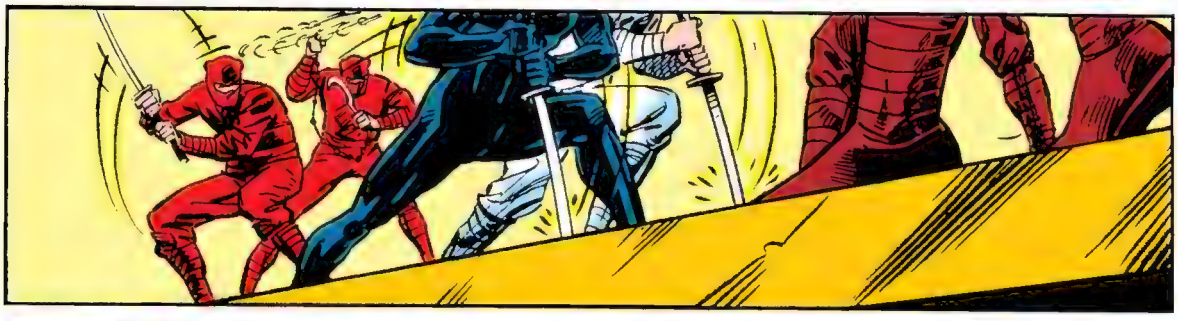


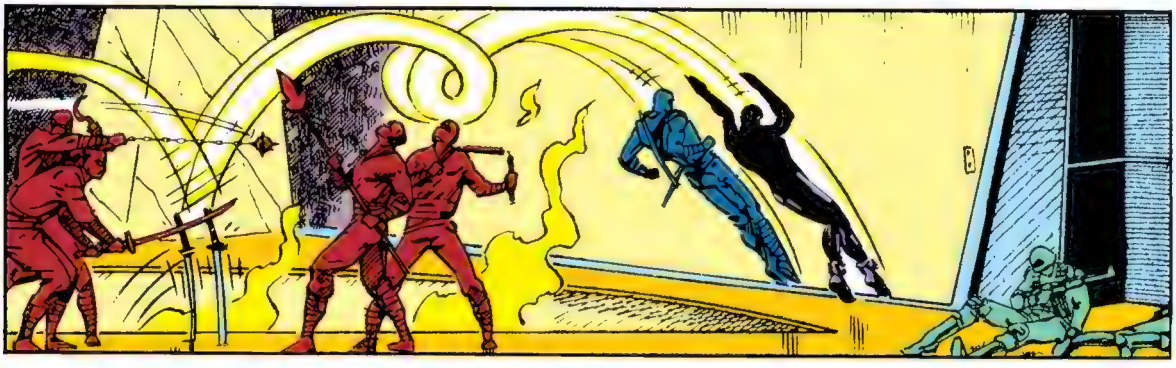


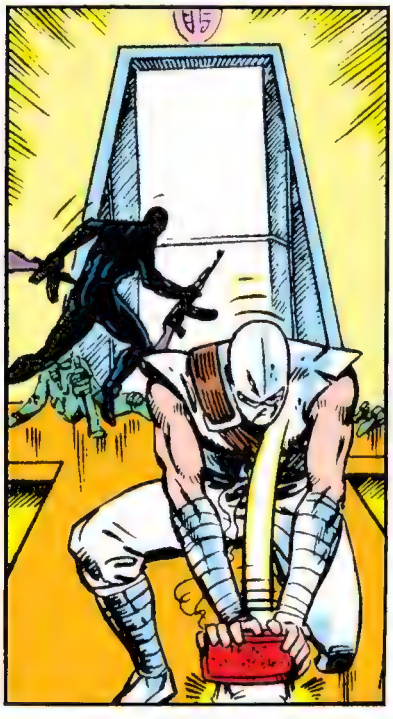


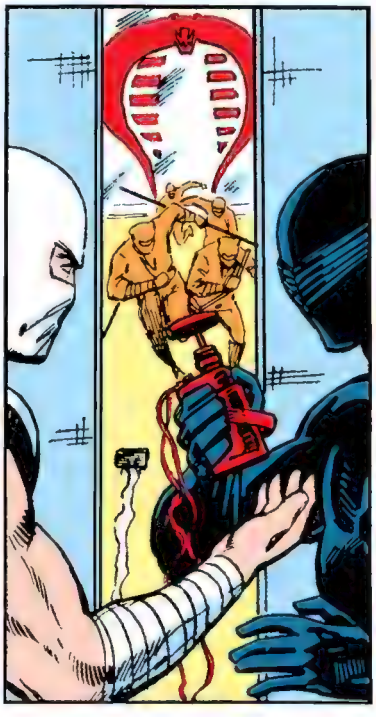


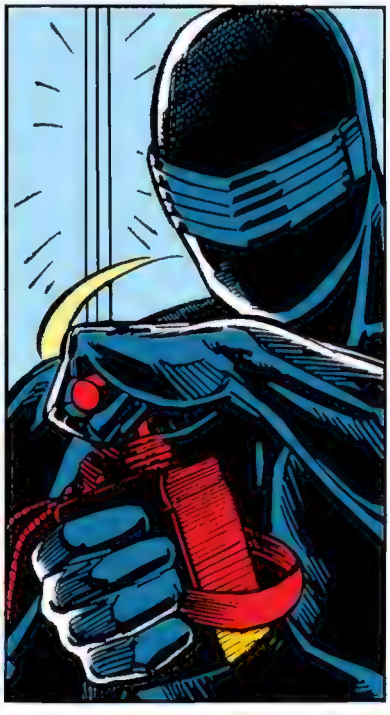


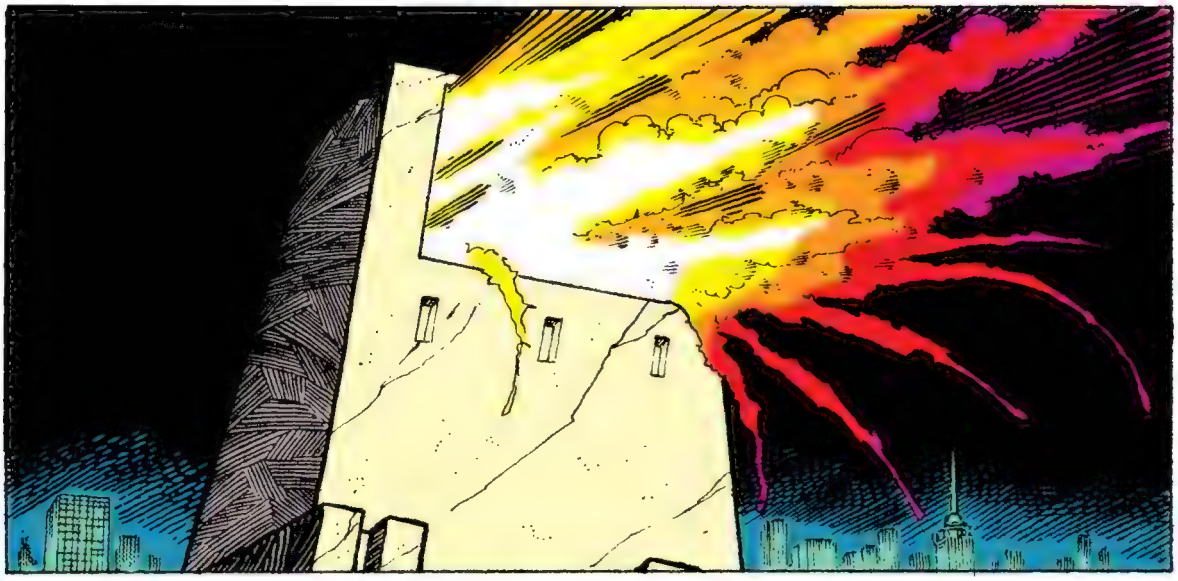


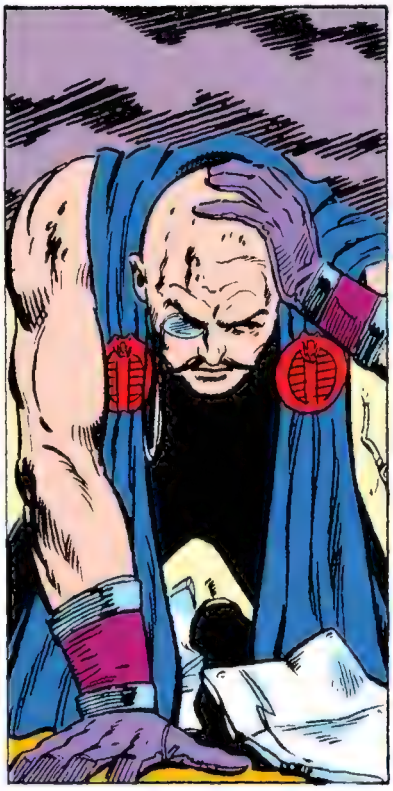


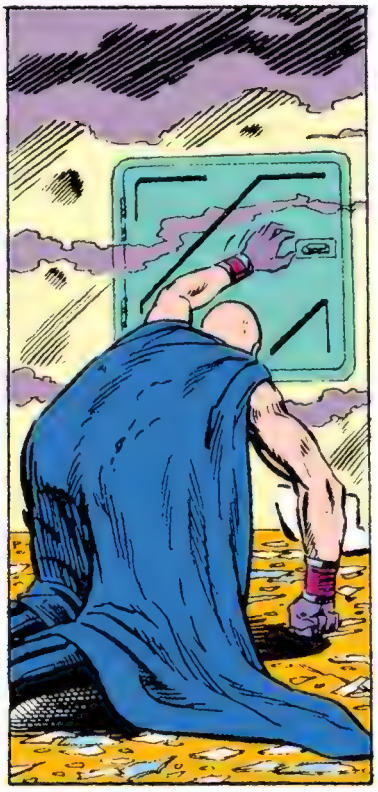


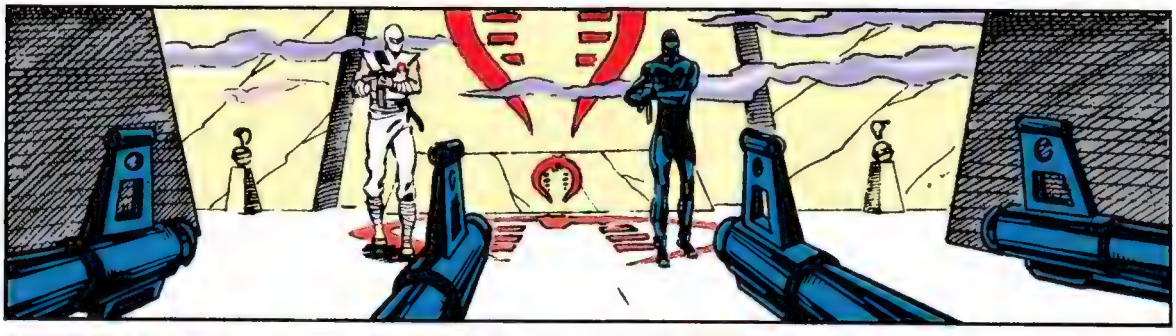


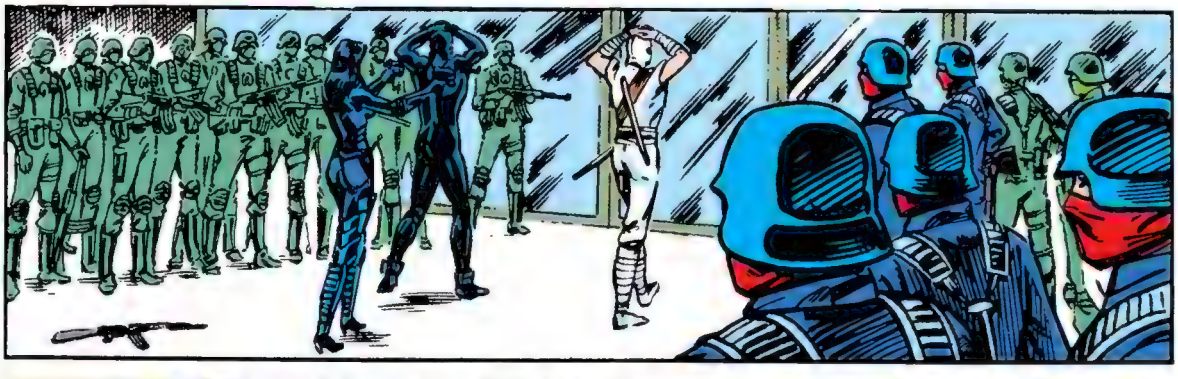




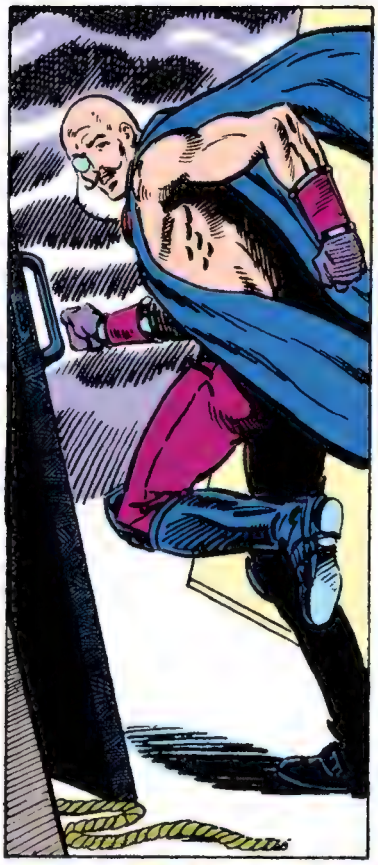


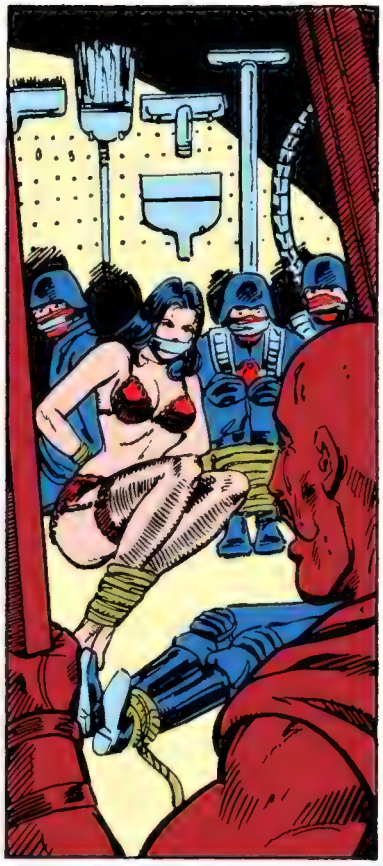


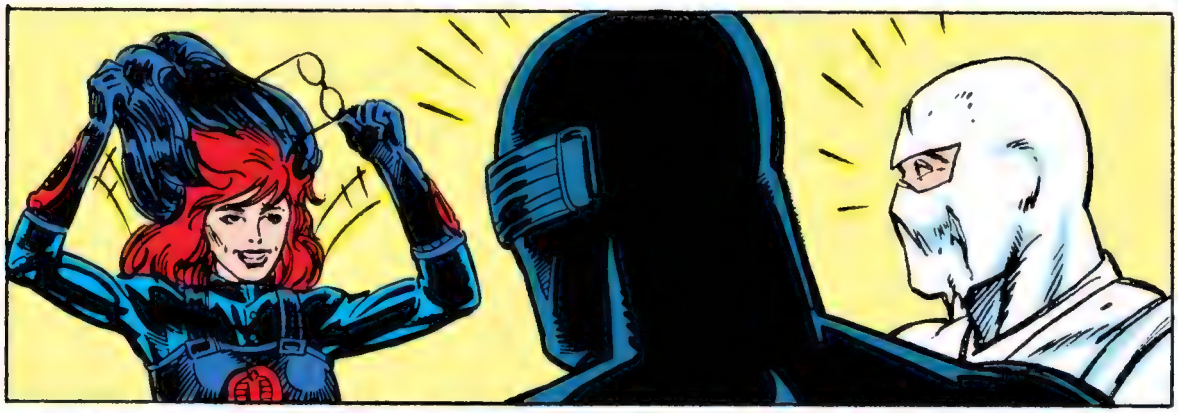


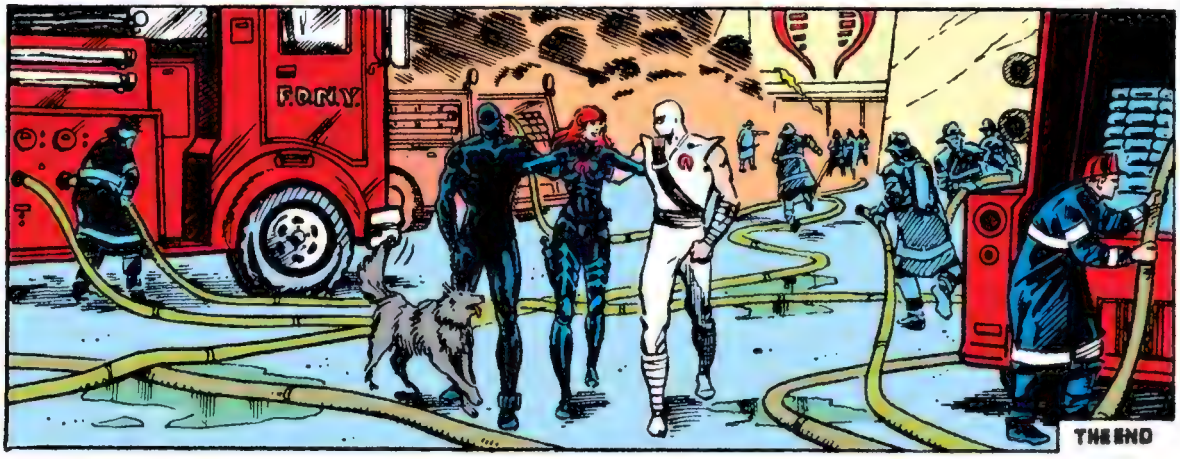


FIRE
STAIRS








F.D.N.Y.
THE END

JOES ON TELEVISION

Will G.I. Joe win its war against the secret terrorist organization Cobra this year? The truth is—the war is going to get *worse!*

The big trouble starts in September of 1986 with the origin of Serpentor, introduced in the 5 part mini-series "Arise, Serpentor, Arise!" From that point on, G.I. Joe will find itself trapped in a deadly snake pit of conflict that keeps growing and growing until it finally comes together in a stunning climax! After that . . . well, we're getting ahead of ourselves.

First, a brief recap. In 1982, G.I. Joe hit the home screen with a series of thrilling, full-animation commercials announcing the toy line and comic book series. So blown away was everyone by the incredibly realistic and action-packed spots that a special animated mini-series was immediately ordered. The overwhelming response to that debut in 1983 promptly led to another mini-series in 1984 and finally to the first regular G.I. Joe cartoon series in 1985. Aired five times a week on stations all across the country, the thirty-minute G.I. Joe animated television show set a whole new standard in full-animation entertainment.

Looking back on all the records they had already broken, the creative teams on the series asked themselves, "How can we top this?" Their answer was to build on their strengths of solidly-written, hard-hitting stories and exceptional animation to produce an incredible climax to the G.I. Joe/Cobra war.

And what a climax!

The war escalates, as stated earlier, with the fourth G.I. Joe mini-series which reveals the incredible origin of Serpentor. Those of you who read Serpentor's origin in G.I. JOE #'s 49 and 50 will go wild when you see how that conflict, with its breath-taking shoot-out in Washington, D.C., looks in full animation!

Story Editor Buzz Dixon spoke briefly about the story: "In the mini-series, we have a very, very brief scene where we get a hint of a much larger and more sinister secret behind Cobra—that as big and dangerous as Cobra is, it is just a front organization." As to who, or what, could be strong enough to pull Cobra's strings, only those who watch the show will learn that astonishing answer.

For the rest of the season, the new episodes will focus on new characters and realistic situations. If anything, the drama will be more gripping than ever. And as for the characters, well, what would G.I. Joe be without its huge cast?

In addition to General Hawk, Duke and the other old hands, there will be the Joes' new third-in-command, Beachhead, the Marine Leatherneck and the naval Joe he loves to hate, Wet Suit.

Lifeline is a unique character in the Joe ranks. Lifeline is a pacifist para-medic. Lifeline is not a coward. He is a very brave man, but he is a total, complete and dedicated pacifist. So much so, in fact, that he will refuse to even grab a rifle held out to save him from drowning.

Lift-Ticket is the pilot of the rescue helicopter called a Tomahawk. He's the kind of fel-

low who would shoot first and ask questions later. But his job is to ferry Lifeline and the wounded Joes out of trouble. The best way to describe Lift-Ticket's and Lifeline's working relationship would be to imagine Charles Bronson flying Alan Alda around in a gun-bristling first-aid helicopter filled with wounded soldiers.

Lowlight is the Joes' sniper. He's tight-lipped, withdrawn—very unsociable. He was badly

mistreated by his father when he was growing up. If Lowlight were a Cobra, he'd fit right in, but as a Joe, Lowlight is pretty unusual.

Mainframe is one of the oldest active Joes. He is with them because he's a top-flight computer expert who hates his byte-filled life and would love to throw it all away for a chance at combat.

Dialtone is their communications expert who barely made the Joes' ranks and faces being cut at any moment. He's a nice guy, but a real techno-nerd.

Cross Country is a fearless—some of the Joes think reckless—driver of the new Joe vehicular fortress, the HAVOC. He's a good ol' boy from Appalachia who sometimes gets wild in combat.

On the Cobra side, one of the most diabolical members is Dr. Mindbender, the Cobra Interrogator. He is a master of psychological terror who gives even the Cobras the creeps. Two new Dreadnoks will make the scene: Monkey Wrench, an explosives expert, and a berserker-type called Thrasher who drives the Thunder Machine, a "Road Warrior"-type vehicle that is the Dreadnok equivalent of a HAVOC. Two new specialized groups of Cobra forces will be seen, the Strato-Vipers, an elite squadron of pilots who fly the Cobra spy-jets, the Night Ravens which are based on the U.S. Air Force's SR-71. The Joes will find themselves battling Sea Vipers and Arctic Vipers as well. But perhaps the most dangerous group is the unpredictable, almost unstoppable, B.A.T.s.

The B.A.T.s. are Battle Android Troopers. Cobra uses these robots as shock wave forces when the going really gets rough. The trouble is, once a B.A.T. is turned on, there is no telling in which direction it is going to attack. The result is that Cobra will find themselves fighting the B.A.T.s almost as much as the Joes will.

The trip G.I. Joe takes to get to the television screen is long, difficult, exacting, but very, very rewarding. It starts with Hasbro Toys, working together with G.I. Joe comic book writer Larry Hama, to create the characters that the fans want. Hasbro defines each characters' role in the G.I. Joe team and Larry fleshes out the character, giving him name, rank, serial number and everything he or she needs to have a believable, exciting identity. From there, the character travels to Sunbow Productions.

It is at Sunbow that writers receive story assignments for new episodes. Buzz Dixon, Story Editor for the 1986 series, stated that the stories for the 1986-87 season are top-quality. Buzz credits the scripts' overall high quality to

G.I. Joe's previous Story Editor, Steve Gerber. "Steve did a really dynamite job in getting the show organized in 1985 and setting the groundwork. It was Steve's tremendous contribution in 1985 that made 1986. Through him, we got some outstanding writers. This year viewers can expect to see stories by Steve, Flint Dille, Mary Skrenes, Gerry and Carla Conway, Sharmon diVono, Marv Wolfman, David Carren, Michael Hill and many others."

When Sunbow is satisfied that the writers of these stories have achieved or surpassed their standards of action and plot, and have held true to all the characters, the script is then sent to Marvel Productions for animation.

The task of taking an action-filled script crammed with characters and turning it into an even more impressive animated program might seem daunting to some, but for Production Supervisor Sam Weiss, it is just the beginning of an exciting challenge.

The first thing Sam does is check to see if it is possible to do the story within the budget. If not, ". . . I make suggestions to ways around the problems —a way to tell the story that's trying to be told in some way more feasable in terms of production," Sam said. Once those problems are fixed, Sam brings in his storyboard men. There are three acts to each episode and one storyboard man for each act. The critical thing is to integrate the styles of the different storyboard men so that the whole episode flows smoothly visually. The reason one person cannot storyboard the whole show is because, as Sam said, "It takes two or three weeks for one act. Because of our production schedule, we can't wait six to nine weeks for one person, so we divide the story among three artists." The artists Sam uses are Doug Vandegrift, Mario Piluso, Sherman Labby, Keith Tucker and two well-known comic book artists, Adrian Gonzalez and Mike Vosburg.

The script is broken down into storyboards, which are visual breakdowns of the story done much the same way a comic book script is transformed into penciled comic art.

With the storyboards complete, dialogue is revised and polished for the recording session. At the recording session actors read the script, verbally acting out the episode. Their dialogue track will then be supplemented with music and special effects noises, like explosions, engine sounds, etc., to make a complete soundtrack. Then the soundtrack, storyboards, key environmental illustrations—the highly detailed locations judged most important in the story—go to Japan where the animation is created.

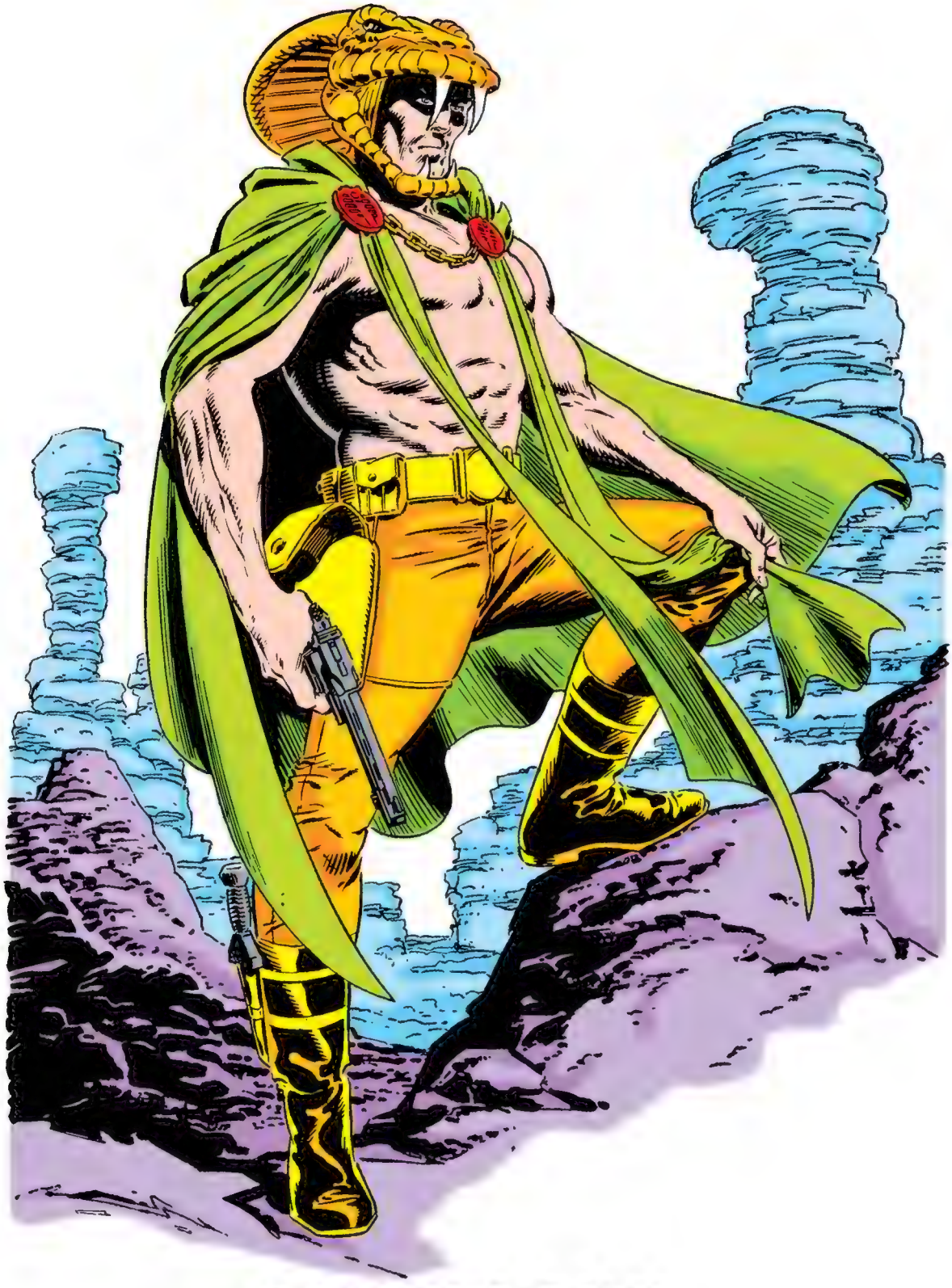
Using the illustrations as reference and the soundtrack for pacing, the animation artists begin the long, step-by-step process of creating an animated story on individual clear plastic sheets called *cels*, which are individual shots of action similar to the single frames of a reel of movie film.

After the thousands of cels are drawn, they are all carefully filmed in order one at a time to produce the first, unedited version of the cartoon, called the *rough cut*. This rough cut is sent to the United States where it is edited and where revisions are requested. Only after Hasbro, Sunbow and Marvel Productions are all completely satisfied, is the episode allowed to air.

What will happen to G.I. Joe and Cobra on television in 1987? "Changes," Buzz Dixon said. "Expect Cobra to be dramatically restructured. It will not resemble the Cobra of before. There will be *big* changes with G.I. Joe. The Rawhides and Renegades will be introduced, and will play a big part. Another thing is that 1987 will premiere a whole new series of high-tech vehicles for both the Joes and Cobra. They will reflect the big upward shift in the nature of the G.I. Joe/Cobra conflict."

LADY JAYE

DR. MINDBENDER



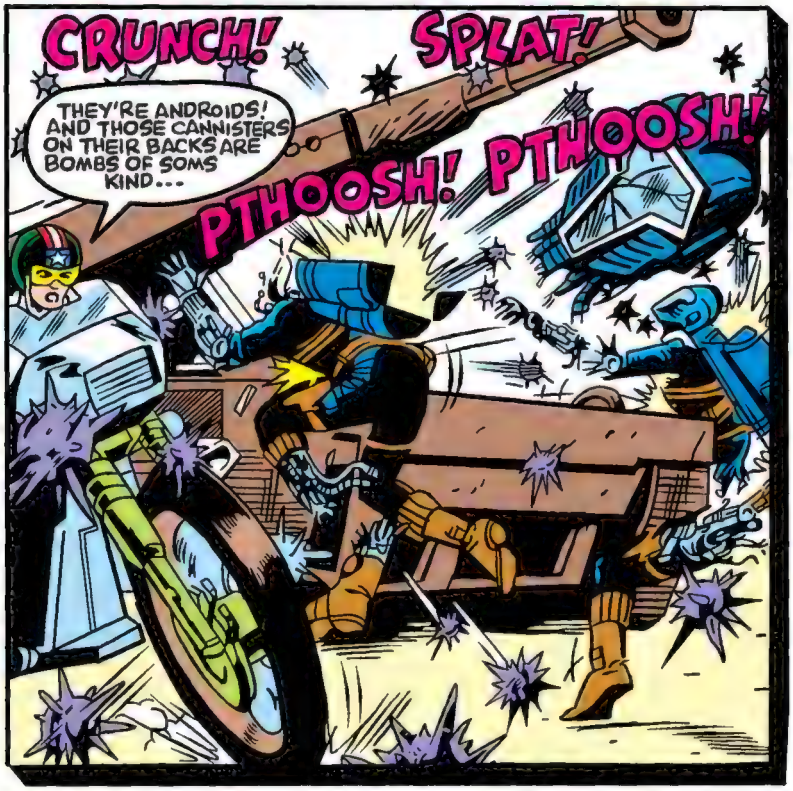
SERPENTOR

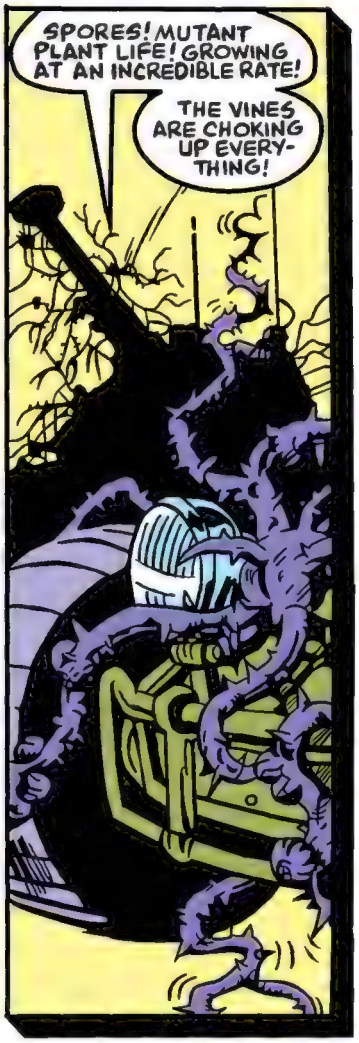
AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES . . .

There's never a dull moment with the Joes, and this past year has certainly been no exception. Cobra seems to be keeping them on their toes now more than ever.

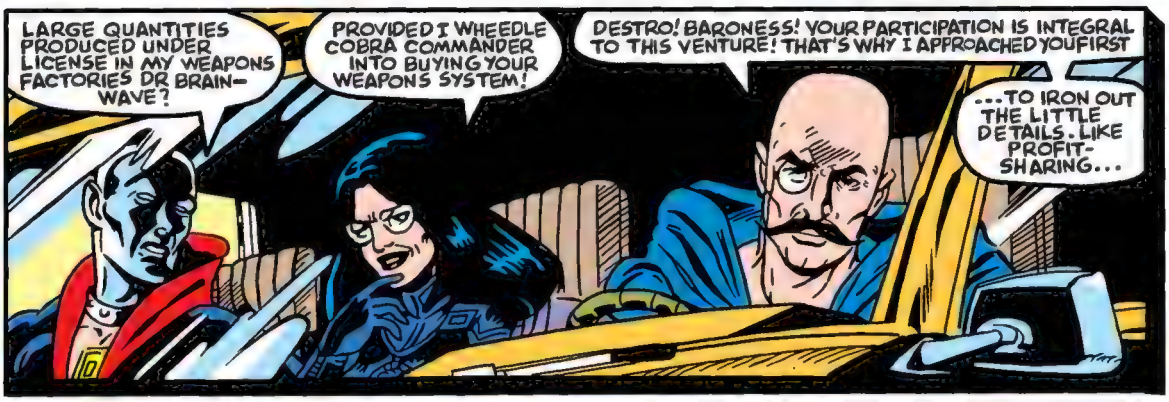
What follows is a run down of their adventures since last time out.

After the reported deaths of the Softmaster, Billy, and Candy, the Joes take a breather to train some new recruits. Lady Jaye takes Crank-Case, Heavy Metal, Bazooka and Airtight on a training mission, and they literally run into trouble, thanks to some Cobra Android Bats.



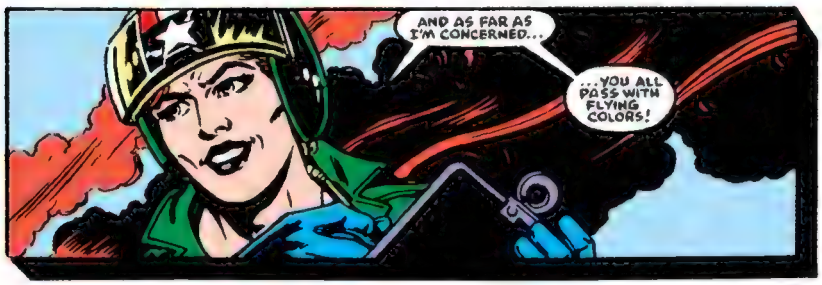


It seems Dr. Mindbender is running some of his own field testing with the hopes of selling his creeper bombs in . . .



But these new Joes aren't slouches, and they do their best to stop the doctor and his cronies.

The Joes get out in one piece, and Cobra escapes, but what about our new recruits, Crank-Case, Heavy-Metal, Bazooka, and Air-Tight?

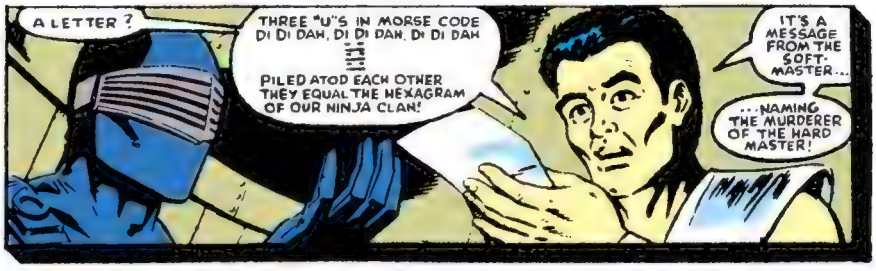


But let's not forget about poor Rip-Cord. He's not having too much fun these days.

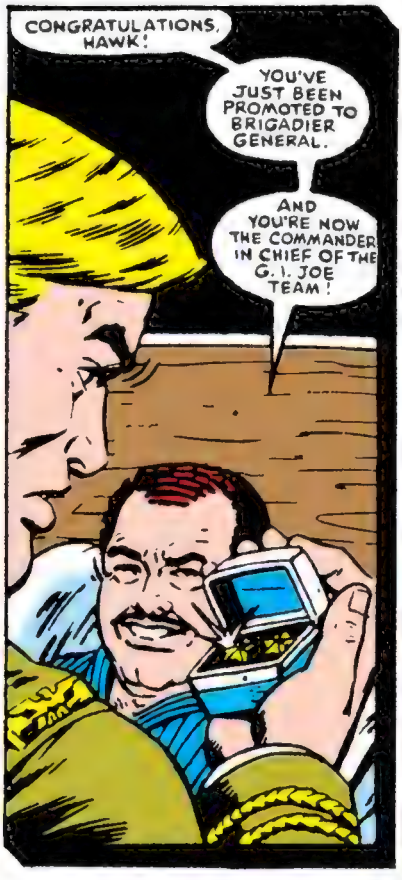
As he and Ace fly recon over Cobra Island, Snake-Eyes receives some very upsetting news about the death of his old mentor, the Hard-Master.

Rip-Cord decides to check out Cobra Island for himself.

And Snake-Eyes takes off also, to recruit the aid of Storm Shadow, leaving Flint in charge of the mission to rescue Rip-Cord.



And General Austin, after a massive coronary, turns his leadership over to the right man.



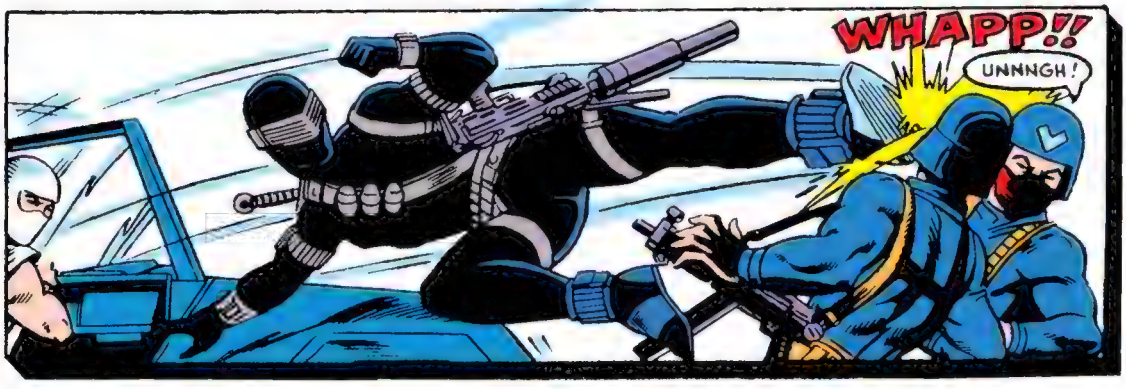
So now Storm Shadow and Snake-Eyes both know the killer of the Hard-Master, and the readers finally get in on the secret too.

Rip-Cord's luck still hasn't improved any. Now he's being pursued by Zartan.

And Zartan uses Rip-Cord to plot one of his better evil schemes—to infiltrate Joe's headquarters disguised as Rip-Cord!

Rip-Cord becomes an unwilling Cobra, disguised as Zartan.

Meanwhile, the Joes land on the Island. Storm Shadow and Snake-Eyes do too, and with some fancy footwork they make it inside the base.



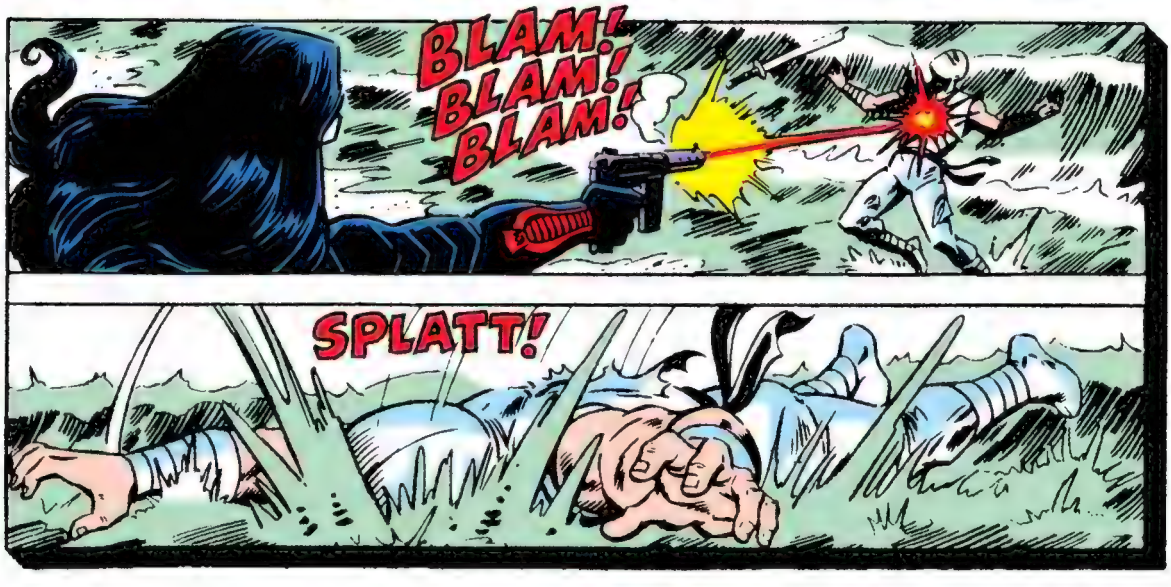
And Professor Appel discovers that Cobra Commander has been lying to him about the fate of his daugher Candy.

Appel uses the Firebat, Cobra's experimental supersonic aircraft, to help the disguised Rip-Cord escape Cobra Island and find Candy.

And most of the Joes get out easily, except for Storm Shadow and Snake-Eyes, who have to fight their way to the beach.

After Snake-Eyes' and Storm Shadow's hydrofoil is torpedoed, Snake-Eyes is picked up by his friends, but not without difficulty.

Storm Shadow fights his way back to shore . . . and this time he loses.

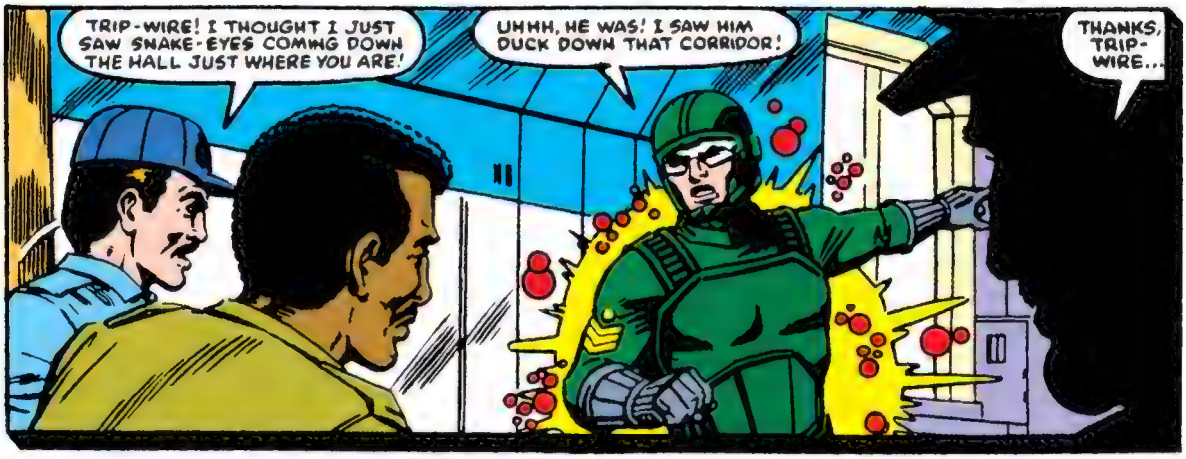


The Firebat makes a successful programmed landing at Springfield, and the Dreadnoks don't know what to make of Zartan, unaware that he is really Rip-Cord.

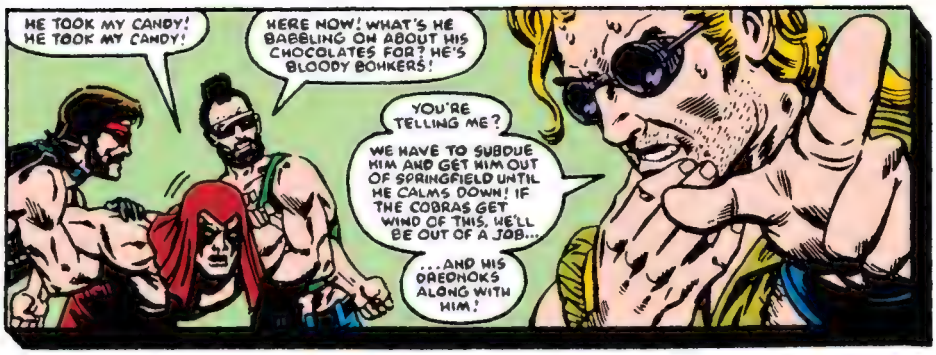
And the real Zartan himself, still disguised as Rip-Cord, gets just what he wants. The unsuspecting Joes tranquilize him and send him home.

As soon as he recovers, Zartan's on the loose in the Pit. But by the time Doc realizes it, Zartan is off, now disguised as Snake Eyes.

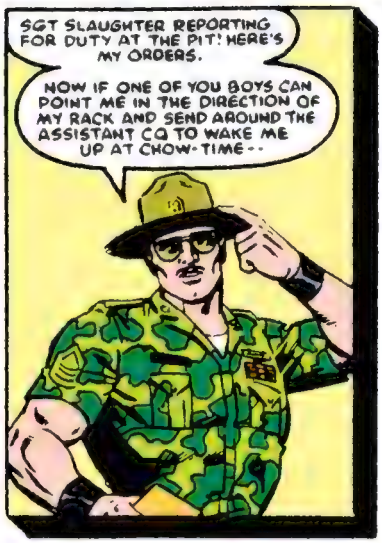
Zartan drives everybody crazy, as he keeps changing . . .



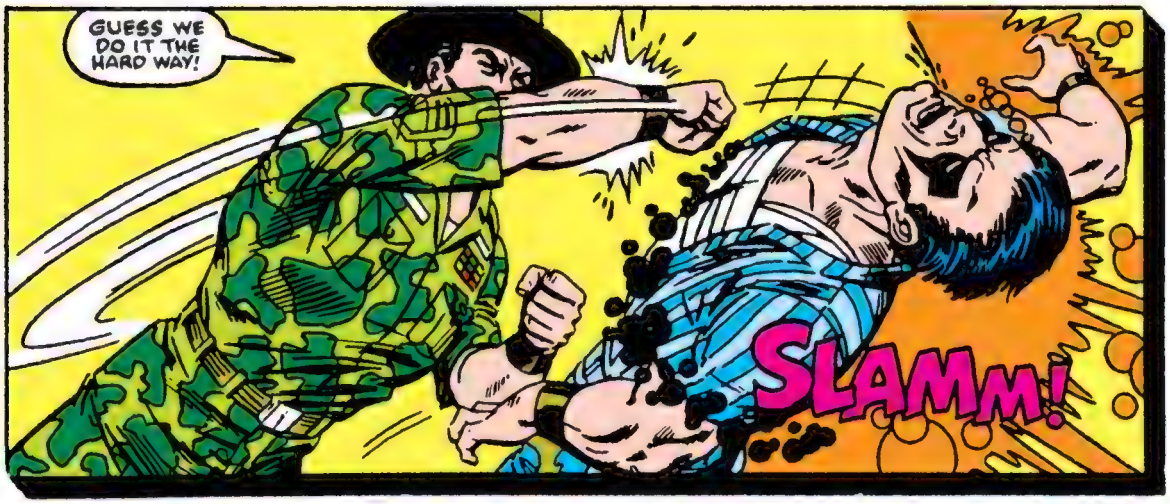
. . . and the disguised Rip-Cord isn't being too helpful to the Dreadnaks either.



But the Joes discover a new hero, maybe just in time.

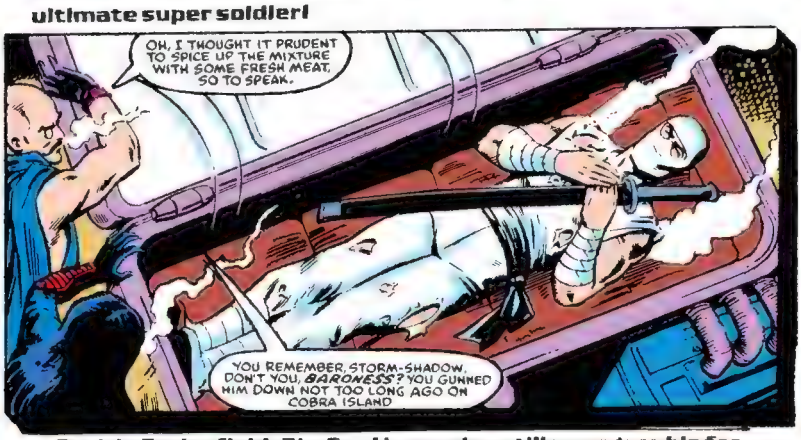


Sergeant Slaughter knows just what to do when confronted with two Roadblocks. Which one's the imposter? Well . . .

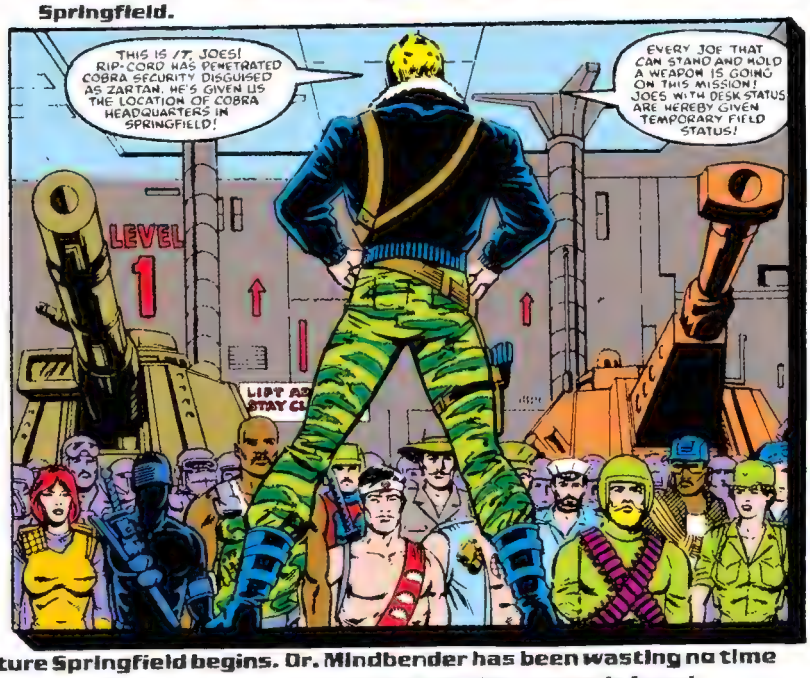


Meanwhile, Dr. Mindbender and Destro are up to no good.

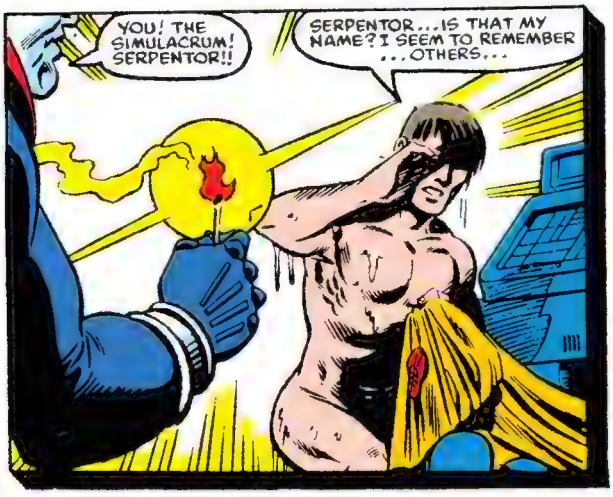
And there's an 11th warrior of note. With these warriors, Mindbender plans to create a genetic reconstruction of the ultimate super soldier!



Back in Springfield, Rip-Cord is causing still more trouble for Cobra . . . a fact they discover too late, because by then he's gotten a message to Hawk, revealing the location of Springfield.

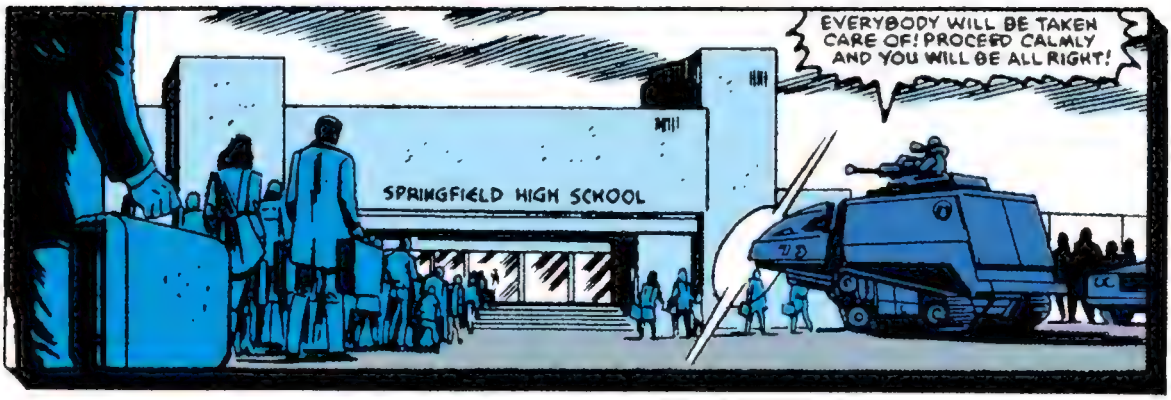


And an all-out effort to capture Springfield begins. Dr. Mindbender has been wasting no time programming his new warrior. He even has a name picked out. Serpentor is born!

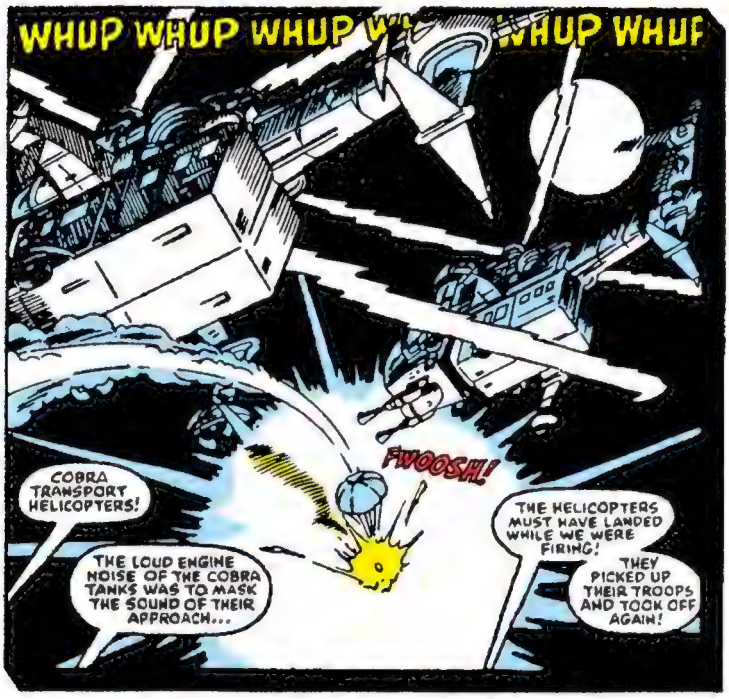


The Joes invade Springfield, but Cobra forces are rallied by Serpentor, who has the Joe assault team on the run down Main Street—he's lost no opportunity to seize power!

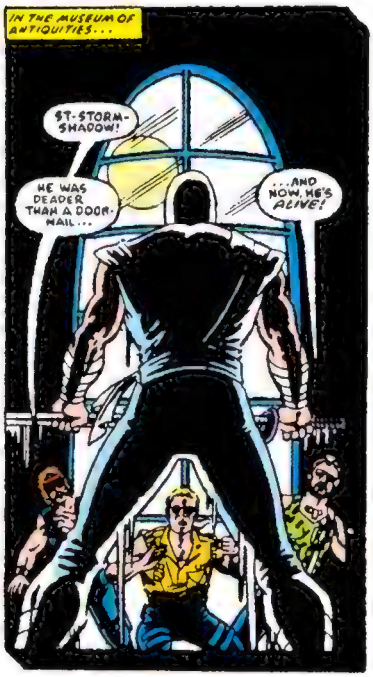
And Destro, under Serpentor's orders, takes charge of the evacuation . . .



. . . leaving behind a very baffled team of Joes.



The Dreadnoks have a surprise of their own at the museum.



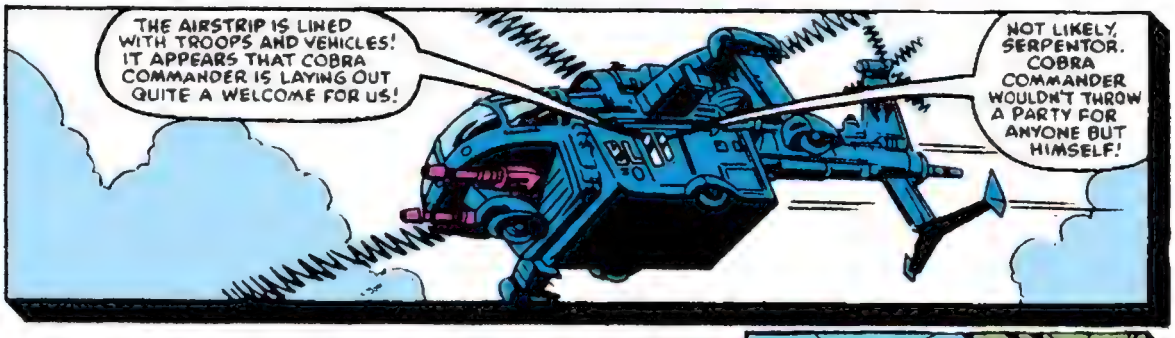
Serpentor has succeeded in snatching victory away from the Joes. The Dreaknoks flee Springfield with Storm Shadow, to their home-away-from-home, to find a surprise awaiting them.

Zarana discovers that her brother Zartan has been captured by the Joes, and she and her brother Zandar go to rescue him, disguised as Lady Jaye and . . .

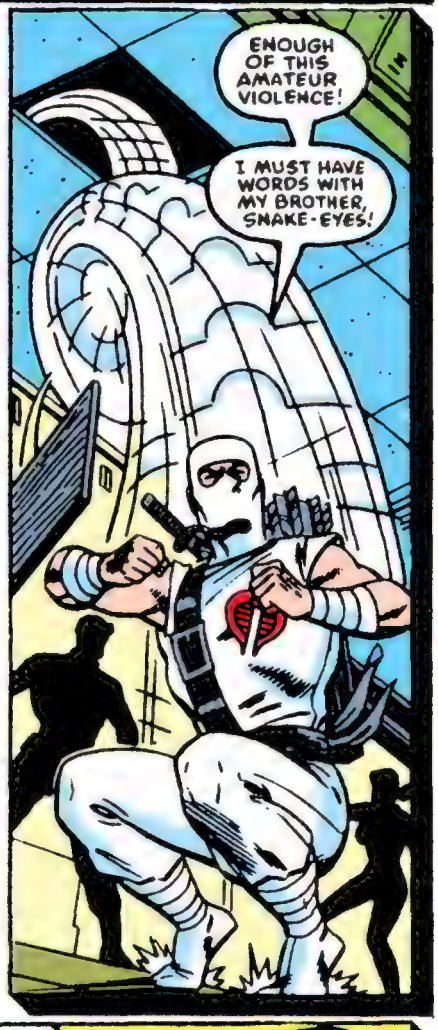
. . . they make it out successfuly.

. . . and then make an *unusual* getaway—*through* a speeding train.

Meanwhile, the Cobra Air Armada, with the entire population of Springfield, approaches Cobra Island, much to Cobra Commander's irritation. He prepares to attack Serpentor.

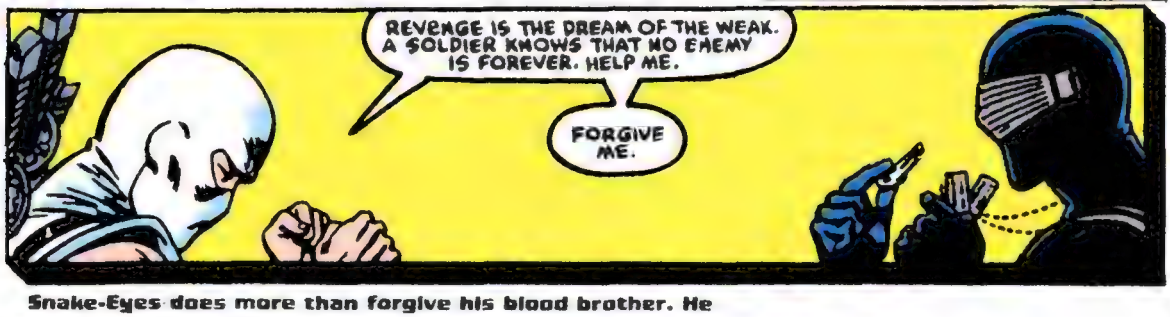


But Serpentor is too crafty to be caught up by his foe.



And back at the Pit, the Joes have a surprise visitor.

Storm Shadow has a strange request.



Snake-Eyes does more than forgive his blood brother. He gives him the key to his mountain retreat.

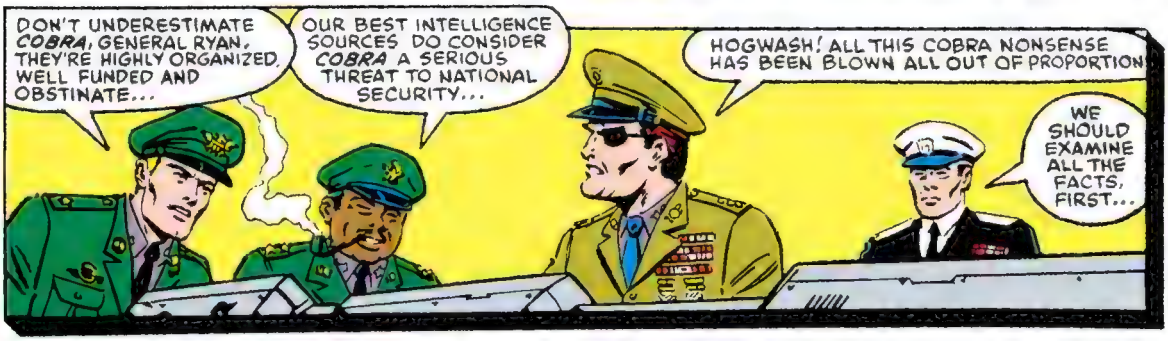
Back on the Island, Cobra Commander has another strange request.

Cobra Commander has Zartan and the Dreadnoks pose as Joes to assassinate Serpentor.

But as usual, Serpentor is prepared.

And things look bad all over. Thanks to Zartan's breaching security, and the dreadful Springfield incident . . .

And what's more, Hawk is asked to step down, and General Ryan seems to be running the show.



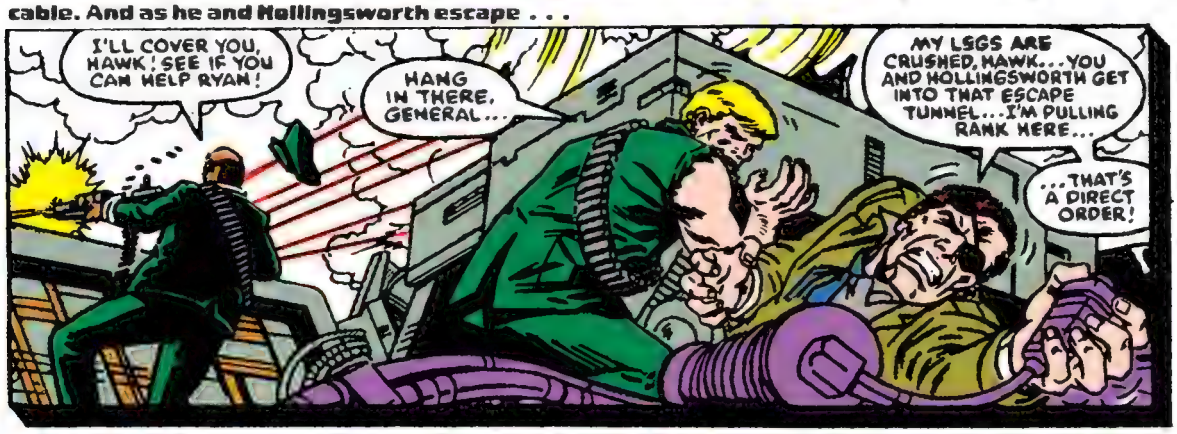
But while the four commanders are in the closed Pit, Cobra attacks. The invasion has begun. And as the BATs force their way into the Pit, the men below engage in a last defense.

Meanwhile, on the beach outside of Fort Wadsworth, Lady Jaye and Flint discover a whole fleet of Cobra Eels sneaking ashore.

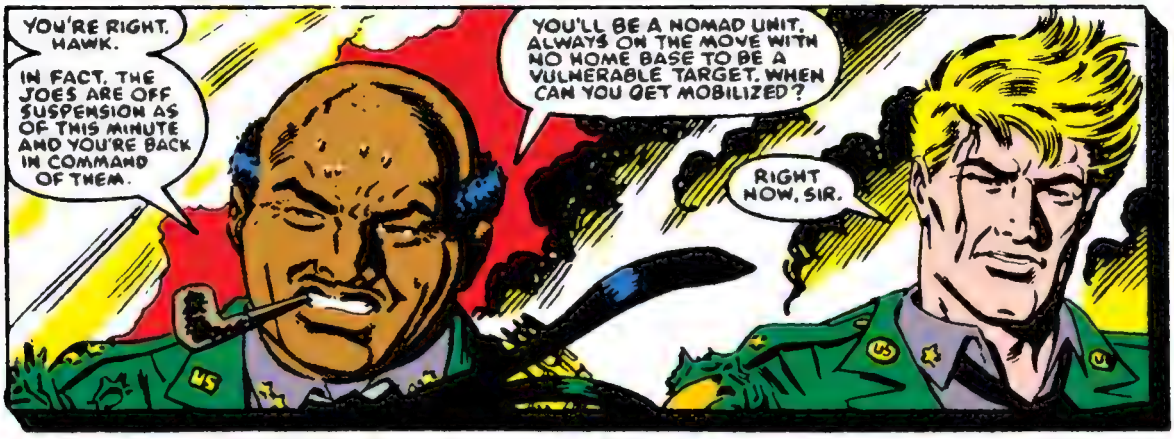
. . . Lady Jaye goes to alert the others, but some of the Joes have already discovered that they're under sneak attack.

But they don't move quite fast enough. Cobra Commander and Destro are almost on top of the 4 in the pit.

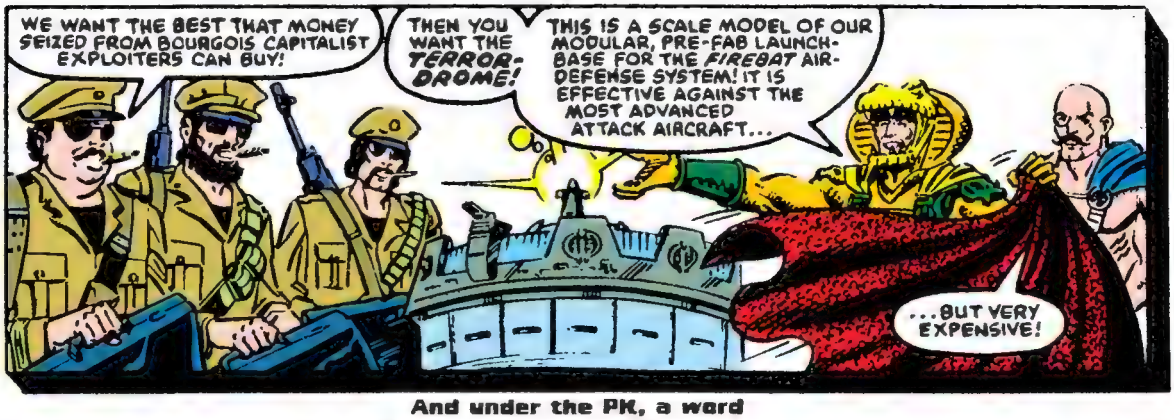
It is a desperate last stand that cost the lives of General Ryan and Admiral Dyson. But their lives are not lost in vain, for they give Hawk enough time to rig a blasting cable. And as he and Hollingsworth escape . . .



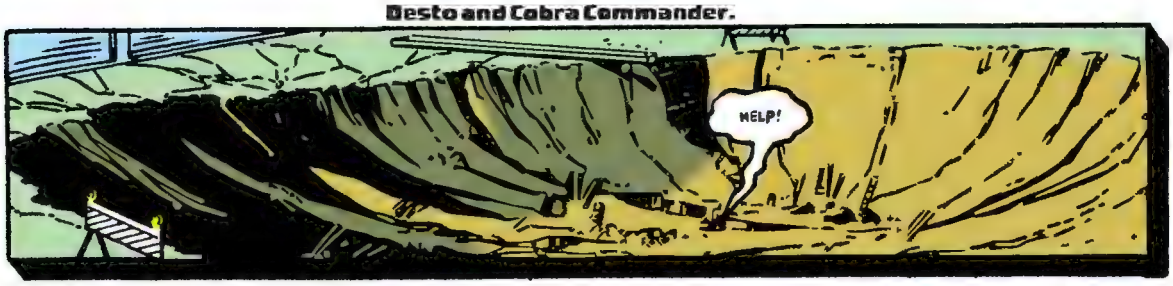
. . . the Pit is destroyed, with Destro and Cobra Commander inside. General Hollingsworth commends Hawk for his action, despite their losses.

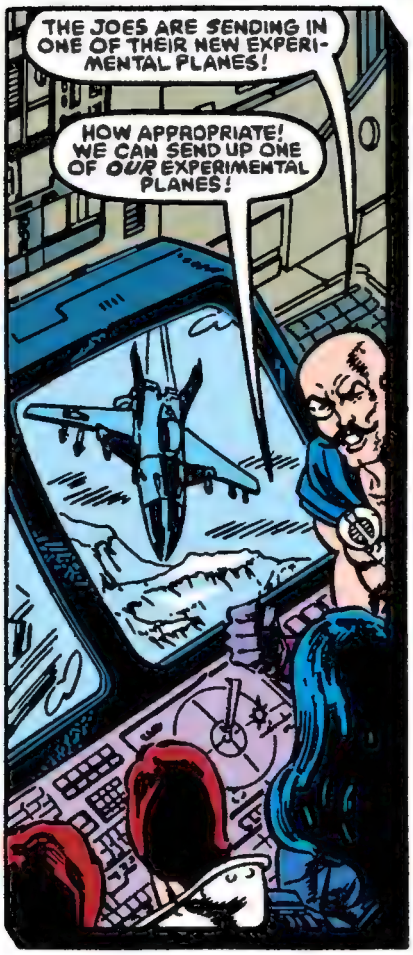


Back on Cobra Island, the mourning of Cobra Commander and Destro is put on a back burner, as Serpentor has more important things on his mind.



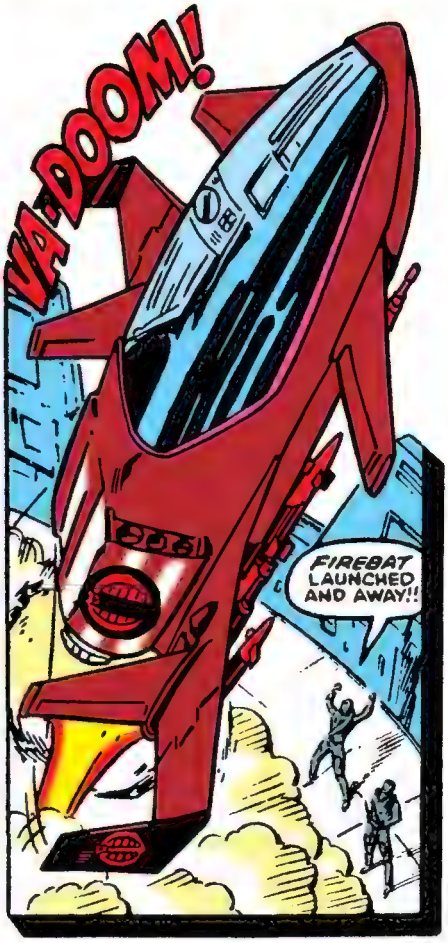
And under the PK, a word from our two lost Cobras, Desto and Cobra Commander.



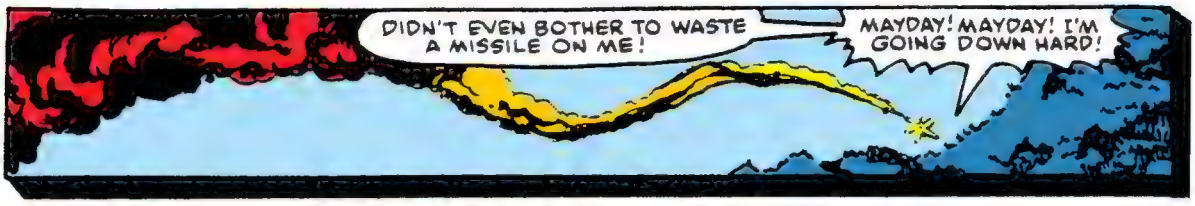


As Serpentor begins his tests on the Terror Drome, in the country of Sierra Gordo the Joes conveniently invade Cobra airspace.

And we see the Firebat in *real* active combat.

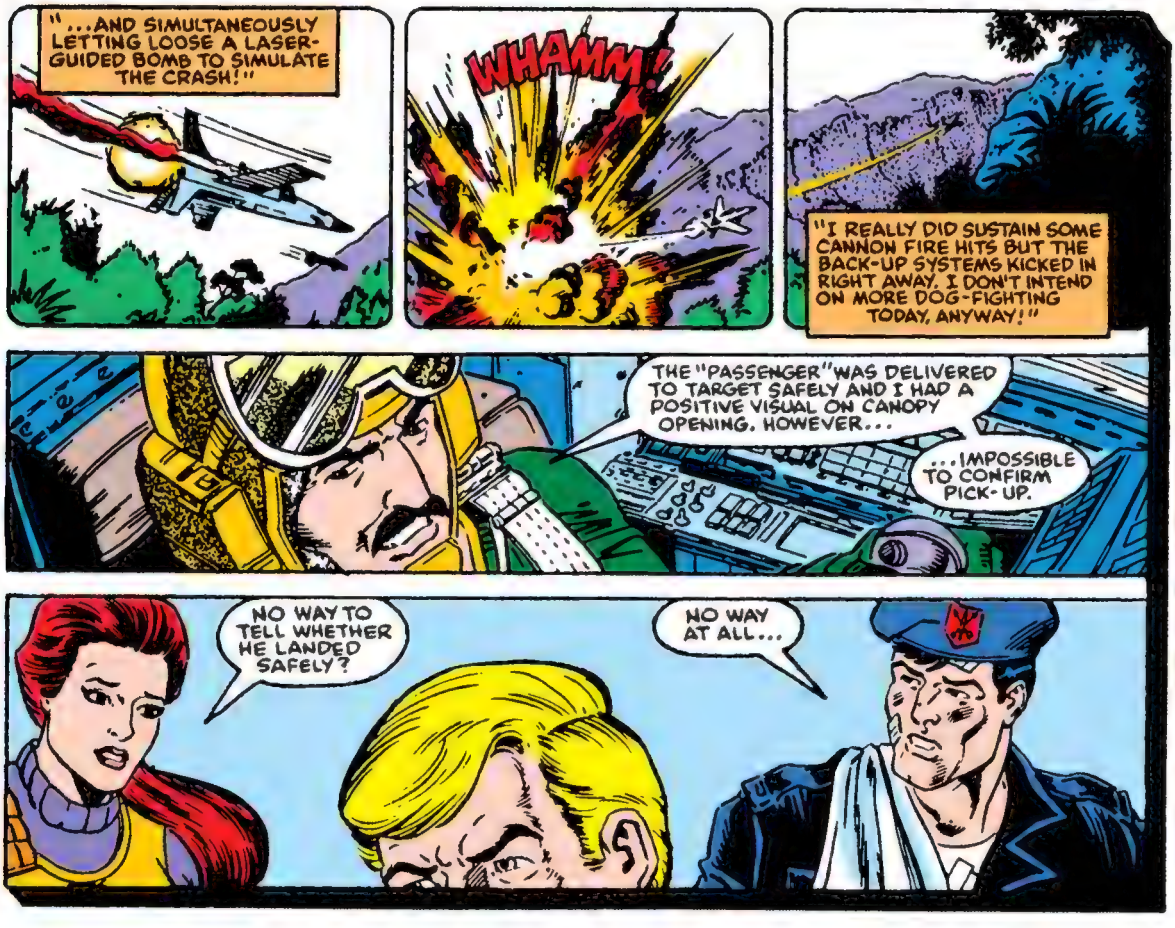


Slipstream and Flint outmaneuver the Firebat, and yet, mysteriously, they still go down.



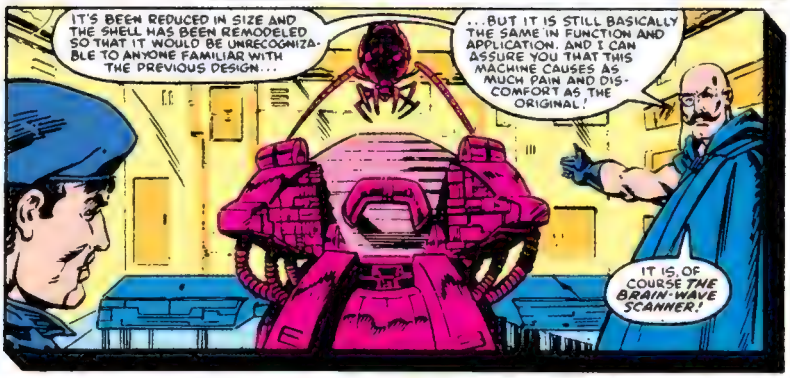
Flint bails out over Cobra-held territory, and the Twins, Xamot and Tomax take him prisoner.

But, wait a minute, are we sure they have Flint? Slipstream recalls the whole ruse.



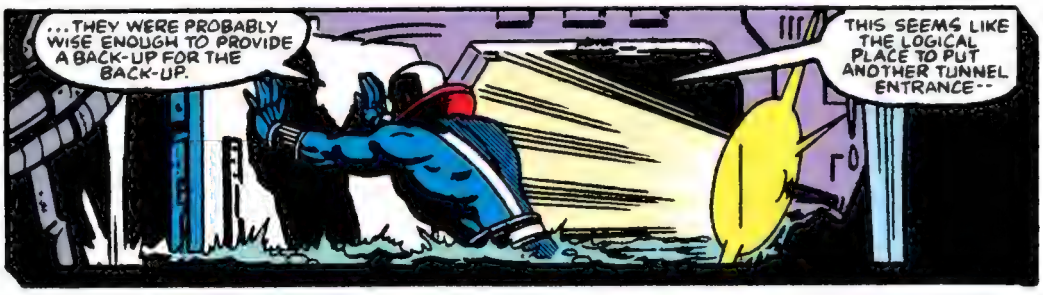
The fake Flint is delivered . . .

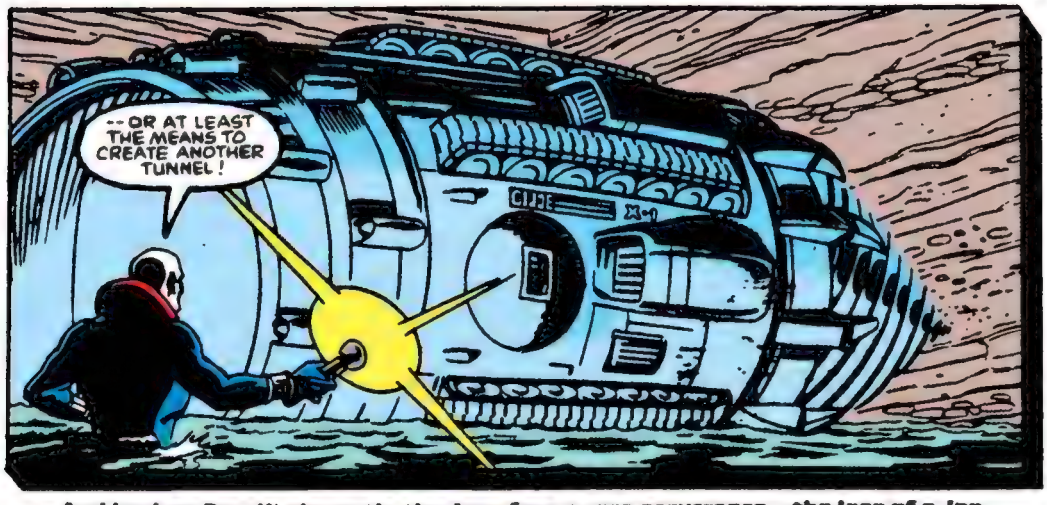
. . . but soon begins to worry, with good reason.



And down in the Pit, Cobra Commander and Destro have worries of their own.

Cobra Commander may be losing his cool, but Destro reaps the benefits of a level head.





And back at Fort Wadsworth, the Joes face a rare occurrence—the loss of a Joe. At least it isn't in battle.

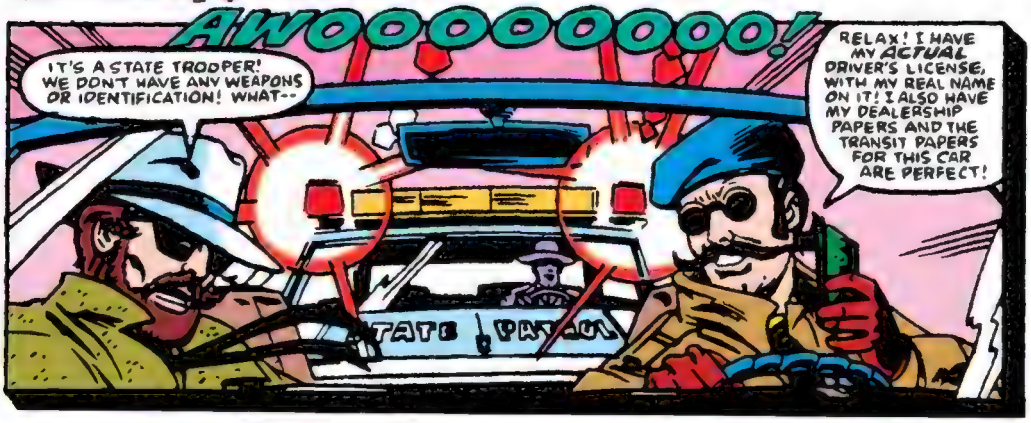
You can bet Grunt will be miseed.

While underneath the Fort, two of Cobra's finest finally escape, with the use of G.I. Joe boring equipment. Cobra Commander and Destro have come up inside a mall, and use the resources available to them to escape incognito.

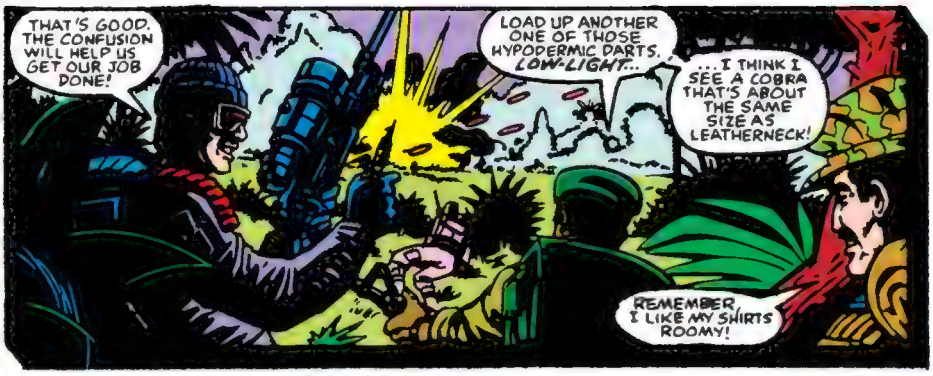
Back in Sierra Gordo, Cobra is under attack. They rush to protect the Terror Drome, and then seek out their intruders.

And inside the Terror Drome we all discover the hero behind the Flint mask.

Cobra Commander hotwires a car, and he and Destro take off, but don't get far without stirring up some action.



While the Joes are in Sierra Gordo preparing a few disguises of their own.



Cobra Commander's disguise isn't quite good enough. The cop puts two and two together and comes up with . . .

Back at the Terror Drome, the Joes have gotten pretty far with their disguises. All the way to Snake Eyes, in fact.

Stalker gets Snake Eyes and the Joes out, but he gets wounded in the process, and that leaves Snake Eyes in charge. Snake Eyes stays to fight alone, but at what price?

While back in the States:

And Cobra Commander makes an important vow.

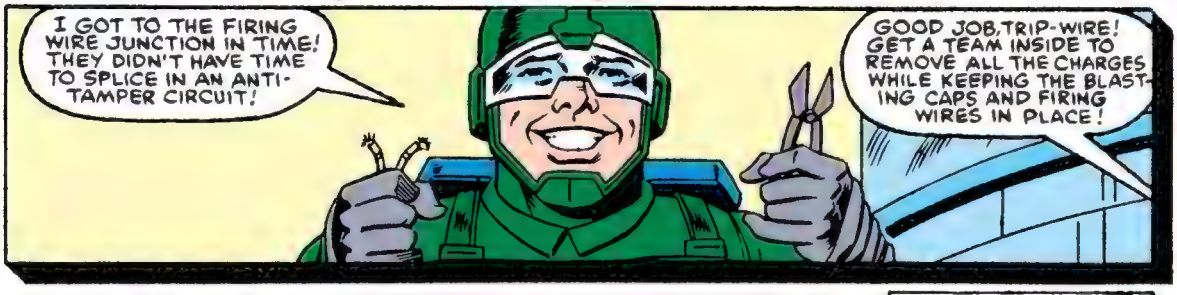
Back in Sierra Gordo, Cobra has recaptured Snake-Eyes, and Stalker is taking it personally.

The Joes are closing in on Cobra.

As Cobra beats a hasty retreat, leaving nothing behind of value.

Xamot and Tomax place explosive charges in the Terror Drome, but when the Joes are inside and the switch is thrown . . .

Thanks to Trip-Wire's quick thinking.



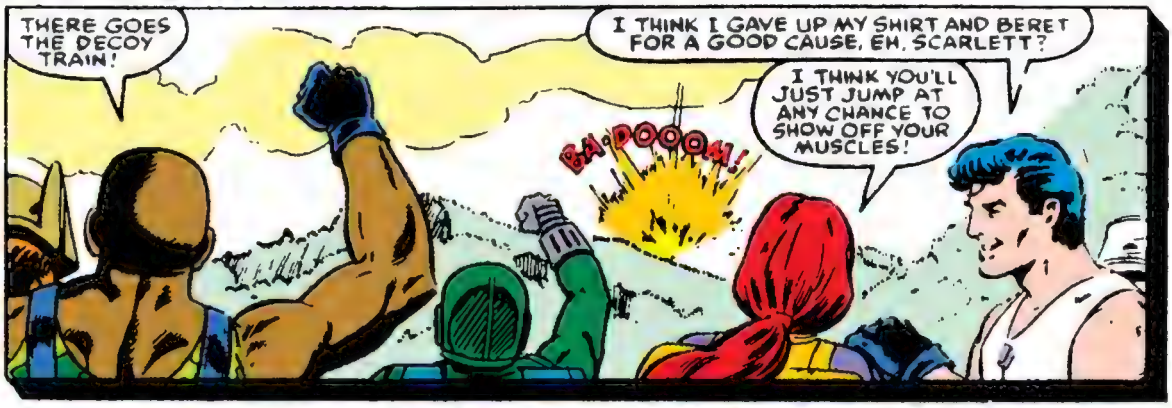
And the twins realize what their mistake could cost them.

The dismantled Terror Drome starts to move.

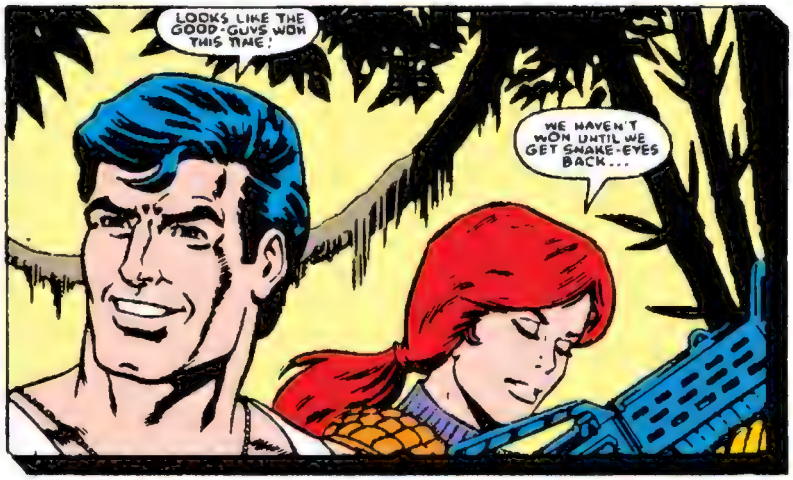
The Joes load up the train and start on their way, only to be pursued by Serpentor . . .

. . . and destroyed.

But then, why are our heroes cheering?

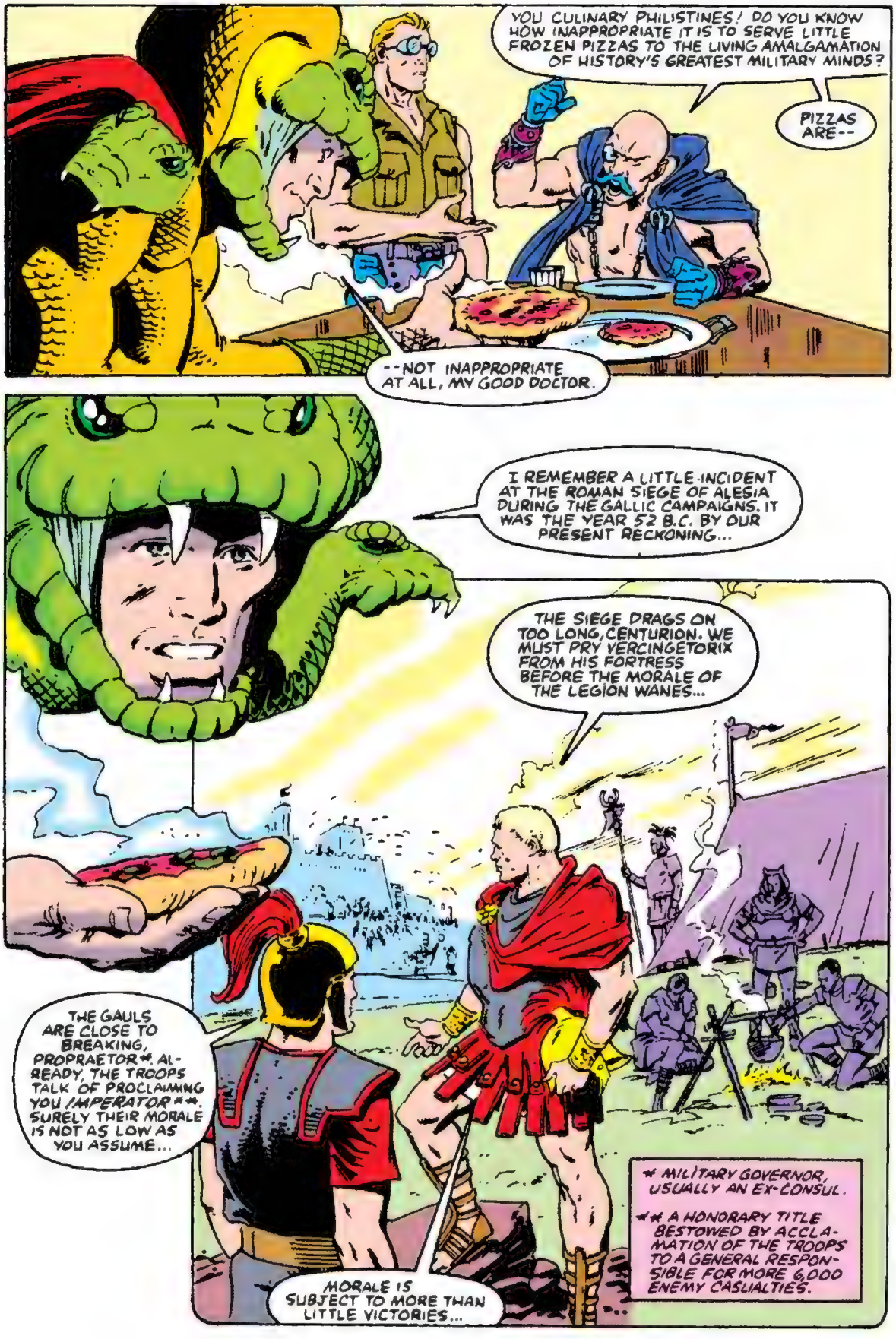


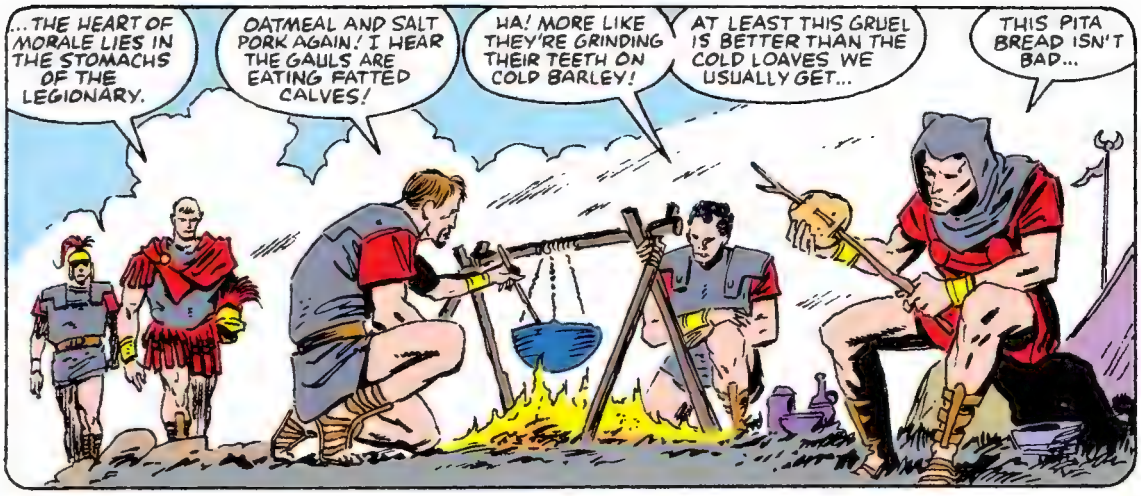
As the *real* Terror Drome floats on barges down the river, we get back to some unfinished business.



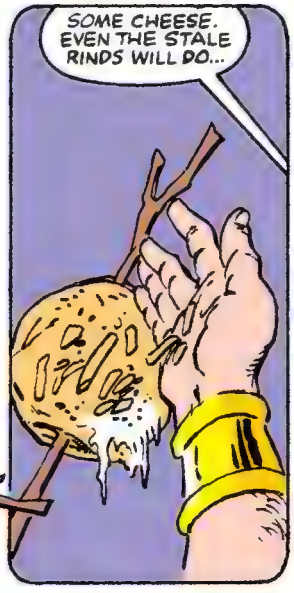
. . . Business which is taken care of in this very issue of the YEARBOOK! And for all you loyal JOE fans, don't forget to look for G.I. JOE SPECIAL MISSIONS, G.I. JOE AND THE TRANSFORMERS, and the G.I. JOE ORDER OF BATTLE, all on sale even as you read this!!

MY DINNER WITH SERPENTOR
LARRY HAMA SCRIPT
MIKE ZECK & DENNIS JANKE ART
JANET JACKSON COLORS
KEN LOPEZ LETTERS
IN THE NEW IMPERIAL DINING SUITE ON COBRA ISLAND...
CHOCOLATE COVERED DONUTS AND GRAPE SODA? THIS IS AN IMPERIAL FEAST? YOU DARE TO SERVE THIS GARBAGE TO SERPENTOR?
WHERE ARE THE CHEFS AND KITCHEN-VIPERS? I'LL HAVE THEM FILLETED AND GARNISHED
SODA
THEY'RE ALL DOWN WITH BULGARIAN FLU, DR MINDBENDER! THAT'S WHY US DREADNOKS IS PITCHIN' IN, SO TO SPEAK...
THESE ARE JUST THE APPY-TIZERS-- BUZZER'S BRINGIN' ON THE MAIN COURSE!
'ERE YOU GO! PIPIN' HOT FROM THE MICROWAVE...
YUMMY LITTLE FROZEN PIZZAS!
THIS IS A GASTRONOMIC OUTRAGE!

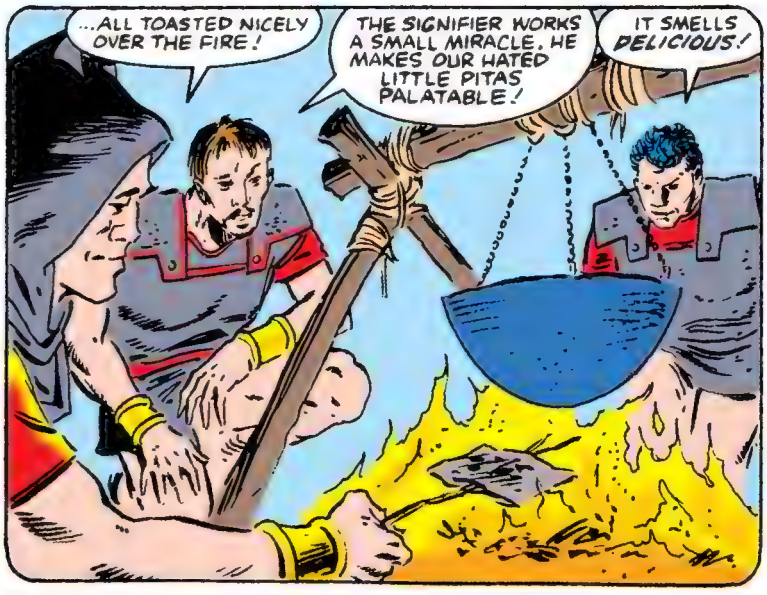

YOU CULINARY PHILISTINES! DO YOU KNOW HOW INAPPROPRIATE IT IS TO SERVE LITTLE FROZEN PIZZAS TO THE LIVING AMALGAMATION OF HISTORY'S GREATEST MILITARY MINDS?
PIZZAS ARE--
--NOT INAPPROPRIATE AT ALL, MY GOOD DOCTOR.
I REMEMBER A LITTLE INCIDENT AT THE ROMAN SIEGE OF ALESIA DURING THE GALLIC CAMPAIGNS. IT WAS THE YEAR 52 B.C. BY OUR PRESENT RECKONING...
THE SIEGE DRAGS ON TOO LONG, CENTURION. WE MUST PRY VERCINGETORIX FROM HIS FORTRESS BEFORE THE MORALE OF THE LEGION WANES...
THE GAULS ARE CLOSE TO BREAKING, PROPRAETOR*. ALREADY, THE TROOPS TALK OF PROCLAIMING YOU IMPERATOR**. SURELY THEIR MORALE IS NOT AS LOW AS YOU ASSUME...
MORALE IS SUBJECT TO MORE THAN LITTLE VICTORIES...
* MILITARY GOVERNOR, USUALLY AN EX-CONSUL.
** A HONORARY TITLE BESTOWED BY ACCLAMATION OF THE TROOPS TO A GENERAL RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE 6,000 ENEMY CASUALTIES.


...THE HEART OF MORALE LIES IN THE STOMACHS OF THE LEGIONARY.
OATMEAL AND SALT PORK AGAIN! I HEAR THE GAULS ARE EATING FATTED CALVES!
HA! MORE LIKE THEY'RE GRINDING THEIR TEETH ON COLD BARLEY!
AT LEAST THIS GRUEL IS BETTER THAN THE COLD LOAVES WE USUALLY GET...
THIS PITA BREAD ISN'T BAD...

...IF YOU KNOW A TRICK OR TWO!
A BIT OF OIL FROM CRUSHED OLIVES...

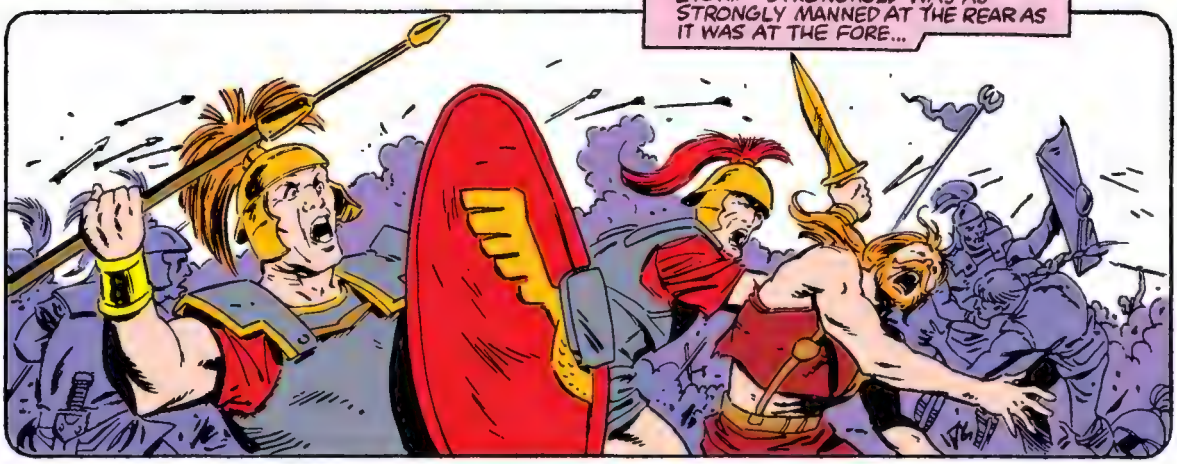

SOME CHEESE. EVEN THE STALE RINDS WILL DO...

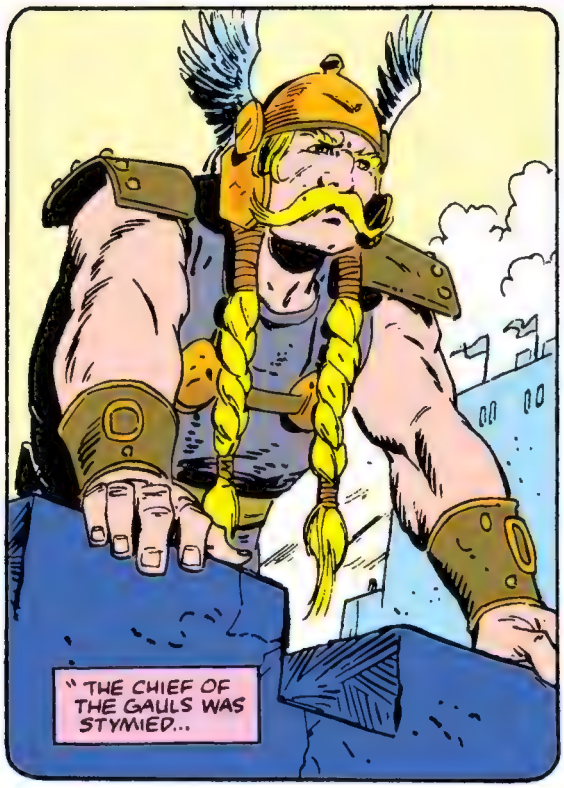
SLICED OLIVES, MEAT SCRAPS...


...ALL TOASTED NICELY OVER THE FIRE!
THE SIGNIFIER WORKS A SMALL MIRACLE. HE MAKES OUR HATED LITTLE PITAS PALATABLE!
IT SMELLS DELICIOUS!

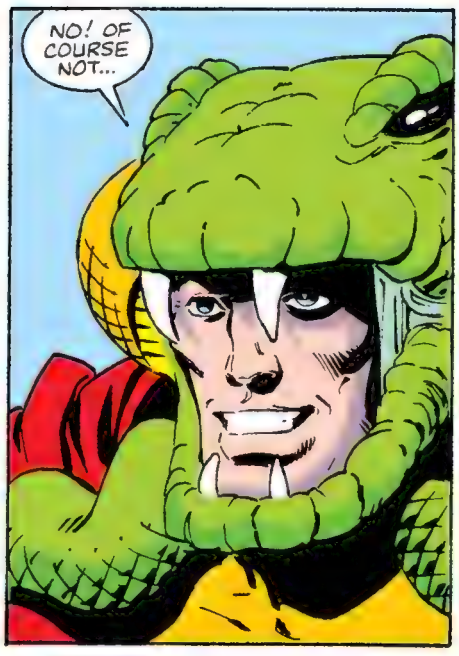
HEAR THAT, CENTURION? THIS LITTLE TRICK WITH THE PITA LOAF MIGHT DO WELL TO BE SPREAD AROUND...
I'LL SEE TO IT, PRO-PRAETOR!

UNBEKNOWNST TO THE LEGIONS, A GALLIC RELIEF ARMY WAS MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS ALESIA BEHIND THE ROMAN LINES.


"THIS ARMY OF MORE THAN 240,000 WARRIORS SOON FOUND THAT THE ROMAN ENCIRCLEMENT OF VERCINGETORIX' STRONGHOLD WAS AS STRONGLY MANNED AT THE REAR AS IT WAS AT THE FORE...


"THE CHIEF OF THE GAULS WAS STYMIED...

"WITH THE RELIEF ARMY IN COMPLETE ROUT, THE LEGIONS TURNED BACK TO THE SIEGE WITH RENEWED VIGOR..."



"... IT WAS JUST A RANDOM MEMORY."

END

ZANDAR & ZARANA

THE DREADNOKS

HAWK

MEMO

From: Hawk
To: All units
Subj: GI JOE

It's been quite an eventful year: a year of drastic change for both the Joes and Cobras.

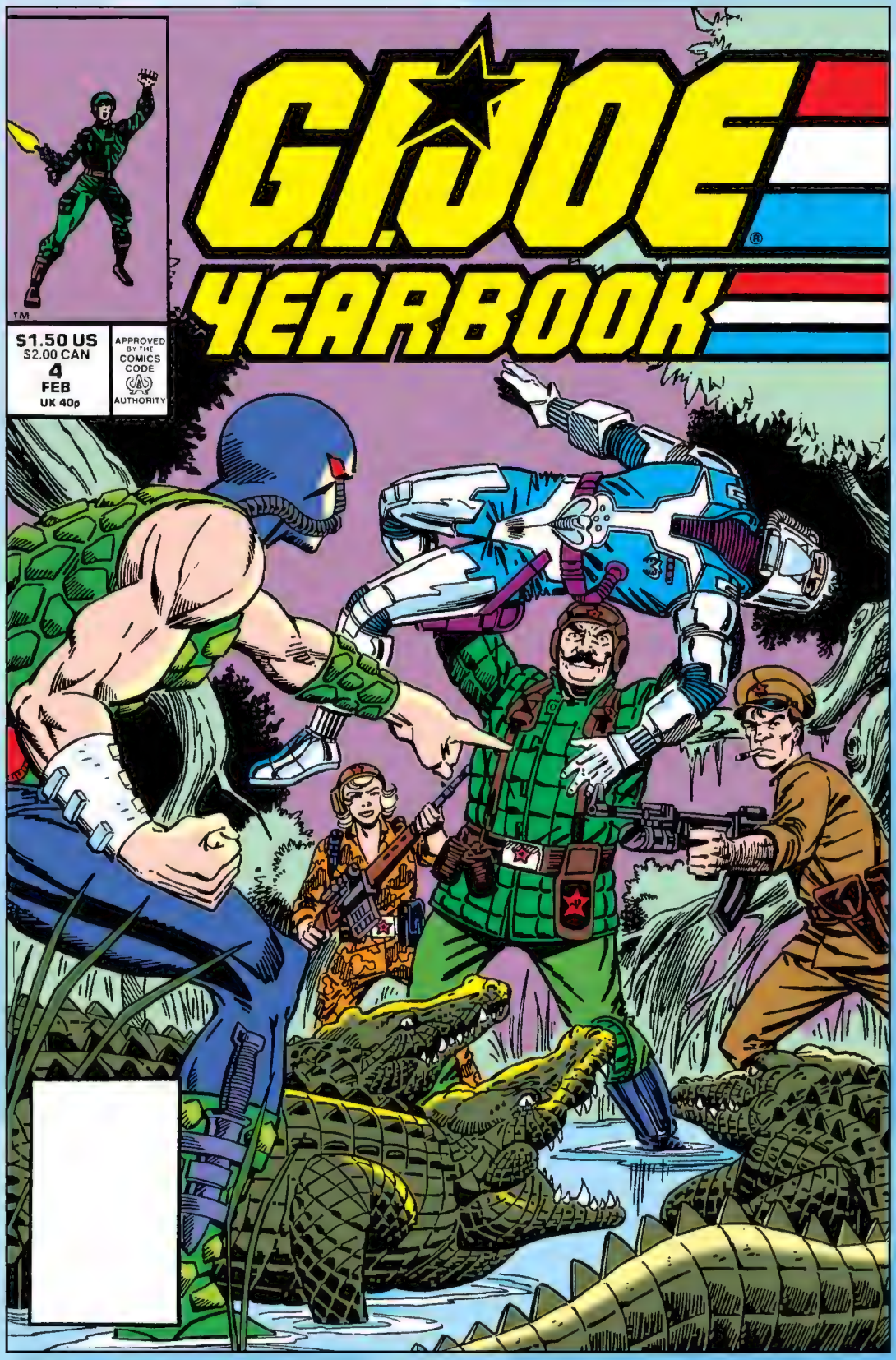
The "Pit" is gone forever and the Joes are on the move, traveling light and hitting hard! That's good. Lollygagging around in garrison just makes a soldier soft. We can't afford to be soft.

Cobra has to contend with a new leadership even though their old leader isn't quite down for the count yet. There is nothing like dissension in the ranks of the foe to warm my heart.

We said goodbye to some old friends and welcomed some new faces to the team. The names and the faces change, but the team goes on . . .

Enough of this. Let's move out smartly and commence soldiering!

Hawk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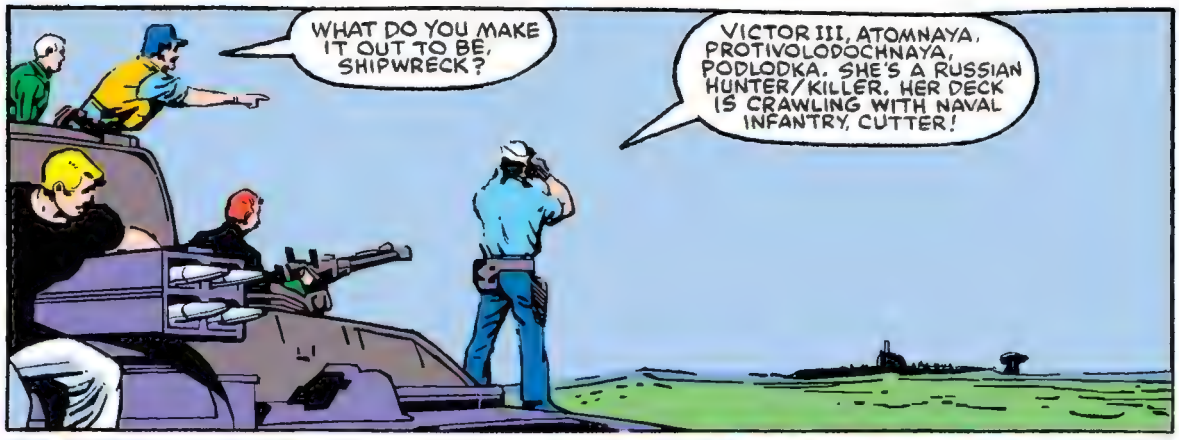
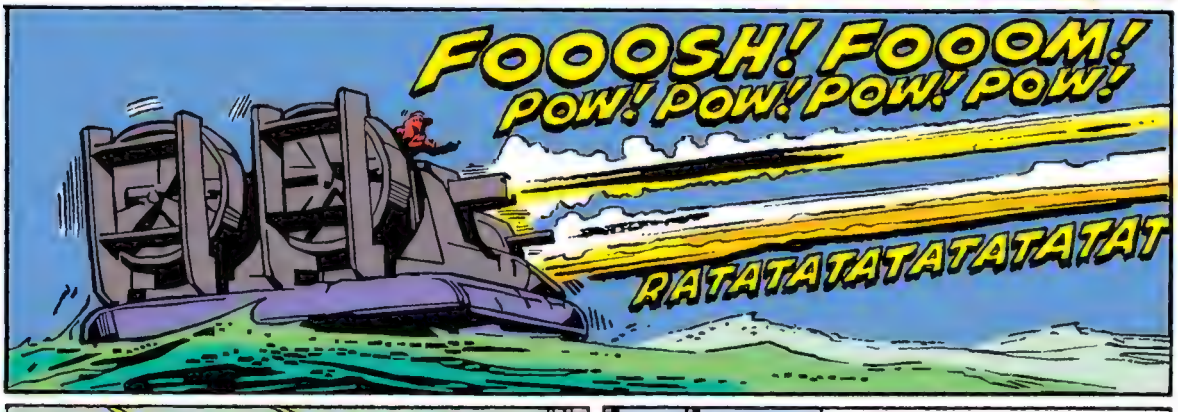

WHAT DO YOU MAKE IT OUT TO BE, SHIPWRECK?
VICTOR III, ATOMNAYA, PROTIVOLODOCHNAYA, PODLODKA. SHE'S A RUSSIAN HUNTER/KILLER. HER DECK IS CRAWLING WITH NAVAL INFANTRY, CUTTER!

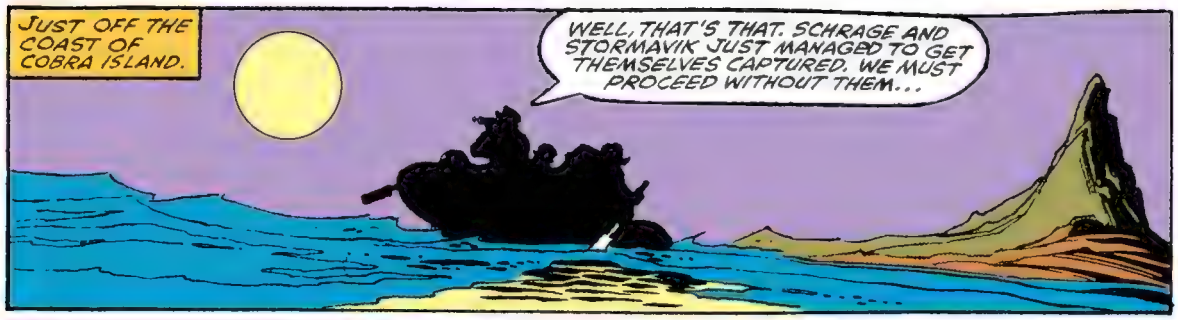
SHE'S UP TO NO GOOD. FIRE A SALVO ACROSS HER BOW TO MAKE HER BUTTON UP AND GO DOWN...
...WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, FIRE A SALVO ACROSS HER STERN, AS WELL!

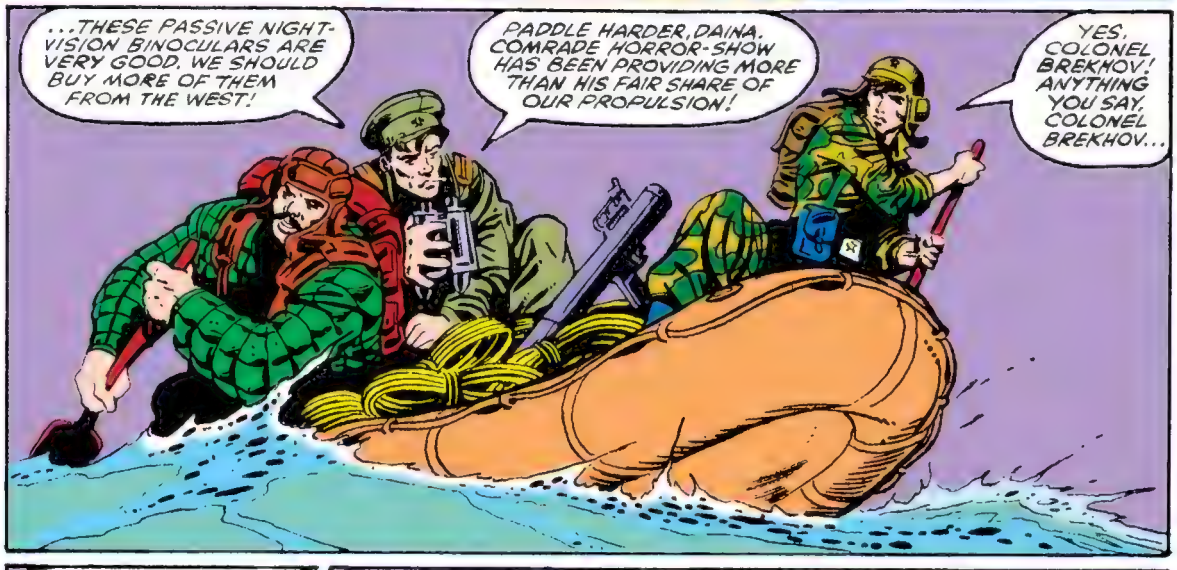

FOOOSH! FOOOM!
POW! POW! POW! POW!
RATATATATATATATAT

RATATATATATAT!

DON'T RETURN FIRE, FOOLS! DON'T GIVE THEM PROVOCATION TO LOWER THEIR FIRING ANGLE!
CLEAR DECK! DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!
THOOM!

TAKE US DEEP! FIND A THERMAL LAYER TO HIDE UNDER AND DEFLECT THEIR SONAR!
I HOPE THIS CRAZY MISSION IS WORTH THIS RISK!
LET'S START THAT SILENCED OUTBOARD MOTOR AND GET OUT OF HERE!
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, STORMAVIK! SOUND CARRIES OVER WATER. WE HAVE TO KEEP QUIET AND LOW UNTIL THAT AMERICAN HOVERCRAFT LEAVES THE AREA. HOPEFULLY, THE SUBMARINE WILL LURE IT AWAY...
AND IF IT DOESN'T?
WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT.
AN ARMORED HOVERCRAFT AGAINST A RUBBER RAFT?
WHERE'S YOUR UNIT PRIDE? WE ARE THE OKTOBER GUARD!
SO? THAT MAKES US BULLETPROOF? WE DON'T--
THE MOTOR JUST DIED. SOMETHING IS TANGLED IN THE PROPELLER. COULD BE SEAWEED OR--
KHHHT!
--OR A COIL OF PLASTIC ROPE, WHICH IS WHAT I USED! COVER THE OTHER ONE, TORPEDO!
HE'S IN MY SIGHTS WET-SUIT!

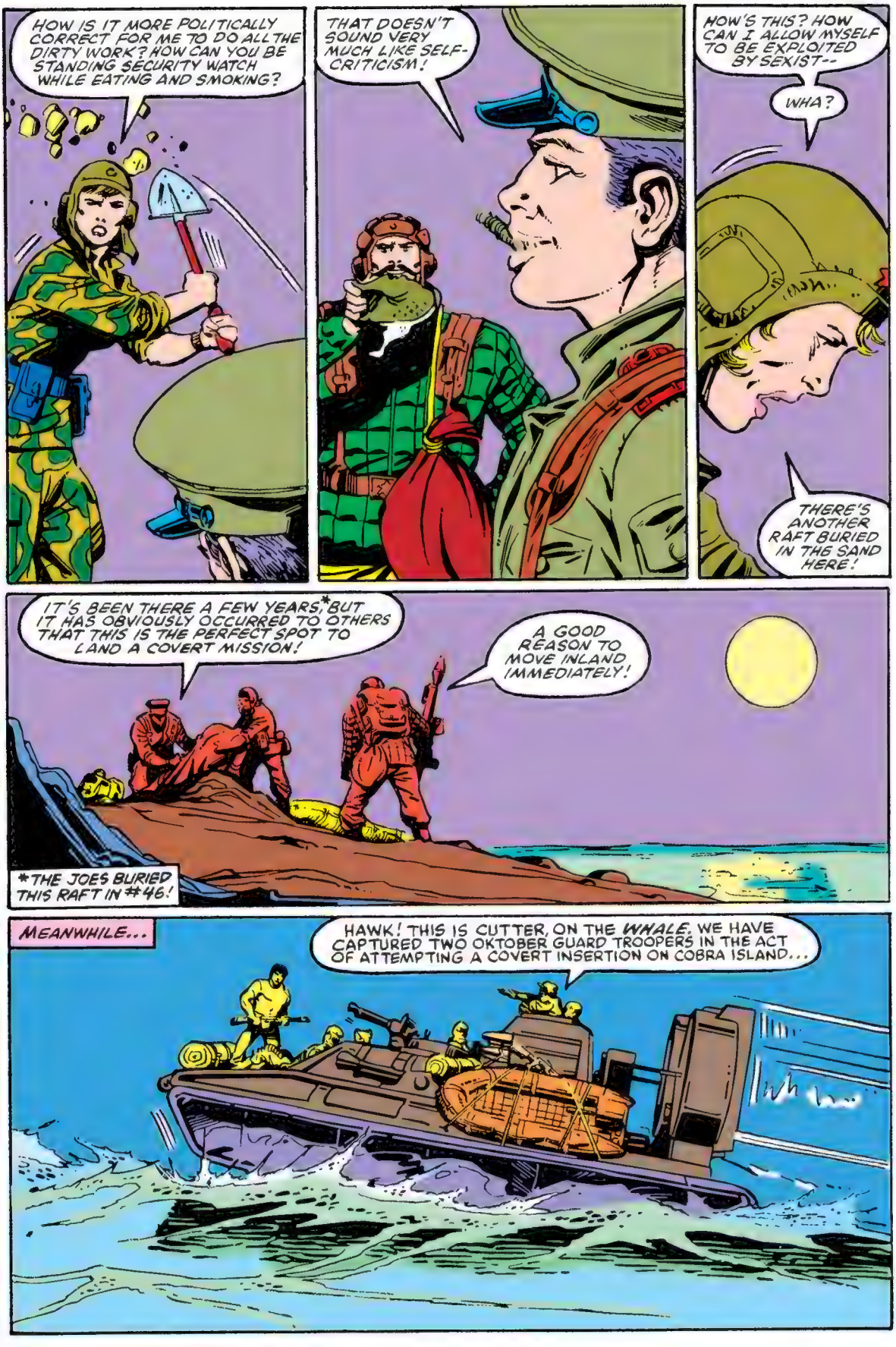

JUST OFF THE COAST OF COBRA ISLAND.
WELL, THAT'S THAT. SCHRAGE AND STORMAVIK JUST MANAGED TO GET THEMSELVES CAPTURED. WE MUST PROCEED WITHOUT THEM...


...THESE PASSIVE NIGHT-VISION BINOCULARS ARE VERY GOOD. WE SHOULD BUY MORE OF THEM FROM THE WEST!
PADDLE HARDER, DAINA. COMRADE HORROR-SHOW HAS BEEN PROVIDING MORE THAN HIS FAIR SHARE OF OUR PROPULSION!
YES, COLONEL BREKHOV! ANYTHING YOU SAY, COLONEL BREKHOV...

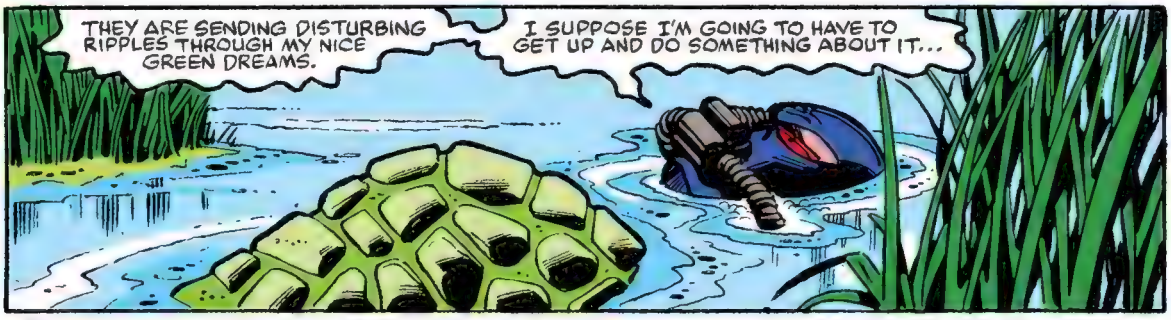
...MIGHT I BRING IT TO THE GOOD COLONEL'S ATTENTION THAT COMRADE HORROR-SHOW IS ALSO PROVIDING MORE THAN HIS FAIR SHARE OF BALLAST?

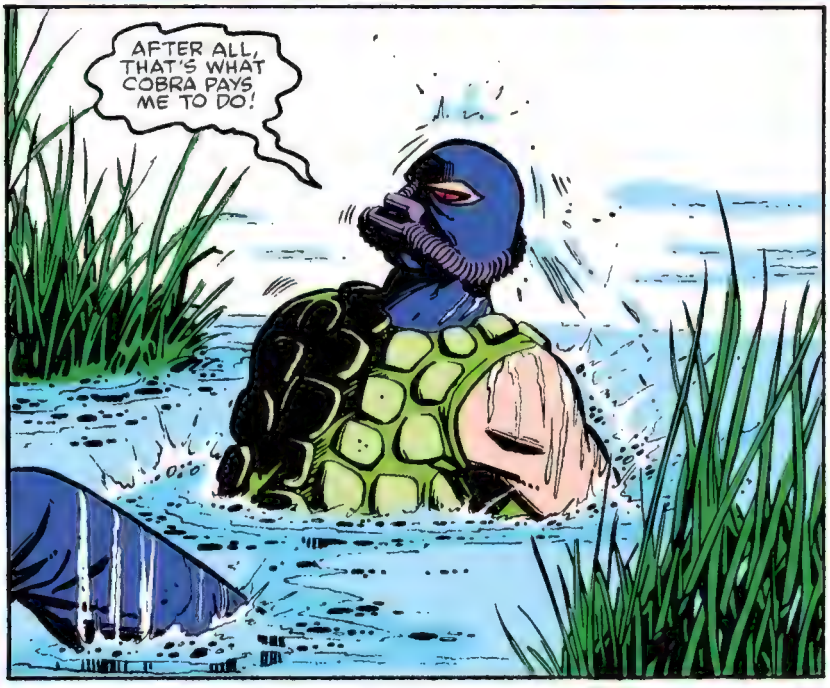
COMRADE DAINA! A POLITICAL OFFICER MIGHT FIND SUCH UNSOCIALISTIC MURMURS TO BE EVIDENCE OF REVISIONIST BACKSLIDING!

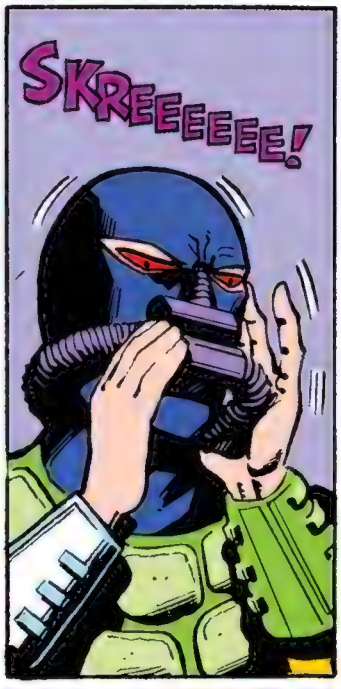
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD ENGAGE IN RIGOROUS SELF-CRITICISM, WHILE YOU BURY THE RAFT...
...HORROR-SHOW AND I WILL STAND SECURITY WATCH.

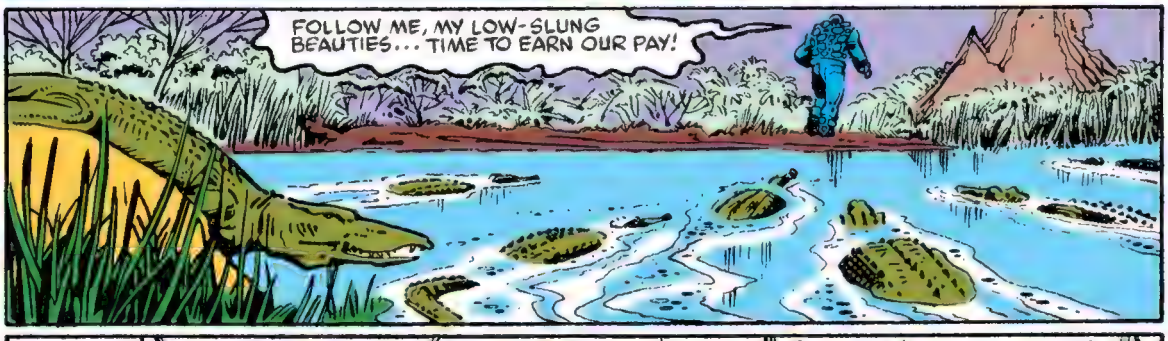

HOW IS IT MORE POLITICALLY CORRECT FOR ME TO DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK? HOW CAN YOU BE STANDING SECURITY WATCH WHILE EATING AND SMOKING?
THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY MUCH LIKE SELF-CRITICISM!
HOW'S THIS? HOW CAN I ALLOW MYSELF TO BE EXPLOITED BY SEXIST--
WHA?
THERE'S ANOTHER RAFT BURIED IN THE SAND HERE!
IT'S BEEN THERE A FEW YEARS,* BUT IT HAS OBVIOUSLY OCCURRED TO OTHERS THAT THIS IS THE PERFECT SPOT TO LAND A COVERT MISSION!
A GOOD REASON TO MOVE INLAND IMMEDIATELY!
*THE JOES BURIED THIS RAFT IN #46!
MEANWHILE...
HAWK! THIS IS CUTTER, ON THE WHALE. WE HAVE CAPTURED TWO OKTOBER GUARD TROOPERS IN THE ACT OF ATTEMPTING A COVERT INSERTION ON COBRA ISLAND...

...WE ARE NOW MANEUVERING AS CLOSE AS WE CAN TO COBRA ISLAND TO FACILITATE OUR OWN PASSIVE SURVEILLANCE. HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT PRESENCE OF OTHER OKTOBER GUARD PERSONNEL IN IMMEDIATE AREA OF OPERATION
GOT ANY HARD INTELLIGENCE TO BACK THAT UP?
THEY WERE CARRYING MOUNTAINEERING HARDWARE; O-RINGS, PITONS, AND SNAP LINKS-- BUT NO ROPE!
MAKES ME THINK THAT SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE WITH A MESS OF ROPE AND NO HARDWARE!
THEY WOULD HAVE LANDED THEIR RAFT IN A PROTECTED INLET...
...AND THEY WOULD BE MAKING THEIR WAY INLAND BY NOW...
"...THERE THEY ARE, ROPE AND ALL!"
FURTHER INLAND...
SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE.
SOMEBODY'S STOMPIN' THROUGH MY SWAMP.

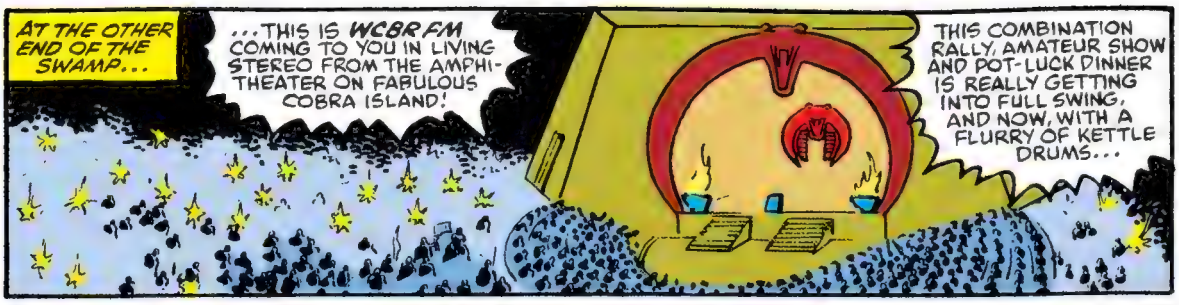

THEY ARE SENDING DISTURBING RIPPLES THROUGH MY NICE GREEN DREAMS.
I SUPPOSE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET UP AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...


AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT COBRA PAYS ME TO DO!

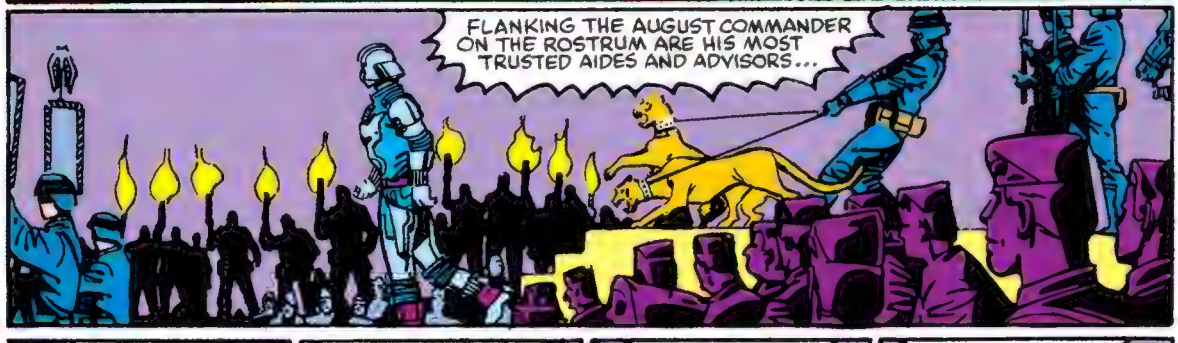

SKREEEEEEE!

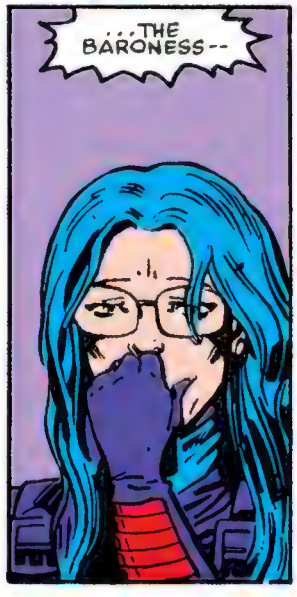

FOLLOW ME, MY LOW-SLUNG BEAUTIES... TIME TO EARN OUR PAY!

NEARBY...
HORROR-SHOW! YOU JUST ATE THREE CHICKENS! WHY IS YOUR STOMACH STILL RUMBLING?
NOT ME!
THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM THE OTHER END OF THE SWAMP. IT SOUNDS LIKE KETTLE DRUMS!


AT THE OTHER END OF THE SWAMP...
...THIS IS WCBR FM COMING TO YOU IN LIVING STEREO FROM THE AMPHI-THEATER ON FABULOUS COBRA ISLAND!
THIS COMBINATION RALLY, AMATEUR SHOW AND POT-LUCK DINNER IS REALLY GETTING INTO FULL SWING, AND NOW, WITH A FLURRY OF KETTLE DRUMS...

...THE PROCESSIONAL HAS STARTED DOWN THE AISLE, BEING LED BY COBRA COMMANDER HIMSELF!
HOW CAN I DESCRIBE HIS REGAL BEARING AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PODIUM THROUGH A PATH STREWN WITH ROSE PETALS?

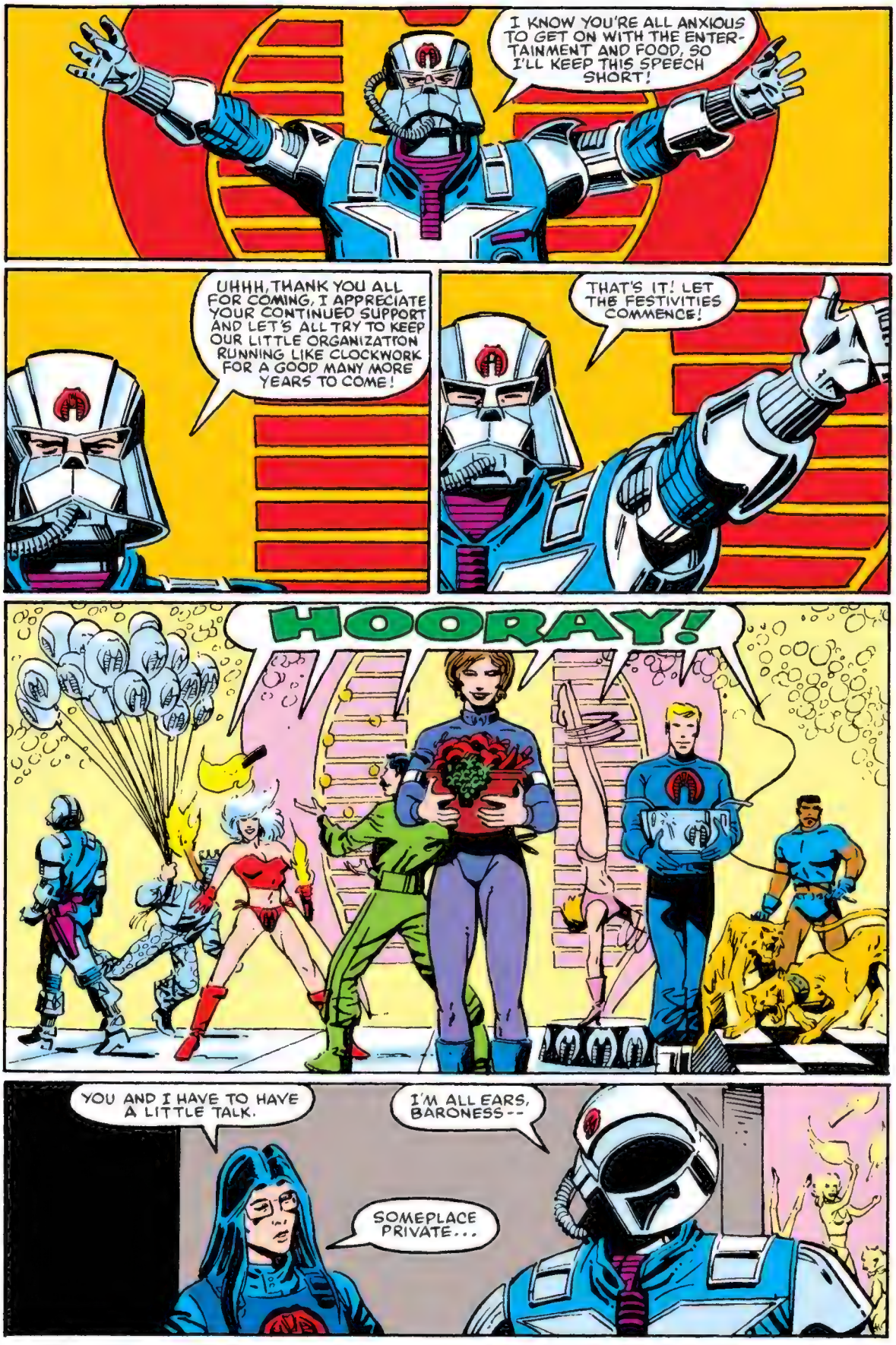

FLANKING THE AUGUST COMMANDER ON THE ROSTRUM ARE HIS MOST TRUSTED AIDES AND ADVISORS...

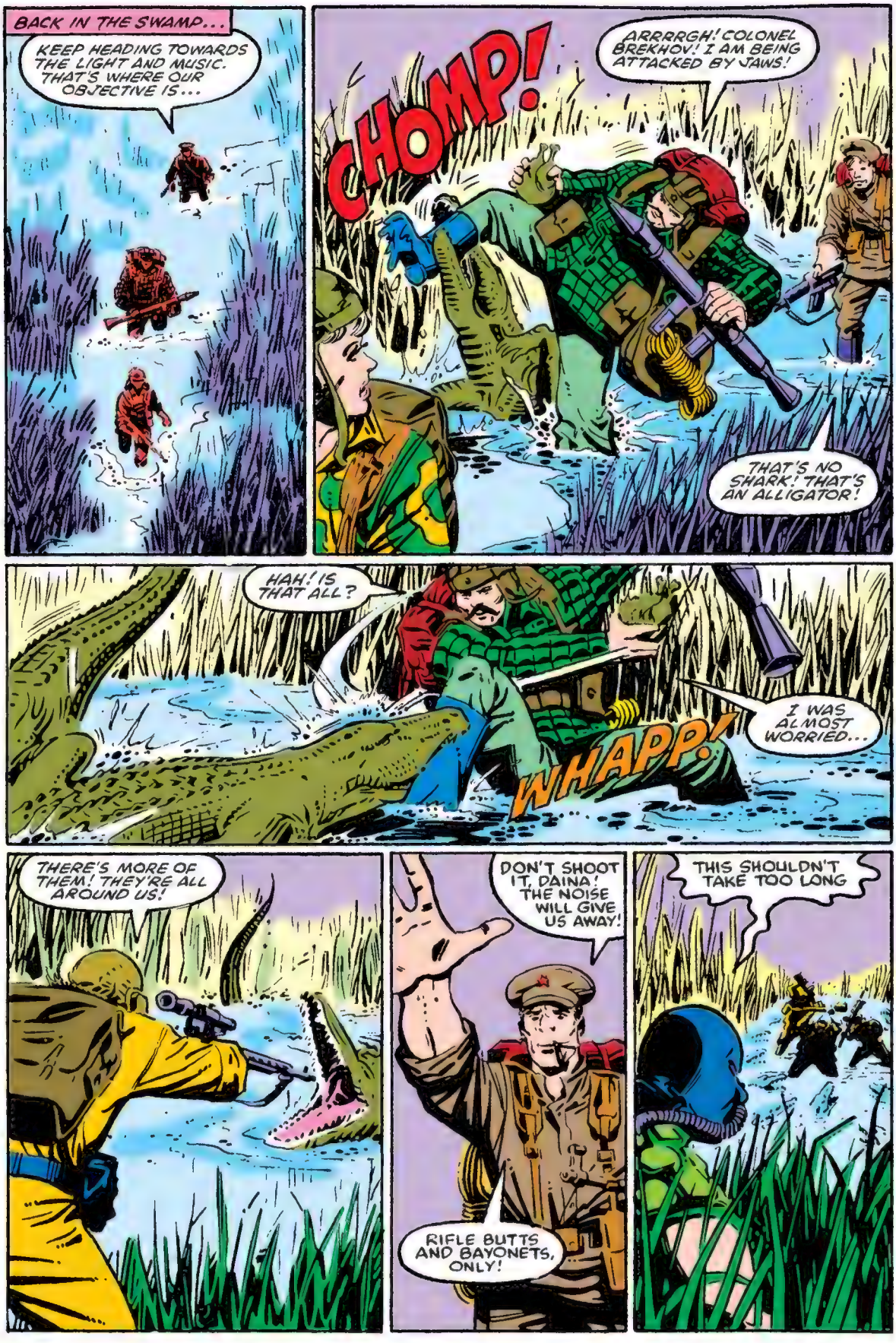

...THE BARONESS--

DR. MINDBENDER..

SERPENTOR...

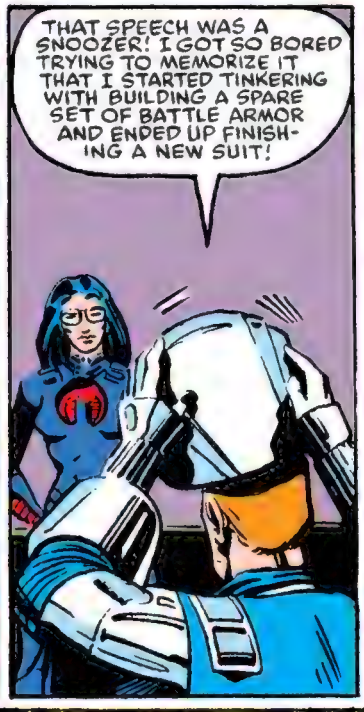
...AND ZARTAN!
THE CROWD IS FALLING SILENT. COBRA COMMANDER IS APPROACHING THE MICROPHONE...


I KNOW YOU'RE ALL ANXIOUS TO GET ON WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT AND FOOD, SO I'LL KEEP THIS SPEECH SHORT!
UHHH, THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING, I APPRECIATE YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT AND LET'S ALL TRY TO KEEP OUR LITTLE ORGANIZATION RUNNING LIKE CLOCKWORK FOR A GOOD MANY MORE YEARS TO COME!
THAT'S IT! LET THE FESTIVITIES COMMENCE!
HOORAY!
YOU AND I HAVE TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK.
I'M ALL EARS, BARONESS--
SOMEPLACE PRIVATE...


BACK IN THE SWAMP...
KEEP HEADING TOWARDS THE LIGHT AND MUSIC. THAT'S WHERE OUR OBJECTIVE IS...
CHOMP!
ARRRRGH! COLONEL BREKHOV! I AM BEING ATTACKED BY JAWS!
THAT'S NO SHARK! THAT'S AN ALLIGATOR!
HAH! IS THAT ALL?
WHAPP!
I WAS ALMOST WORRIED...
THERE'S MORE OF THEM! THEY'RE ALL AROUND US!
DON'T SHOOT IT, DAINA! THE NOISE WILL GIVE US AWAY!
RIFLE BUTTS AND BAYONETS, ONLY!
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG

AT THE REAR OF THE COBRA AMPHITHEATER...
...I DIDN'T FIX IT SO YOU COULD TAKE OVER COBRA COMMANDER'S IDENTITY * JUST TO PASS THE TIME! I WANT SOME RETURN ON MY INVESTMENT!
SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
* THIS HAPPENED IN ISSUE # 64!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SPEECH I WROTE FOR YOU? YOU JUST DECIDED ON YOUR OWN TO DROP IT AND AD-LIB A FEW LINES OF YOUR OWN?

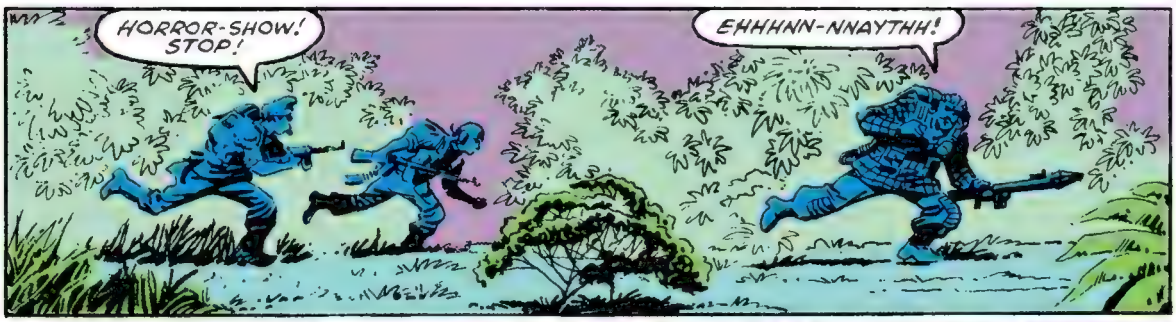

THAT SPEECH WAS A SNOOZER! I GOT SO BORED TRYING TO MEMORIZE IT THAT I STARTED TINKERING WITH BUILDING A SPARE SET OF BATTLE ARMOR AND ENDED UP FINISHING A NEW SUIT!

I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS STUFF BUT I DO KNOW THAT YOU DON'T WIN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF ANYBODY BY MAKING THEM FIDGET AND SQUIRM!

WE HAD A MAJOR SETBACK IN FRUSENLAND! *MORALE IS LOW. THE TROOPS NEED A DIVERSION AND THEY NEED TO PARTY OUT. SAVE THE SPEECHES FOR A VICTORY, THEY'LL LISTEN TO ANYTHING AFTER A VICTORY!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU, FRED?
* IN ISSUE # 68!

WHOMP!
WHOMP!
WHOMP!
HOW'S THIS FOR STARTERS?

IN THE SWAMP...
FLARES! THEY SPOTTED US!
NO! THAT'S A FIREWORKS DISPLAY! THE COBRAS ARE HAVING A CELEBRATION AT THE AMPHI-THEATER!
START SHOOTING THESE ALLIGATORS! THE FIREWORKS WILL MASK THE SOUND!
THERE ARE MORE OF THEM COMING OUT OF THE SWAMP!
TOO MANY! THEY'RE GOING TO OVERRUN US!
WHOMP!
FOOOSH!
RATATATAT
I KNOW HOW TO FIX THEM!
HERE! CHEW ON THESE!
VERY NICE OF YOU TO SACRIFICE YOUR DINNER FOR OUR SAFETY!
HEY! WHY ARE YOU RUNNING SO FAST? THE ALLIGATORS ARE TOO BUSY EATING THE CHICKENS TO BOTHER US NOW!

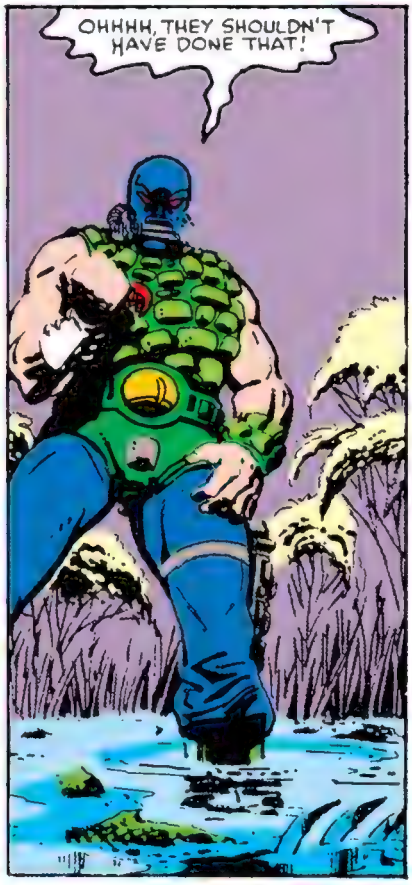

HORROR-SHOW! STOP!
EHHHNN-NNAYTHH!

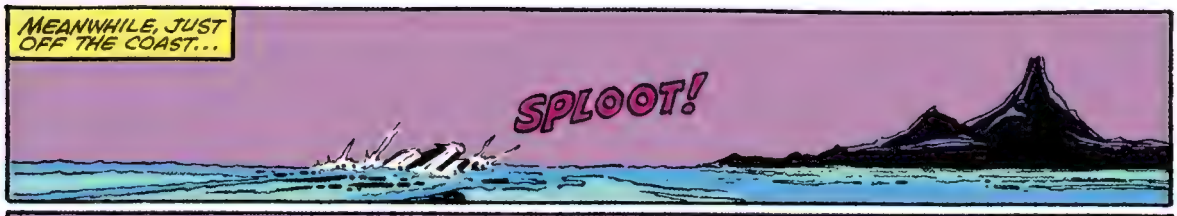
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING! WHAT'S ALL THAT IN YOUR MOUTH?

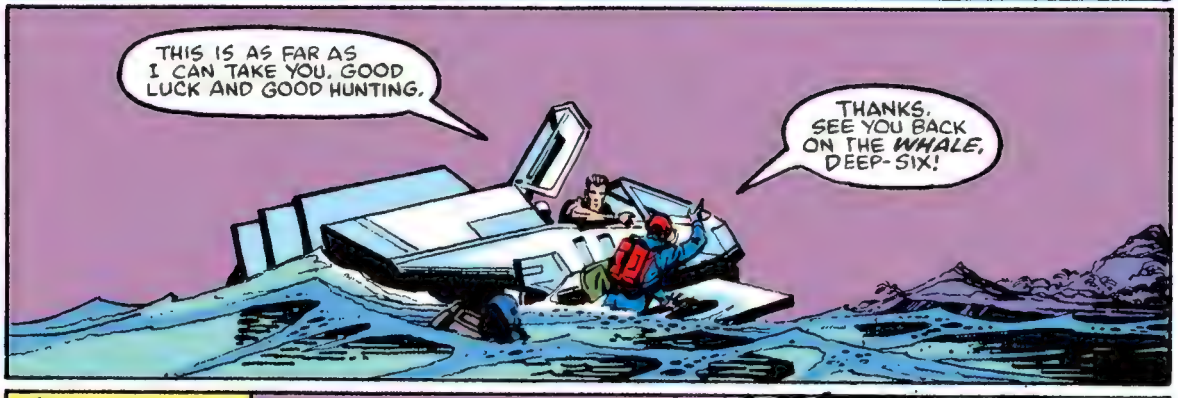
PTUI!
GRENADE PINS!

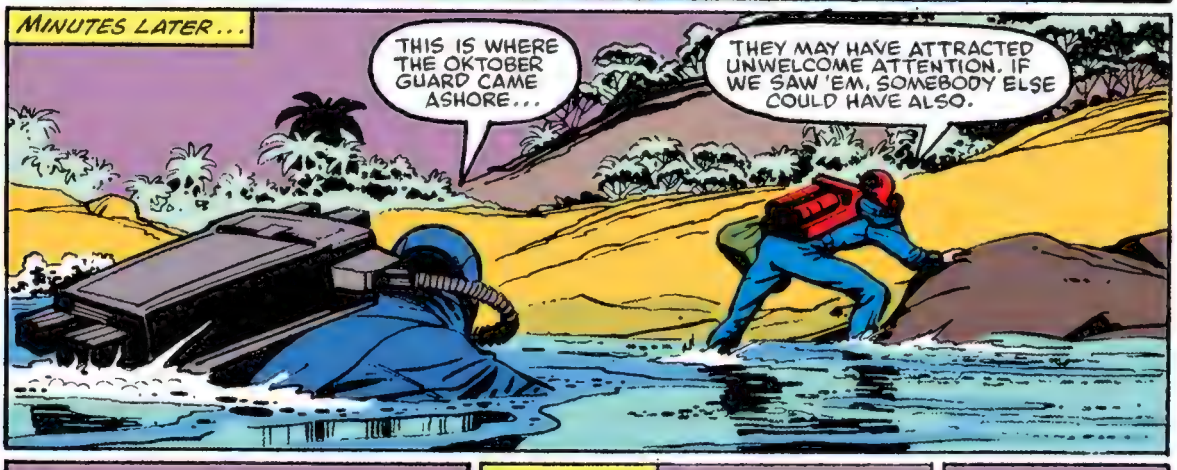
WHOOMPH!
THE ALLIGATORS ARE EXPLODING!

I GAVE THOSE CHICKENS SOME SPECIAL STUFFING BEFORE I LEFT THEM FOR THE ALLIGATORS!


OHHHH, THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!

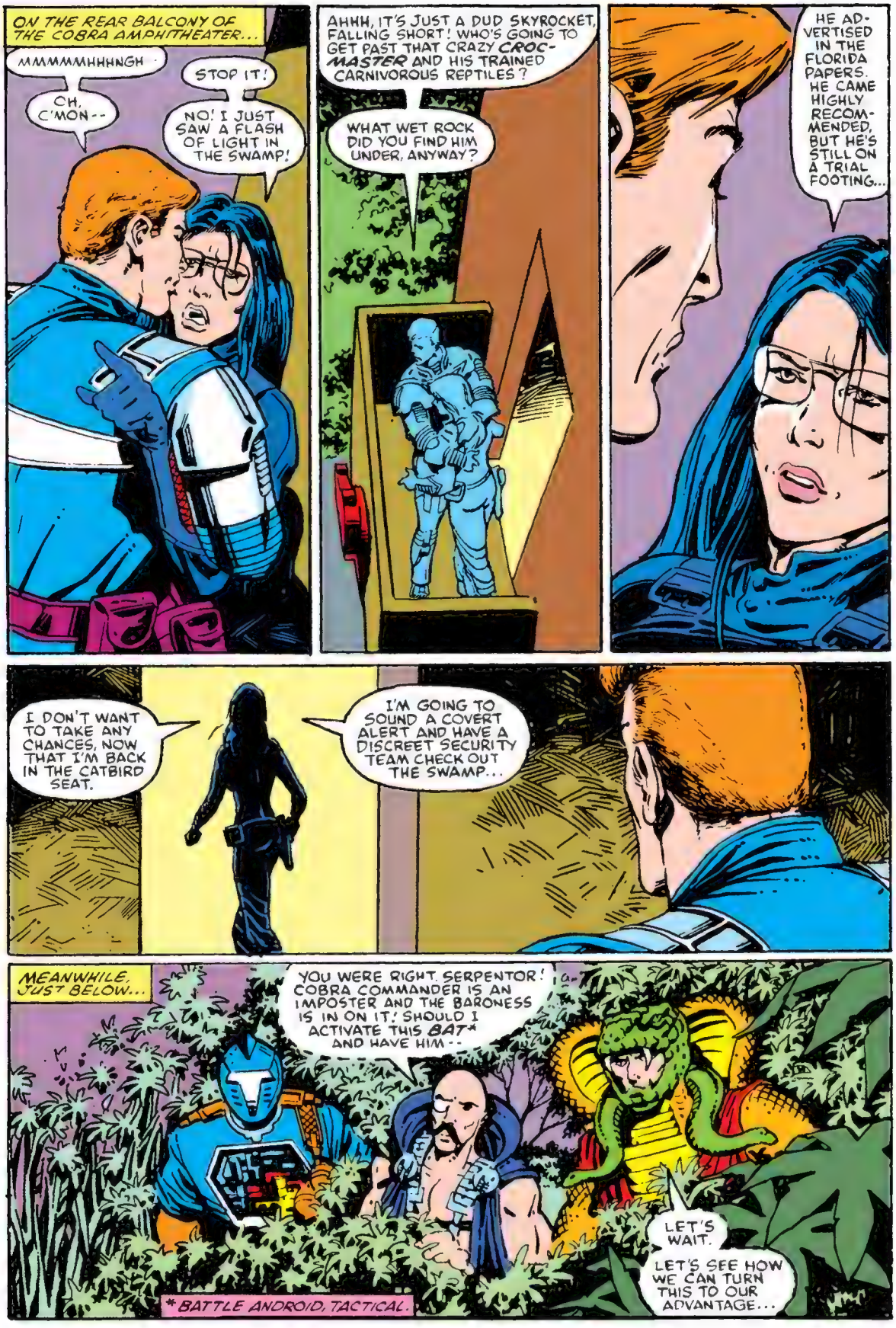

MEANWHILE, JUST OFF THE COAST...
SPLOOT!

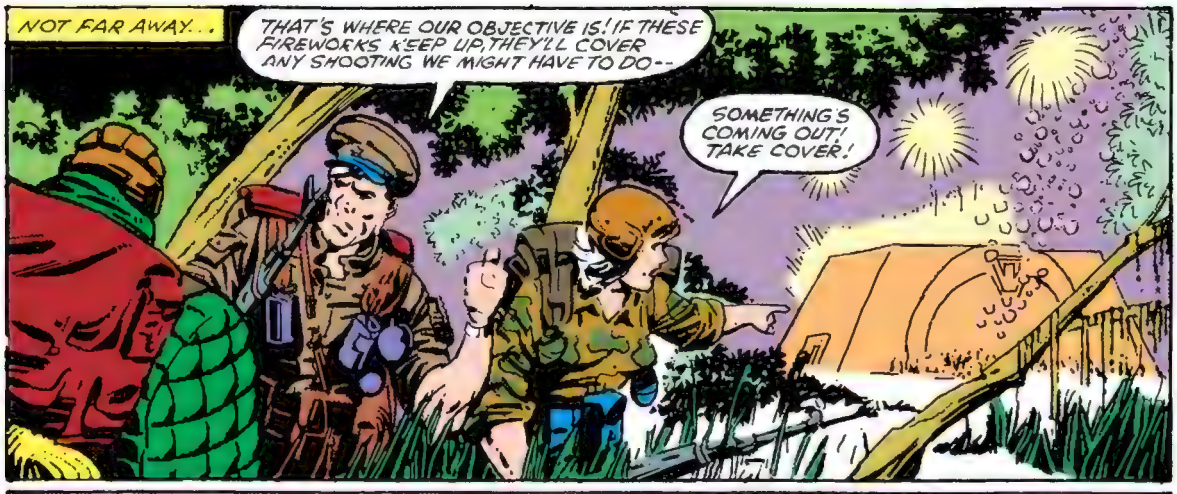

THIS IS AS FAR AS I CAN TAKE YOU. GOOD LUCK AND GOOD HUNTING.
THANKS. SEE YOU BACK ON THE WHALE, DEEP-SIX!

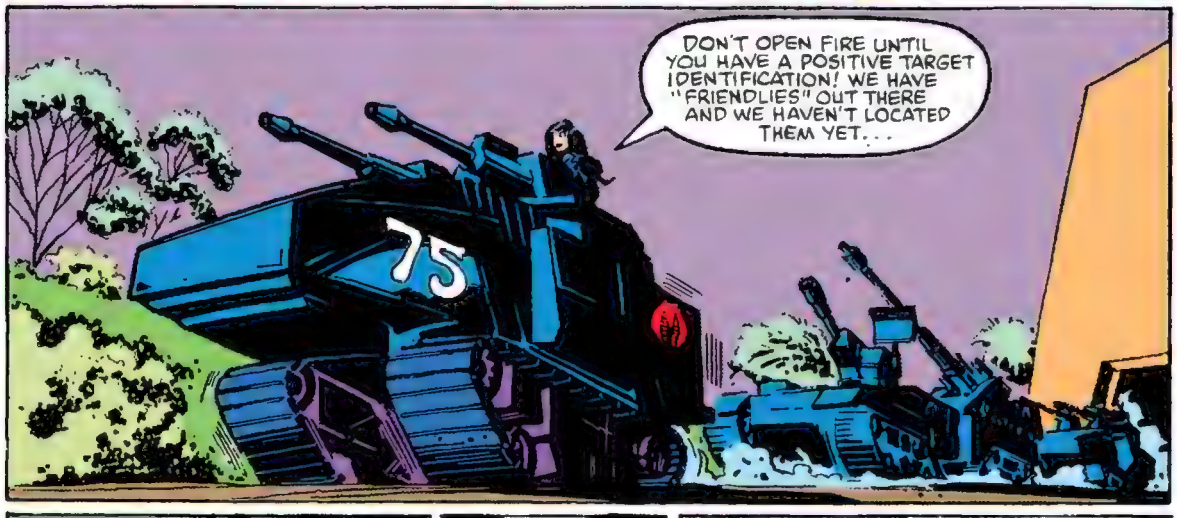

MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS WHERE THE OKTOBER GUARD CAME ASHORE...
THEY MAY HAVE ATTRACTED UNWELCOME ATTENTION. IF WE SAW 'EM, SOMEBODY ELSE COULD HAVE ALSO.

YOU CHANGE FIRST WHILE I STAND WATCH...
WE'LL BURY THE SCUBA GEAR NEXT TO THIS PILE OF CHICKEN BONES...

FIVE MINUTES LATER...
ALL SET, WET-SUIT? I'LL TAKE POINT GOING IN, YOU TAKE IT GOING OUT?
FINE WITH ME, TORPEDO. LET'S DO IT.


ON THE REAR BALCONY OF THE COBRA AMPHITHEATER...
MMMMMMHHHNGH
OH, C'MON--
STOP IT!
NO! I JUST SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT IN THE SWAMP!
AHHH, IT'S JUST A DUD SKYROCKET, FALLING SHORT! WHO'S GOING TO GET PAST THAT CRAZY CROC-MASTER AND HIS TRAINED CARNIVOROUS REPTILES?
WHAT WET ROCK DID YOU FIND HIM UNDER, ANYWAY?
HE ADVERTISED IN THE FLORIDA PAPERS. HE CAME HIGHLY RECOMMENDED, BUT HE'S STILL ON A TRIAL FOOTING...
I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES, NOW THAT I'M BACK IN THE CATBIRD SEAT.
I'M GOING TO SOUND A COVERT ALERT AND HAVE A DISCREET SECURITY TEAM CHECK OUT THE SWAMP...
MEANWHILE, JUST BELOW...
YOU WERE RIGHT, SERPENTOR! COBRA COMMANDER IS AN IMPOSTER AND THE BARONESS IS IN ON IT! SHOULD I ACTIVATE THIS BAT* AND HAVE HIM--
LET'S WAIT.
LET'S SEE HOW WE CAN TURN THIS TO OUR ADVANTAGE...
*BATTLE ANDROID, TACTICAL.

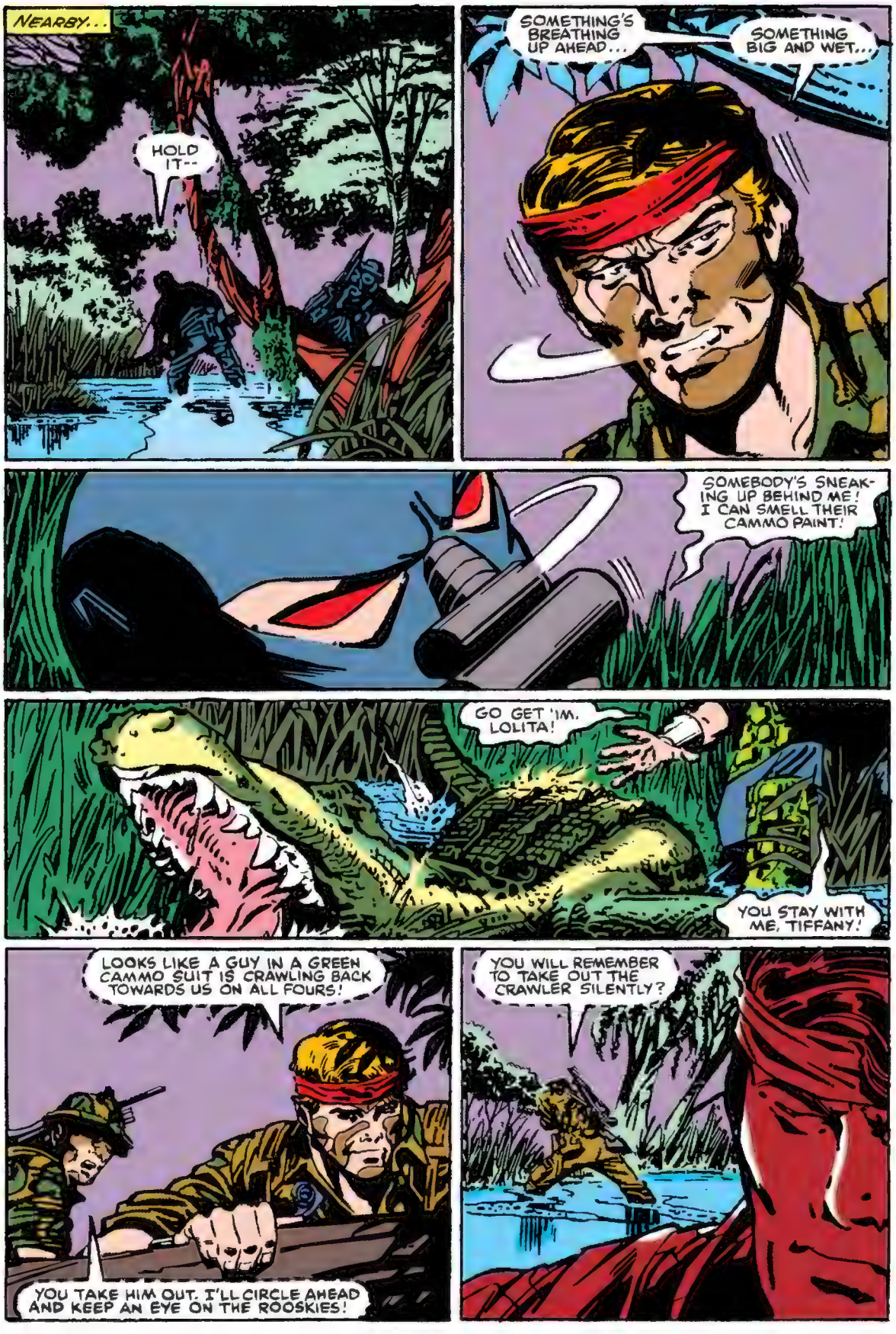

NOT FAR AWAY...
THAT'S WHERE OUR OBJECTIVE IS! IF THESE FIREWORKS KEEP UP, THEY'LL COVER ANY SHOOTING WE MIGHT HAVE TO DO--
SOMETHING'S COMING OUT! TAKE COVER!

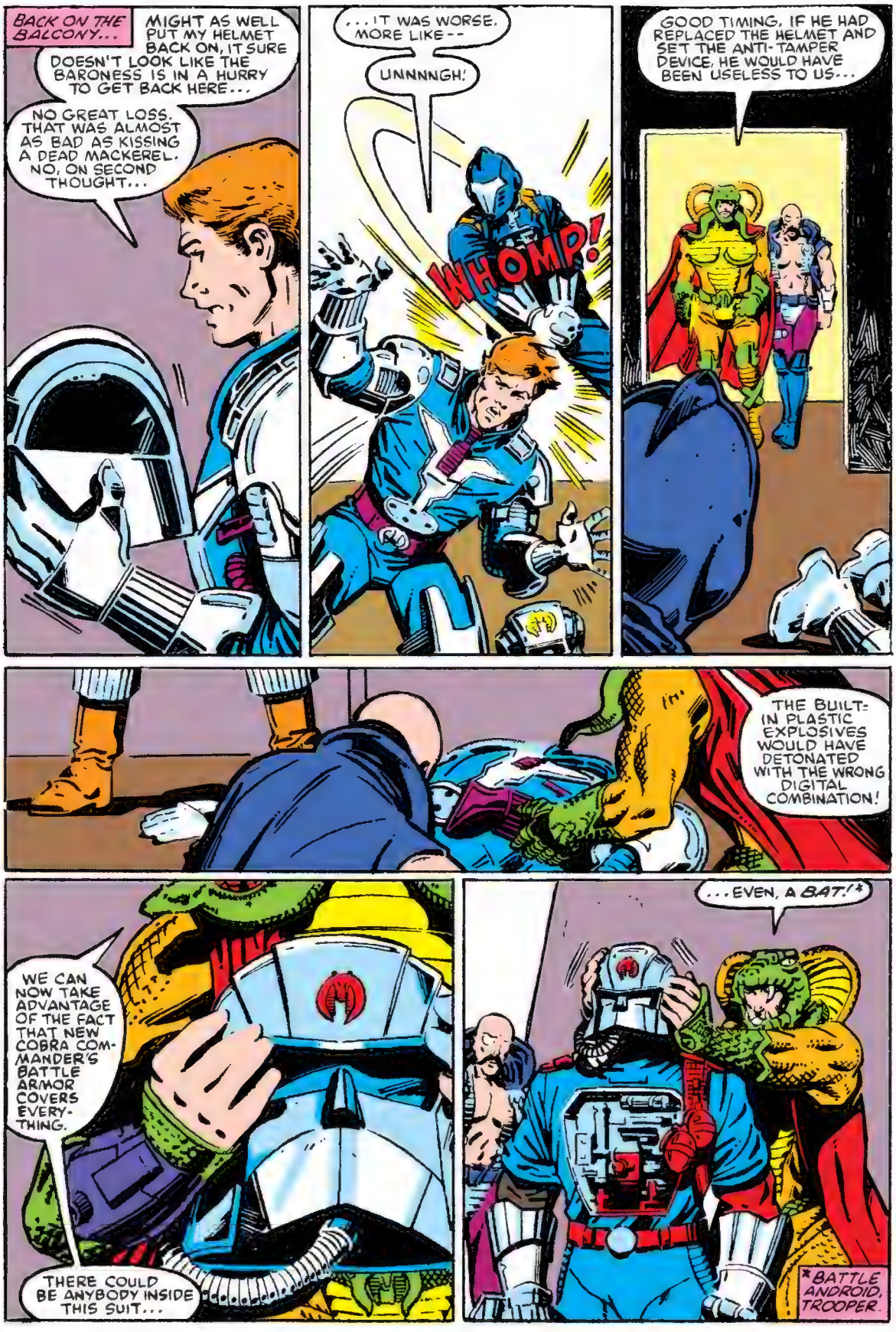

DON'T OPEN FIRE UNTIL YOU HAVE A POSITIVE TARGET IDENTIFICATION! WE HAVE "FRIENDLIES" OUT THERE AND WE HAVEN'T LOCATED THEM YET...
75

FRIENDLIES? IS SHE TALKING ABOUT THOSE ALLIGATORS?
KEEP IT QUIET DAINA! WE'LL MOVE IN AS SOON AS THE ARMOR PASSES US!

THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING TOWARDS US FROM THE REAR...

PATIENCE, MY LITTLE GREEN ONES! SOON, SOON, YOU'LL BE NIBBLING ON THEIR TASTY LITTLE TOESIES!


NEARBY...
HOLD IT--
SOMETHING'S BREATHING UP AHEAD...
SOMETHING BIG AND WET...
SOMEBODY'S SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME! I CAN SMELL THEIR CAMMO PAINT!
GO GET 'IM, LOLITA!
YOU STAY WITH ME, TIFFANY!
LOOKS LIKE A GUY IN A GREEN CAMMO SUIT IS CRAWLING BACK TOWARDS US ON ALL FOURS!
YOU TAKE HIM OUT. I'LL CIRCLE AHEAD AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE ROOSKIES!
YOU WILL REMEMBER TO TAKE OUT THE CRAWLER SILENTLY?


BACK ON THE BALCONY...
MIGHT AS WELL PUT MY HELMET BACK ON, IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE BARONESS IS IN A HURRY TO GET BACK HERE...
NO GREAT LOSS. THAT WAS ALMOST AS BAD AS KISSING A DEAD MACKEREL. NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT...
...IT WAS WORSE. MORE LIKE--
UNNNNGH!
WHOMP!
GOOD TIMING. IF HE HAD REPLACED THE HELMET AND SET THE ANTI-TAMPER DEVICE, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN USELESS TO US...
THE BUILT-IN PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES WOULD HAVE DETONATED WITH THE WRONG DIGITAL COMBINATION!
WE CAN NOW TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT NEW COBRA COMMANDER'S BATTLE ARMOR COVERS EVERYTHING.
THERE COULD BE ANYBODY INSIDE THIS SUIT...
...EVEN, A BAT!*
*BATTLE ANDROID, TROOPER.

IN THE SWAMP...
JUST A LITTLE BIT CLOSER--
UH-OH!
GRRROARR!
THIS THING TOOK A KA-BAR AND KEPT ON TICKING!
CHOMP!
...AND THERE GOES THE INGRAM'S SUPPRESSOR! NO MORE SILENT SHOOTING!
GOTTA BRING SOME SMOKE ON YOUR TAIL, BUT IT'S GOTTA BE QUIET!
MAYBE A MIKE-ONE-FOUR THERMITE GRENADE WILL DO IT!
THOOOMF!
YEP! THAT DOOD IT, ALL RIGHT!

ON THE BALCONY...
DID YOU SEE THAT? IT LOOKED LIKE A THERMITE GRENADE WENT OFF IN THE SWAMP!
PROBABLY SWAMP-GAS!
HELP ME GET THIS HELMET LOCKED ON AND RESET WITH OUR OWN CODE SEQUENCE!
THIS WILL BE EASIER IF I SWITCH THIS BAT TO "STANDBY"...
...I CAN ALSO EXPAND HIS REMOTE-CONTROL CAPACITY AND RIG UP A VOICE SYNTHESIZER!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE BARONESS TO RETURN!
SHE WILL BE POSITIVELY MORTIFIED AND--
WHOMP!
THUMP!
EASY WITH THAT ONE, HORROR-SHOW! HE'S THE MAIN PRIZE!
THOCK!

WELL, WELL, WELL...

...SO THAT'S THEIR PLAY!

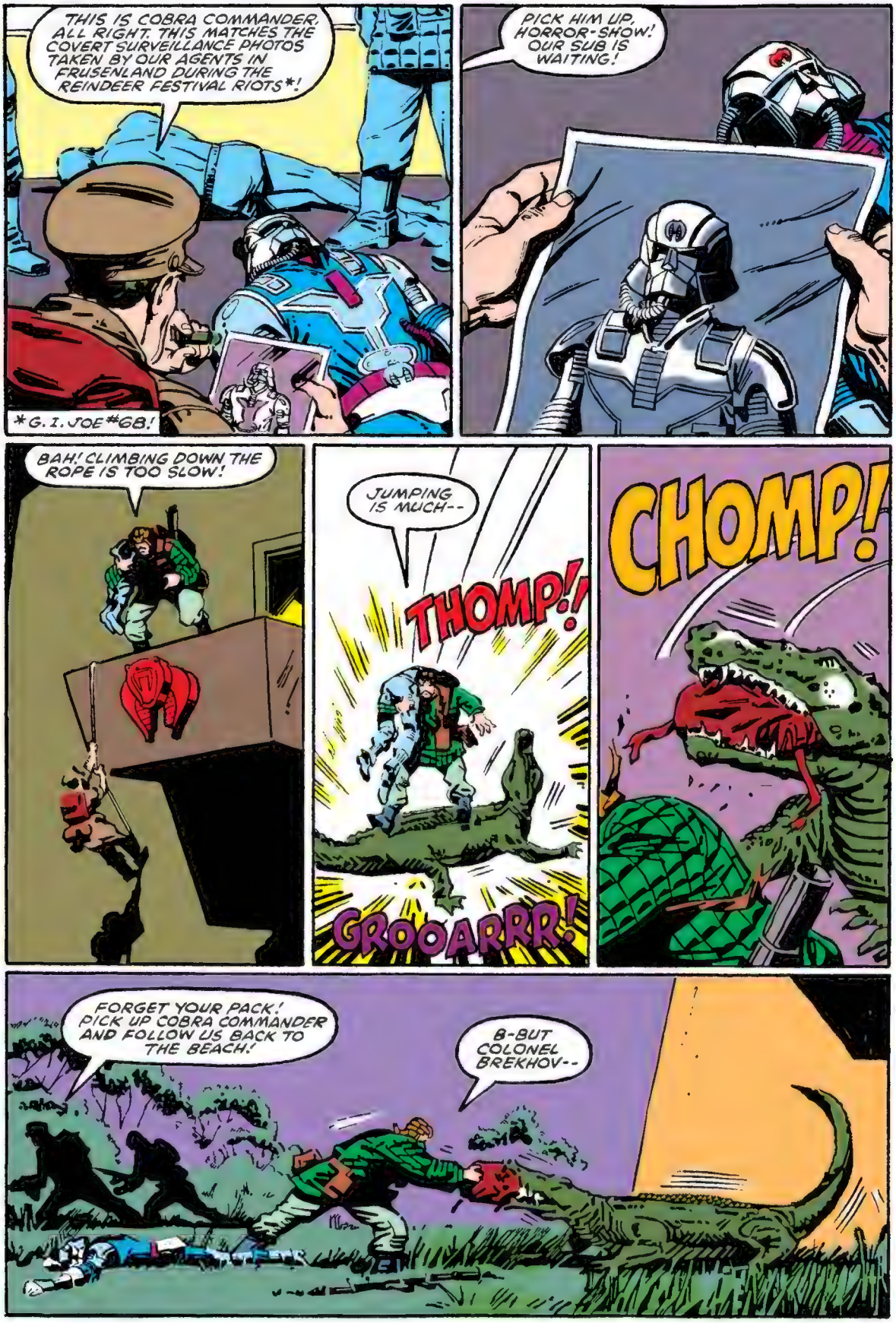
KEEP GOING, MY LITTLE TIFFANY! GO AFTER THE OTHER ONES...

...I TAKE CARE OF THIS ONE, MYSELF!

REALLY, WET-SUIT! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SMELL THIS ONE SNEAKING UP BEHIND YOU!
HE SMELLS AS BAD AS THE GATOR HE LET LOOSE ON ME!
BONK!

I WAS PREOCCUPIED WITH WATCHING THE OKTOBER GUARD, TORPEDO. LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAN ON SNATCHING COBRA COMMANDER HIMSELF!
GOOD! WE'LL JUST LET THEM GO AHEAD WITH ALL THE HARD STUFF...

...AND THEN, WE'LL STEAL HIM AWAY FROM THEM!


THIS IS COBRA COMMANDER. ALL RIGHT. THIS MATCHES THE COVERT SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS TAKEN BY OUR AGENTS IN FRUSENLAND DURING THE REINDEER FESTIVAL RIOTS*!
*G.I. JOE #68!
PICK HIM UP, HORROR-SHOW! OUR SUB IS WAITING!
BAH! CLIMBING DOWN THE ROPE IS TOO SLOW!
JUMPING IS MUCH--
THOMP!!
GROOARRR!
CHOMP!
FORGET YOUR PACK! PICK UP COBRA COMMANDER AND FOLLOW US BACK TO THE BEACH!
B-BUT COLONEL BREKHOV--

-- WE MAY NEED THE CONTENTS OF THIS PACK TO --
RRRIIIP!

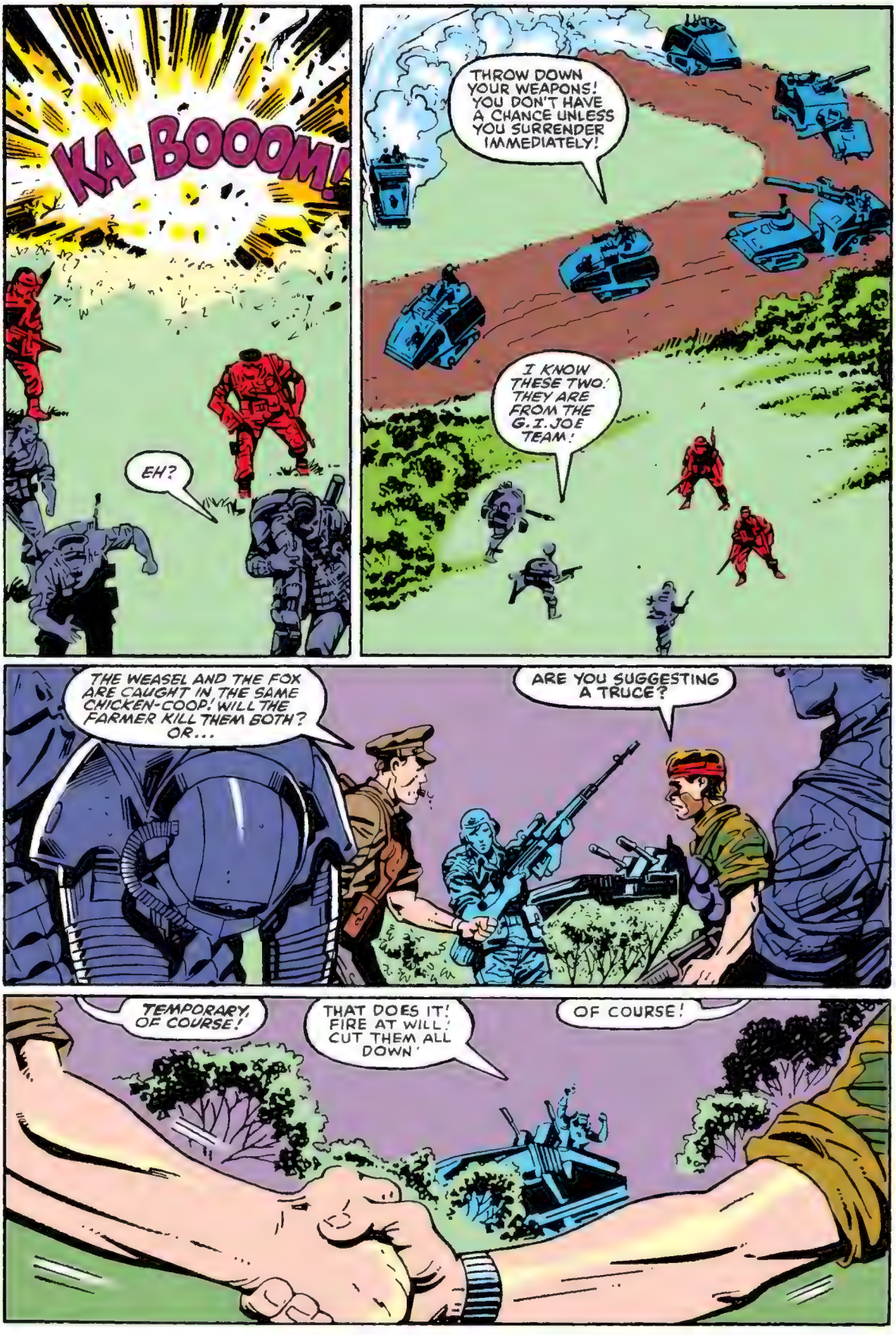
JUMPING BERIA!
THE DETONATOR PIN CAME LOOSE!

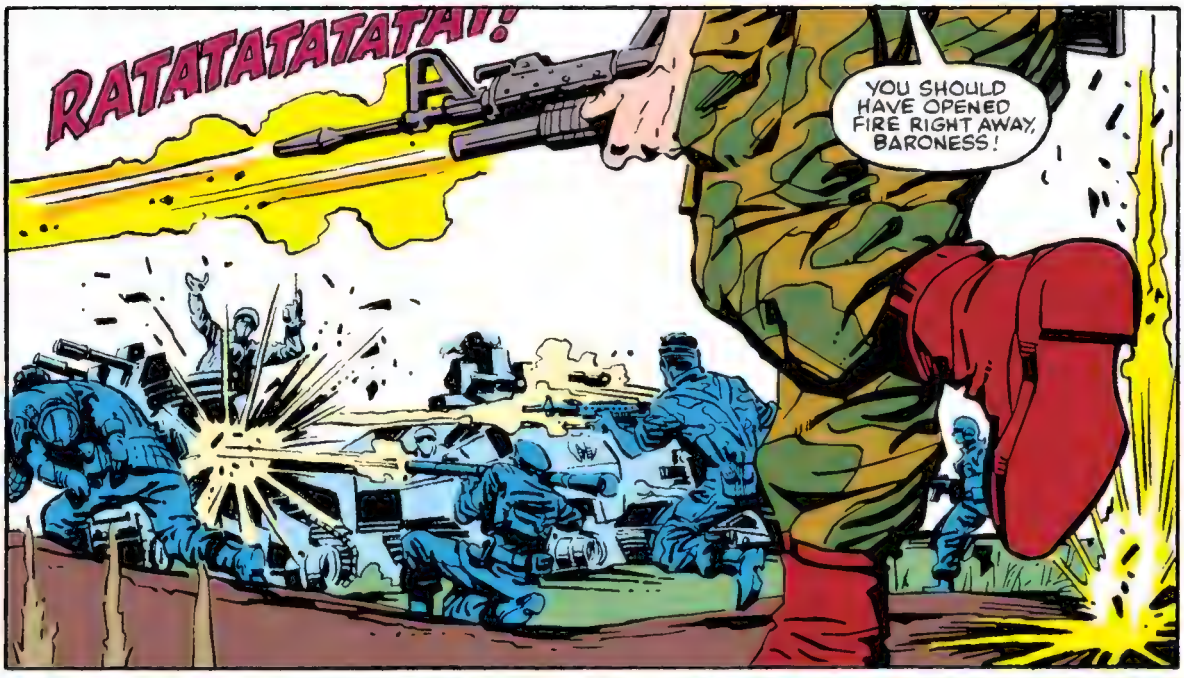
DID HE JUST SAY "DETONATOR PIN" IN RUSSIAN?
YES! THAT PACK MUST BE FULL OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES! RUN!

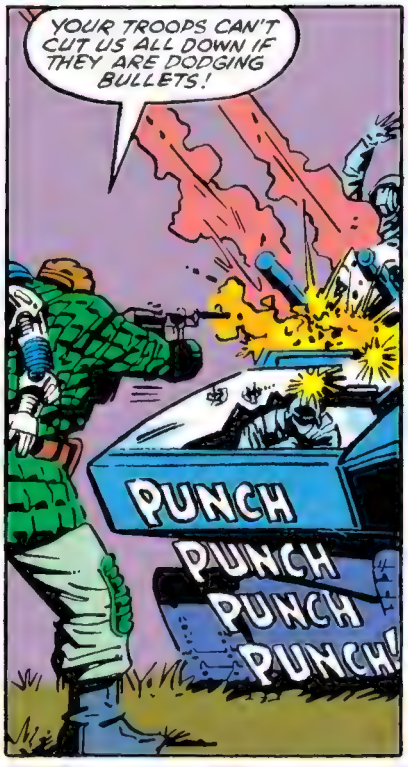
HORROR-SHOW CERTAINLY CAUGHT UP WITH US IN A HURRY!
RUN FASTER!
THAT GATOR IS RIGHT BEHIND US!

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD MOVE THIS FAST!
WHO ARE THOSE TWO GUYS RUNNING IN BACK OF HORROR-SHOW?

THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION! BUT A BETTER QUESTION IS, WHAT ARE THOSE BIG OBJECTS LURKING AT THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP??
KEEP RUNNING! I CAN ALMOST HEAR THAT ALLIGATOR TICKING. JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT CHASED CAP'N HOOK!


KA-BOOOM!
EH?
THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE UNLESS YOU SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!
I KNOW THESE TWO! THEY ARE FROM THE G.I. JOE TEAM!
THE WEASEL AND THE FOX ARE CAUGHT IN THE SAME CHICKEN-COOP! WILL THE FARMER KILL THEM BOTH? OR...
ARE YOU SUGGESTING A TRUCE?
TEMPORARY, OF COURSE!
THAT DOES IT! FIRE AT WILL! CUT THEM ALL DOWN!
OF COURSE!

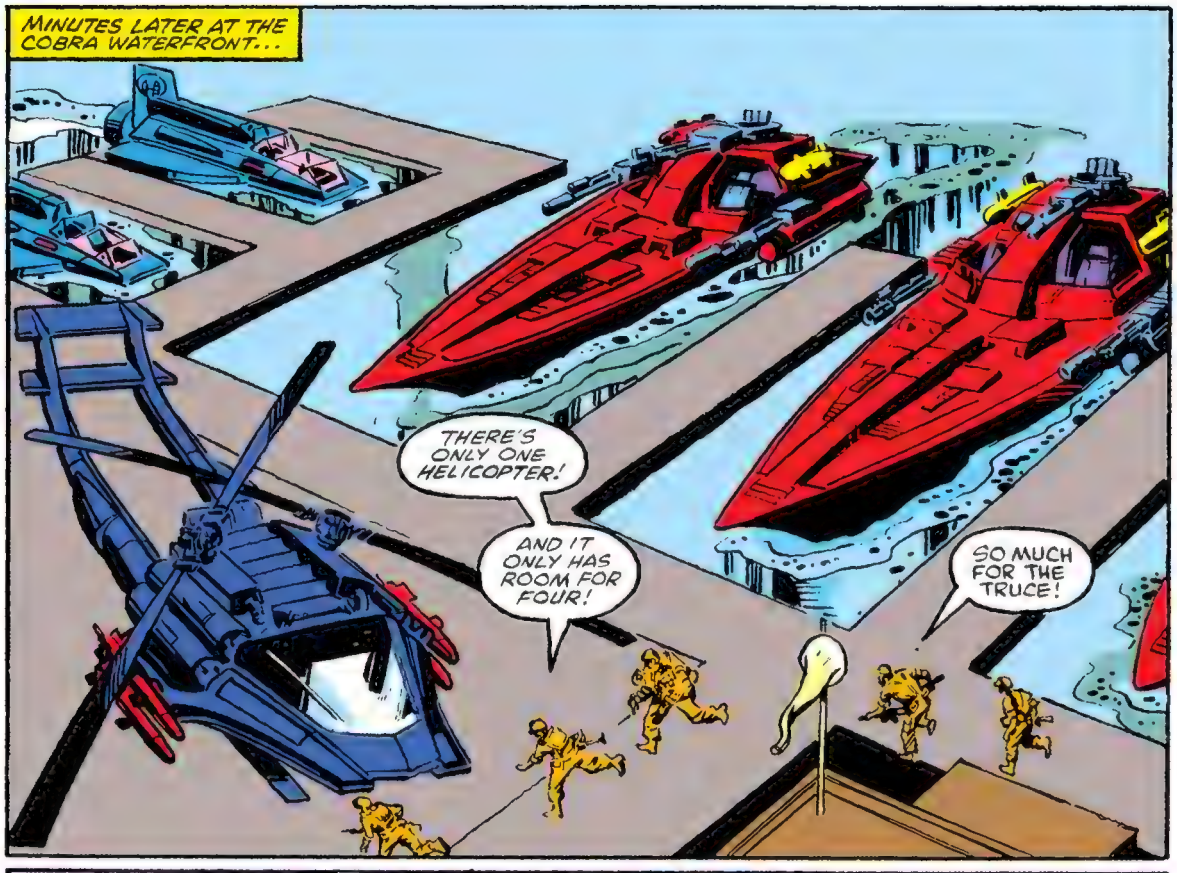

RATATATATATAT!
YOU SHOULD HAVE OPENED FIRE RIGHT AWAY, BARONESS!

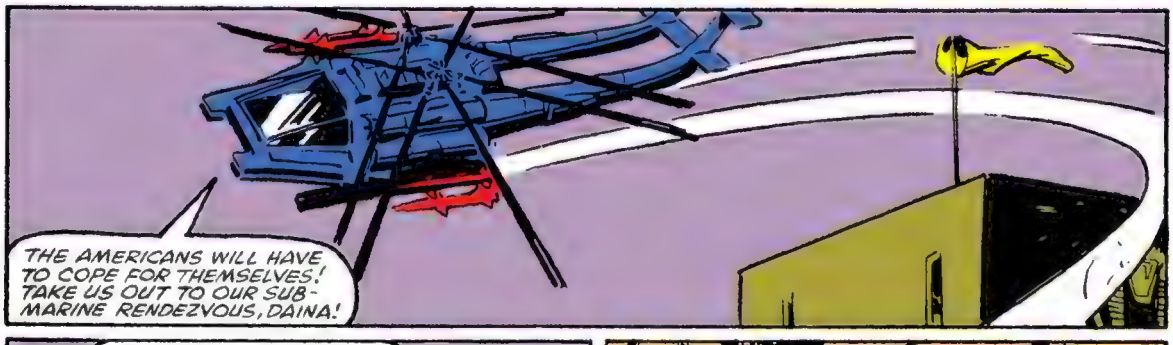

YOUR TROOPS CAN'T CUT US ALL DOWN IF THEY ARE DODGING BULLETS!
PUNCH
PUNCH
PUNCH
PUNCH!

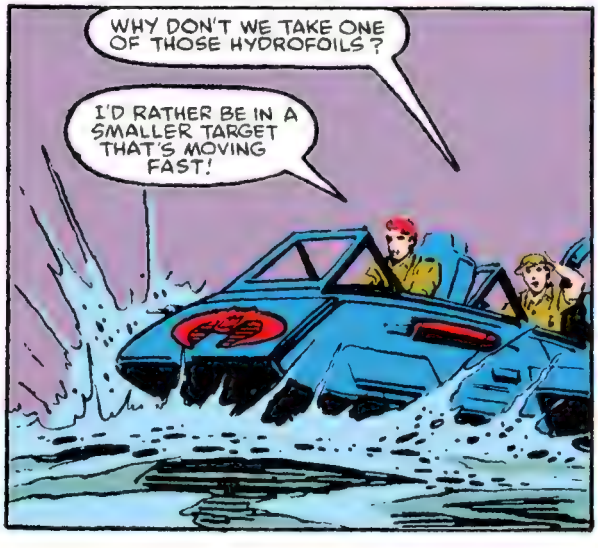
OR DODGING RPG HEAT* ROUNDS!
FOOOSH!
*HIGH EXPLOSIVE ANTI-TANK

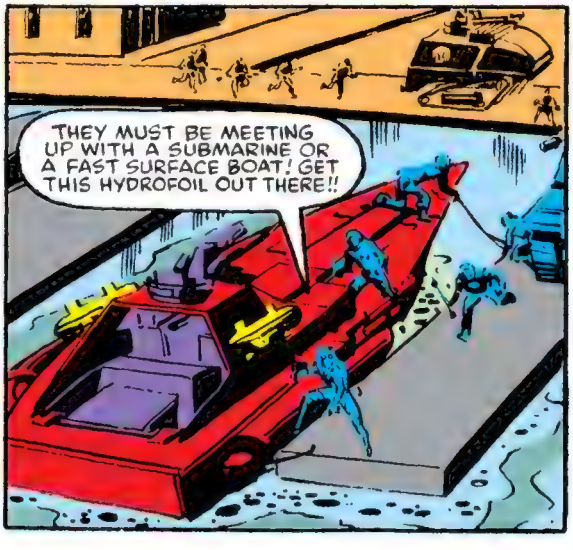
KA-THOOM!

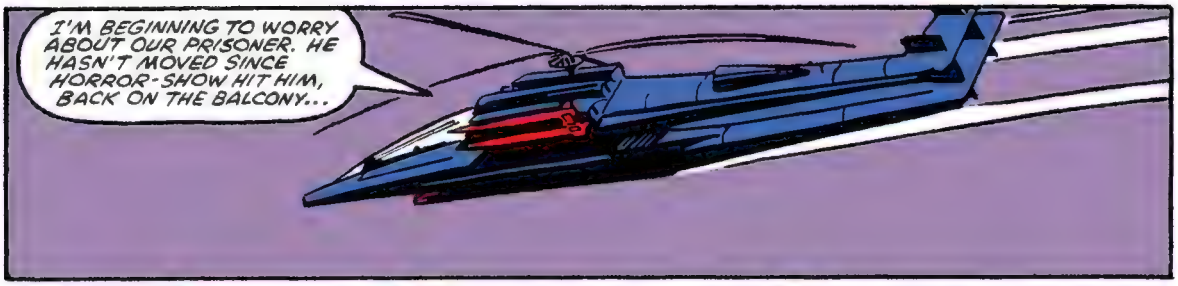
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
THE BIG RUSSIAN IS CARRYING COBRA COMMANDER!
ATTENTION ALL UNITS! THE INTRUDERS HAVE TAKEN COBRA COMMANDER PRISONER! THEY ARE FLEEING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DOCKS!

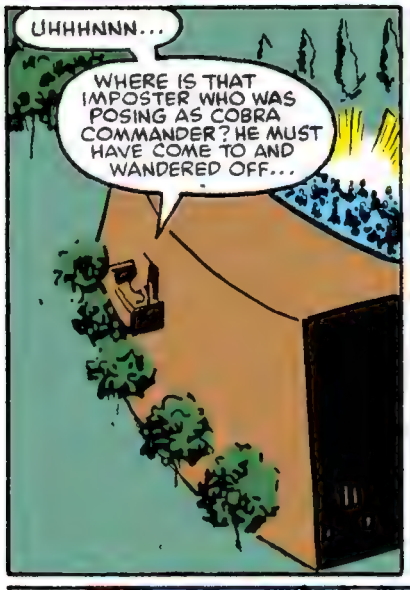

MINUTES LATER AT THE COBRA WATERFRONT...
THERE'S ONLY ONE HELICOPTER!
AND IT ONLY HAS ROOM FOR FOUR!
SO MUCH FOR THE TRUCE!


THE AMERICANS WILL HAVE TO COPE FOR THEMSELVES! TAKE US OUT TO OUR SUB-MARINE RENDEZVOUS, DAINA!


WHY DON'T WE TAKE ONE OF THOSE HYDROFOILS?
I'D RATHER BE IN A SMALLER TARGET THAT'S MOVING FAST!


THEY MUST BE MEETING UP WITH A SUBMARINE OR A FAST SURFACE BOAT! GET THIS HYDROFOIL OUT THERE!!


I'M BEGINNING TO WORRY ABOUT OUR PRISONER. HE HASN'T MOVED SINCE HORROR-SHOW HIT HIM, BACK ON THE BALCONY...

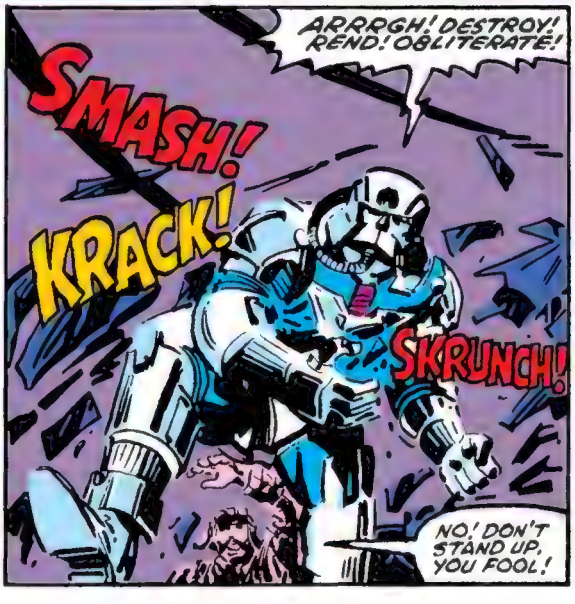

UHHHNNN...
WHERE IS THAT IMPOSTER WHO WAS POSING AS COBRA COMMANDER? HE MUST HAVE COME TO AND WANDERED OFF...

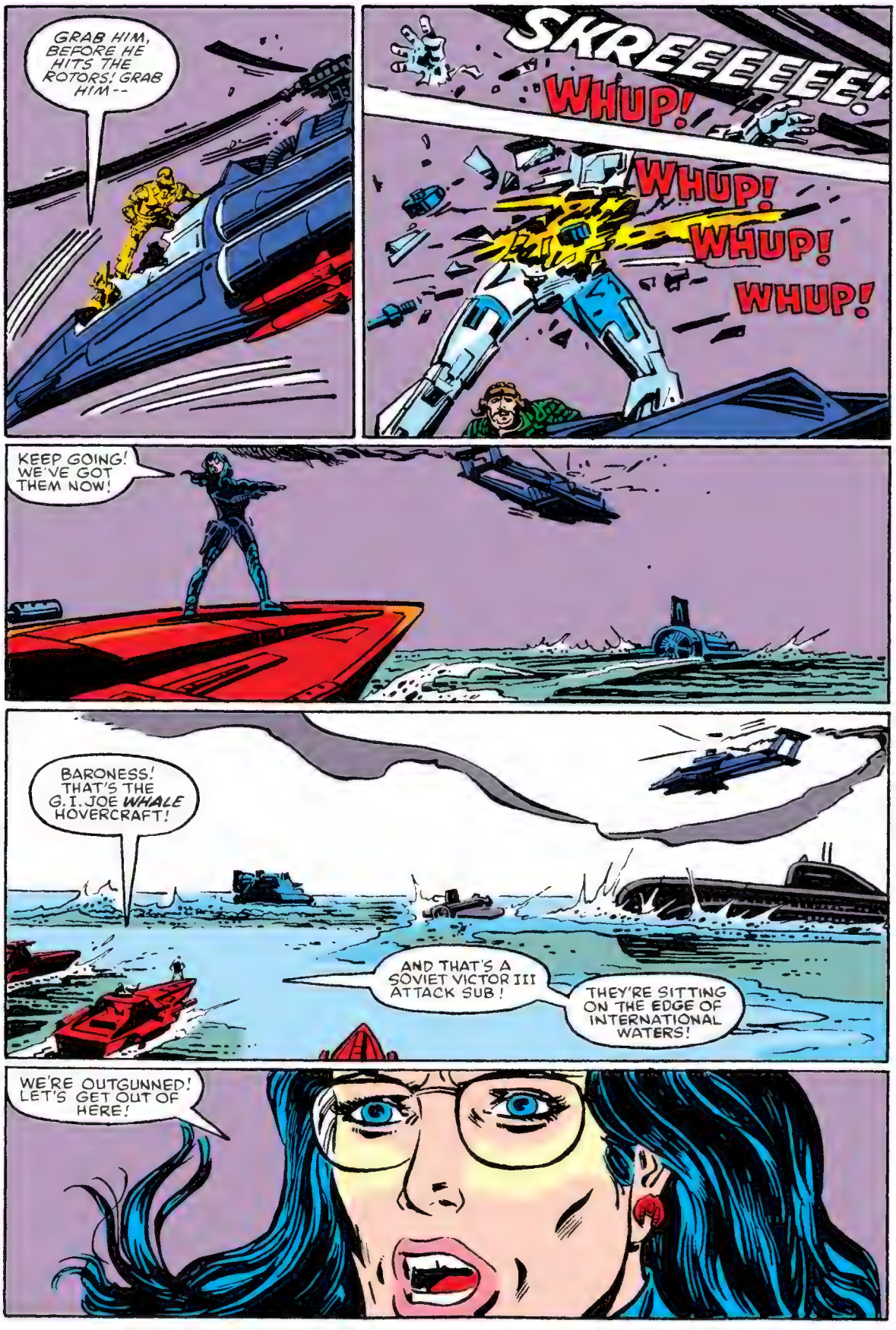
EVERYBODY'S PURSUING THAT MAMBA HELICOPTER! THEY MUST HAVE HIJACKED IT AND--
THEN THEY MUST HAVE THE BAT WITH THEM! THEY THINK HE'S COBRA COMMANDER!

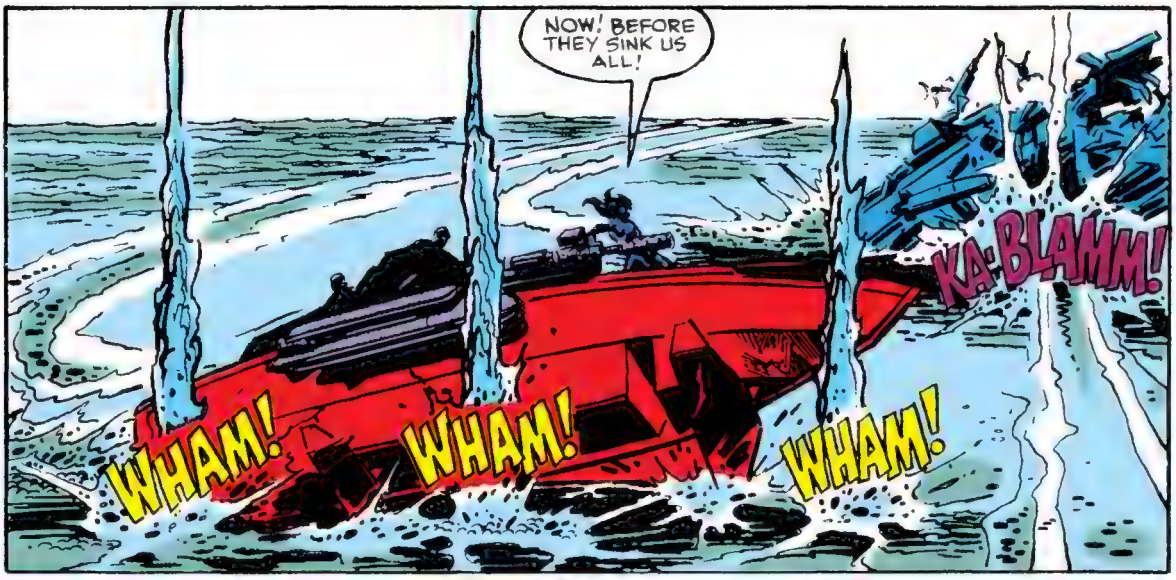
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO REMOTELY REACTIVATE THAT BAT...

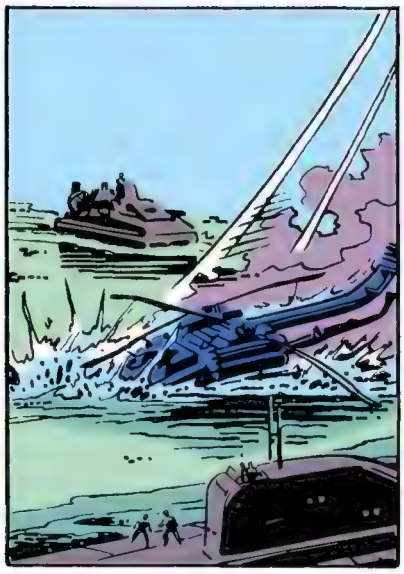
"...IN THE BERSERKER MODE!"
DON'T WORRY, COLONEL! THE PRISONER IS BEGINNING TO MOVE HIS ARM!
HORROR-SHOW, STAND BY TO SUBDUE THE PRISONER, BUT BE GENTLE! WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE HIM ANY MORE!

ARRRRRGH!
CRASH!
DON'T DAMAGE HIM? HE IS TEARING APART THE HELICOPTER!
BONK!


ARRRGH! DESTROY! REND! OBLITERATE!
SMASH!
KRACK!
SKRUNCH!
NO! DON'T STAND UP, YOU FOOL!


GRAB HIM, BEFORE HE HITS THE ROTORS! GRAB HIM--
SKREEEEEE!
WHUP!
WHUP!
WHUP!
WHUP!
KEEP GOING! WE'VE GOT THEM NOW!
BARONESS! THAT'S THE G.I. JOE WHALE HOVERCRAFT!
AND THAT'S A SOVIET VICTOR III ATTACK SUB!
THEY'RE SITTING ON THE EDGE OF INTERNATIONAL WATERS!
WE'RE OUTGUNNED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

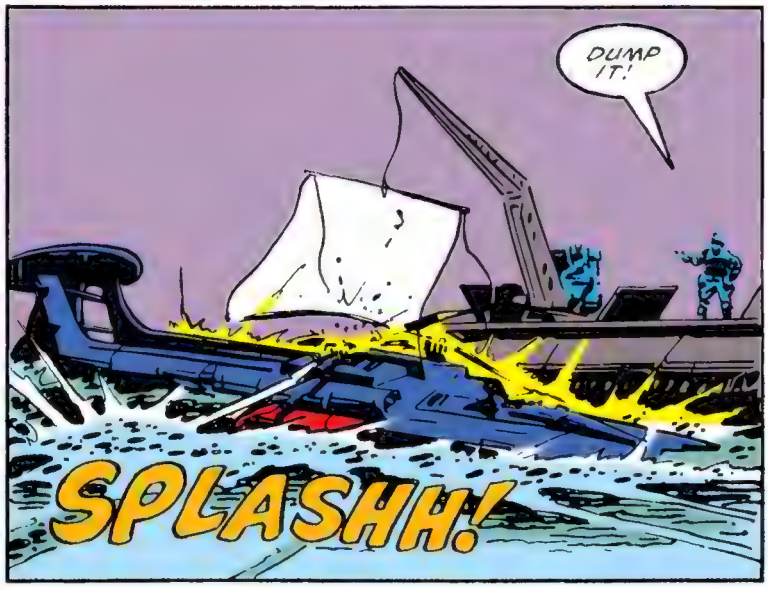

NOW! BEFORE THEY SINK US ALL!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
KA-BLAMM!



MINUTES LATER...
AHOY, THE VICTOR III! YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT COBRA MAMBA BACK HOME ON A SUBMARINE! IT'S USELESS TO YOU...

...WE'VE GOT TWO FISH THAT ARE UNDER THE WEIGHT LIMIT! HOWSABOUT A TRADE?

HRMPH!


DUMP IT!
SPLASHH!

OVER THE SIDE WITH THESE TWO!
SPLOOT!
LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE CAME OUT EVEN ON THIS ONE!
BACK ON COBRA ISLAND...
SERPENTOR! I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS!
COBRA COMMANDER IS DEAD!
THAT'S TOO BAD! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CONTINUE ON WITHOUT HIM AND--
NOT SO FAST, SERPY!
LUCKILY, I HAD A SPARE SET OF BATTLE ARMOR STASHED BACKSTAGE!
UHHH! COBRA COMMANDER! I'M SO G-GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVED YOUR ORDEAL!
THANKS!
YOUR LITTLE RUSE OF SUBSTITUTING A BAT FOR THE REAL COBRA COMMANDER HAS SAVED THE DAY! I'M SURE THE TROOPS WILL BE TOUCHED BY YOUR LOYALTY!
I'M SURE THEY WILL!
THE END

AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES...

The battle between Joe and Cobra raged more fiercely than ever this year; at home, in Europe, Central America, and even outer space! One side would gain the advantage, and then the other. And, seemingly, they even joined forces at times.

But Cobra wasn't the only adversary the Joes had to face. They faced enemies behind the Iron Curtain, and in our own government as well.

What follows is a chronology of their track records, so you can decide who came out ahead...

During the destruction of the old G.I Joe headquarters, "The Pit," it was believed that Cobra Commander and Destro were killed. But soon evidence arises that one of Cobra's top operatives has survived, and Lady Jaye and Flint are both hot on Destro's trail—their objective: to intercept him in Glasgow, and retrieve some very important documents, the plans for the Terror Drome.

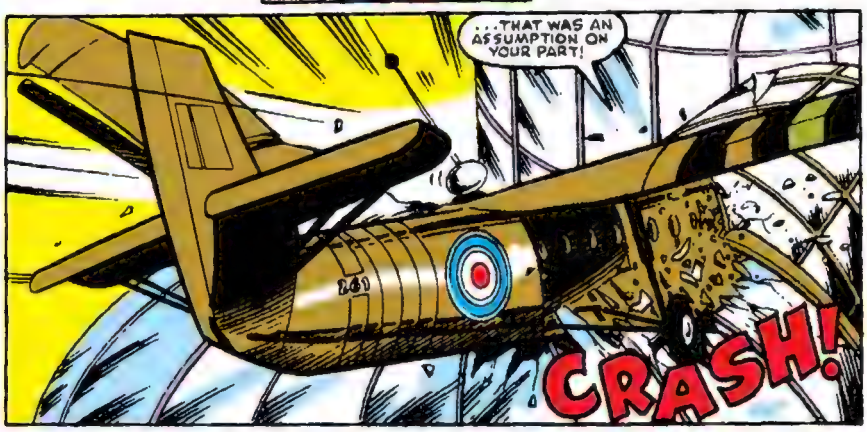
But Destro's Scottish homecoming is less than pleasant. In fact, it's downright bothersome—especially when he meets a man who has taken his place, claiming to be the real Destro!

Flint and Lady Jaye know that in order to get the Terror Drome plans, the real Destro is needed. But he's in prison, so the two realize they have to help their old adversary. So the breakout begins...

And now for the escape...

To thank them, Destro makes a pact with the enemy. (It doesn't hurt that in the process the Joes will rid Destro of his doppelganger.)

Flint and an ally in the RAF break through the gates of Castle Destro, but only to create a diversion for the real breakthrough—by air. Their attack comes to a crashing climax.

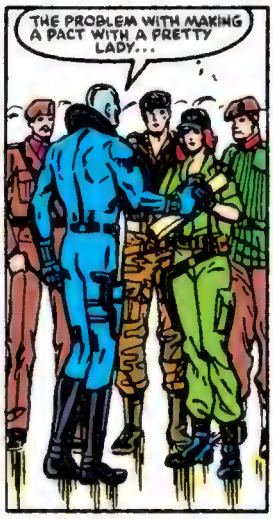


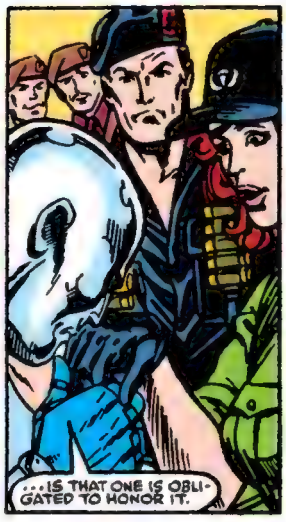
Once inside the castle, it's a race to get to the plans.

But the second Destro is determined to stop the original and his G.I. Joe allies. So which one succeeds? Even Destro's own troops don't seem to know.

But we soon find out.

Maybe, Destro, and maybe not . . . but your castle and fortune are yours again.





But will our bad guy keep his word, and give the plans to Flint and Lady Jaye? Well, honor is a strong motivator, especially where Lady Jaye is concerned.

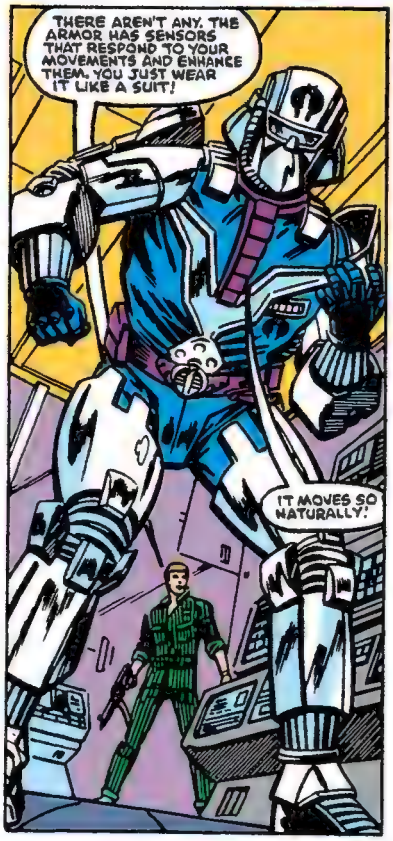
After Flint and Lady Jaye's Scottish adventure, Mainframe and Dusty get a taste of battle in the Middle East.

In return for aid to their allies, the Joes receive a little assistance...

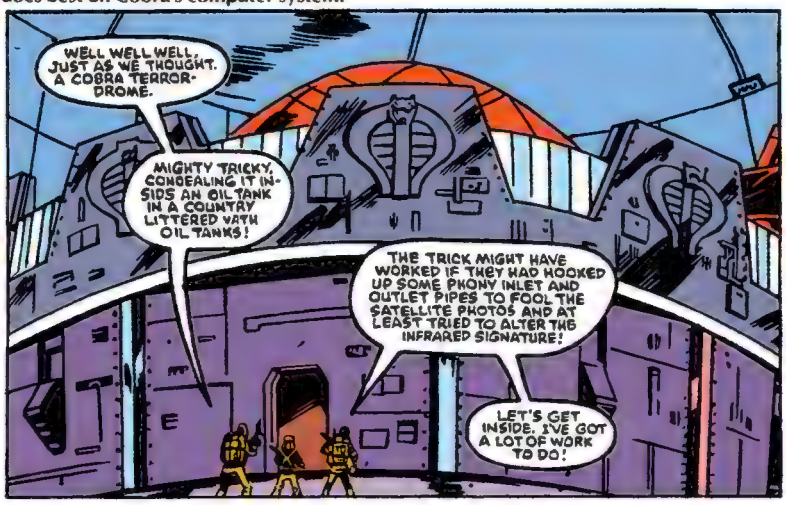
But Rashid, the appointed guide, doesn't think too highly of Mainframe. Dusty is more his ideal!

Meanwhile, in Denver, for the first time since the Pit blew up, Cobra Commander comes out of hiding . . . to request the aid of Fred VII, one of Cobra's secret operatives, in a special cause.

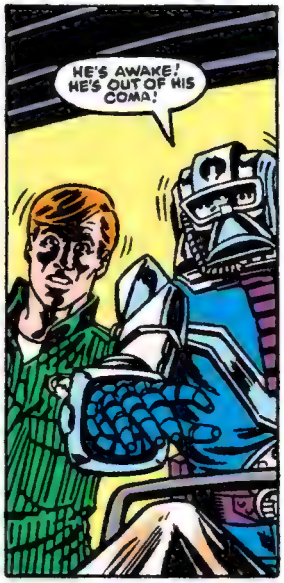
Fred has a few surprises waiting for Cobra Commander, which includes a new suit of battle armor. And Cobra Commander is in power once again.



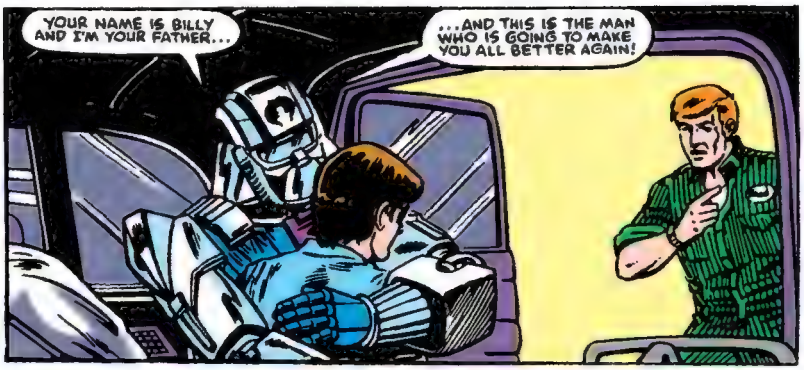
Meanwhile, back in the Middle East, Mainframe and Dusty set about to break into an oil reserve, and find just what they were looking for. Mainframe finally gets to do what he does best on Cobra's computer system.



Back in Denver, Fred VII and Cobra Commander make a startling discovery about Billy...

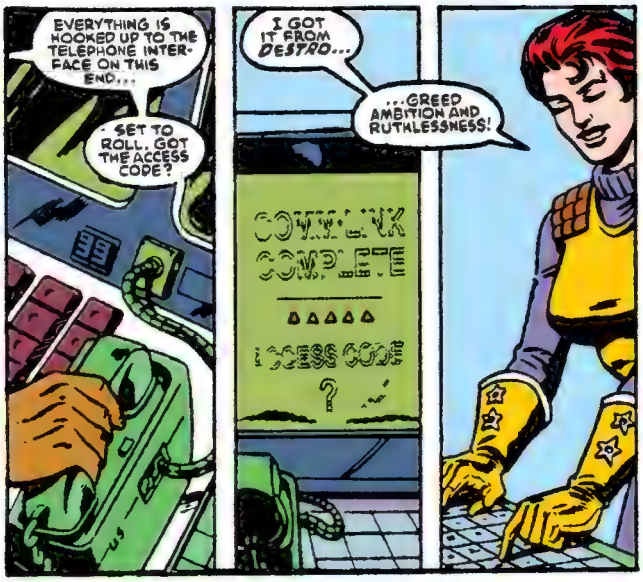


As Billy finally awakens...



Dusty and Rashid wait impatiently for Mainframe to finish his work on the computer, and Mainframe finally gets what he's after...

A computer-to-computer link-up.



Rashid isn't very impressed, of course, but his tantrum is quickly interrupted.

And Mainframe shows his true colors...

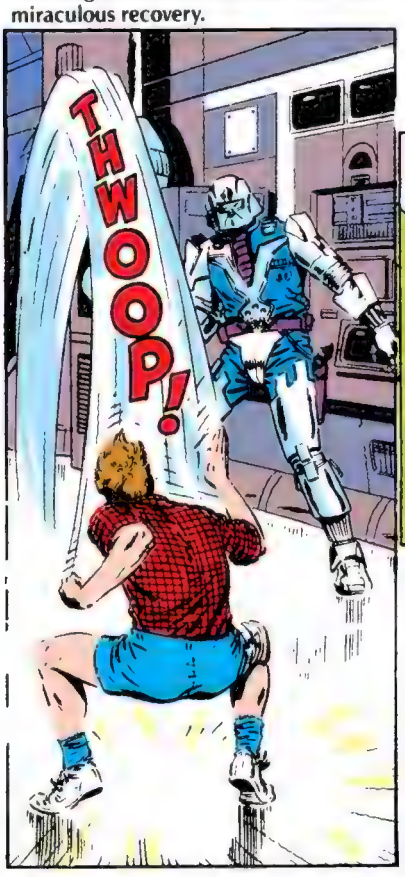
...or does he?

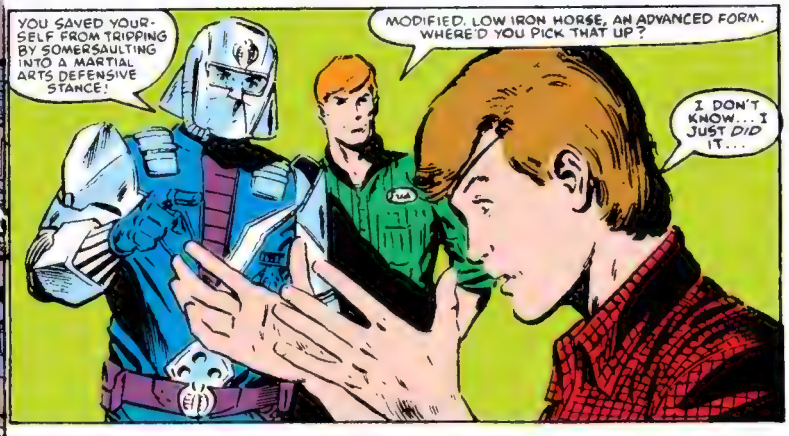
The three then have to fight their way out, Joe style.

And Cobra gets a taste of its own medicine.

The Joes are outta there, with Mainframe in the lead, and Rashid learns that there are many different ways to fight the enemy.

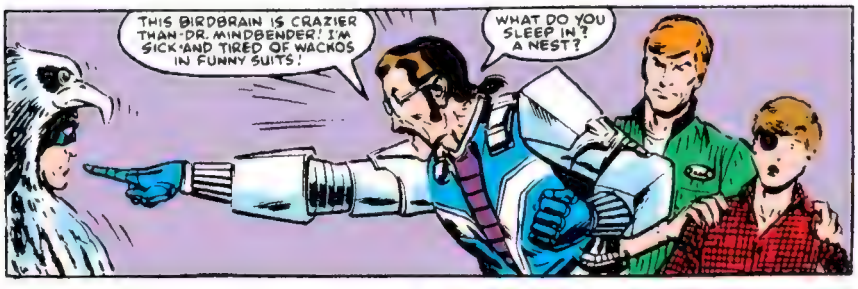
Not long after this, Fred finishes and fits Billy with an android leg. Billy then makes a miraculous recovery.





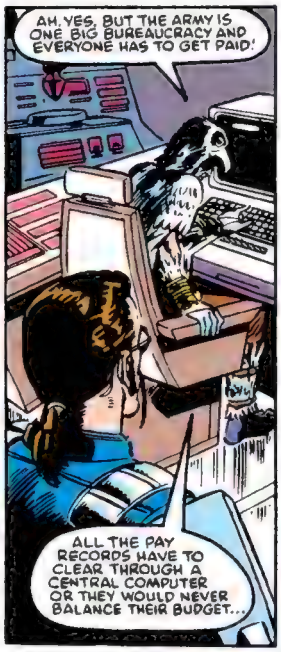
And somewhere in Central Utah, the Joes begin a transport mission, along with a new recruit:

Meanwhile, Cobra Commander gets to meet one of his new recruits—Raptor. And he isn't too impressed with what he sees . . .

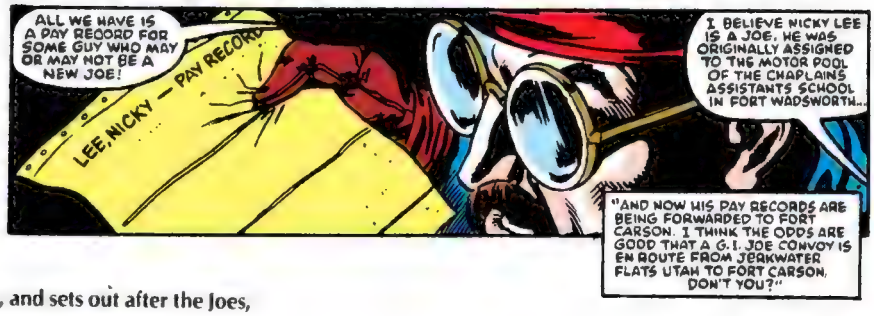


The Joes, meanwhile, are on the road, on their way to Fort Carson in the Rockies.

Cobra Commander, to his surprise, manages to learn a thing or two from Raptor. It seems that eccentric operatives do have their uses after all . . .



. . . which proves most useful in tracking down the Joes.

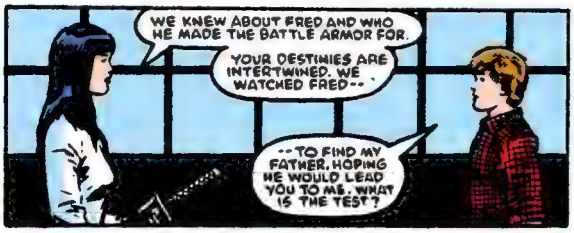


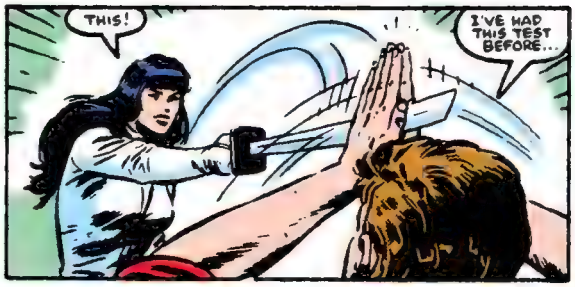
Cobra Commander is impressed, and sets out after the Joes, with Raptor in tow.

Meanwhile, back in Denver, Billy tries to piece together some of his old memories. He remembers an old friend, but still has many questions . . .

. . . and seeks some answers . .

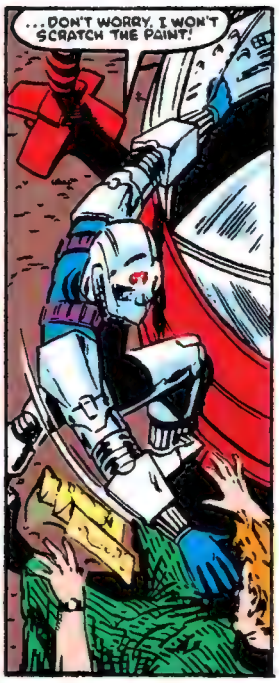
The man called the Blind Master and his friend Jinx seem willing to help . . . but there's more to them than meets the eye!

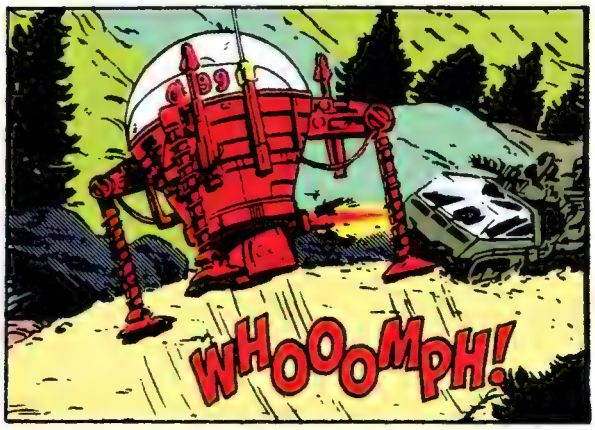




In the meantime, Raptor's pet birds have discovered the G.I. Joe convoy.

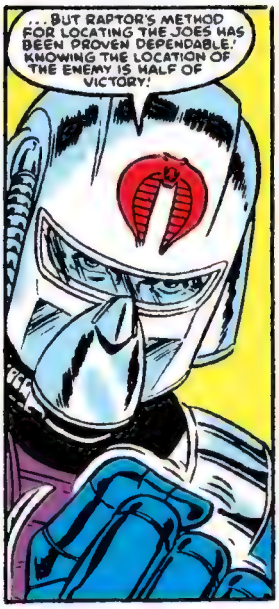
And Cobra Commander realizes his opportunity to go after his enemies—and try out the new Pogo, Fred VII's latest invention.





The Joes retreat to safety in a tunnel, and Cobra Commander follows, not too successfully . . . seems Fred hadn't thought of every contingency.

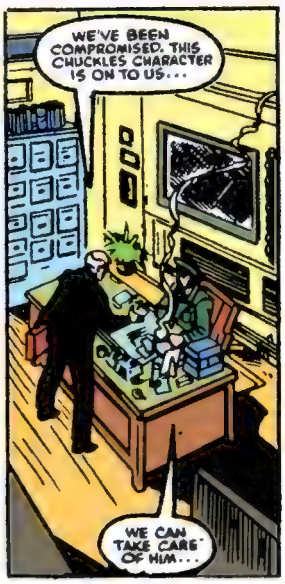
Cobra Commander may have failed this time, but that doesn't deter him in the least. The pogo may have bombed out . . .



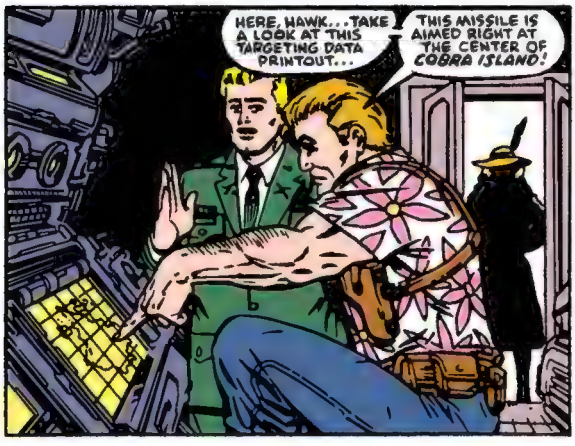
And while Cobra Commander plots anew, is this Hawk, the Joes' commander, being kidnaped at Newark airport?

Hawk's assailants take him along the deserted Jersey shore, to their "hideout." But they don't seem too concerned about letting him know who they are. We find out they're not kidnappers—they're military personnel who were told by Pentagon officials that they were now part of the G.I. Joe team.

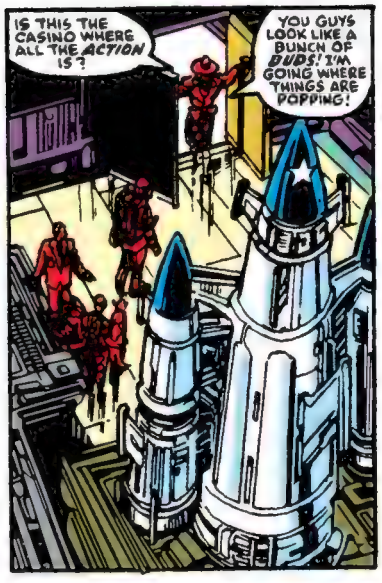
It seems these two gentlemen, military extremists, wanted to use an old forgotten missile for their own foreign policy. Now they realize they've been discovered . . .



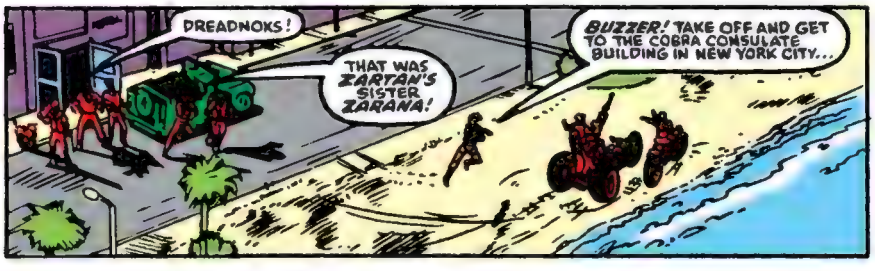
Knowing that Hawk and Chuckles will expose them, the officials begin to move fast, even as Chuckles and Hawk learn the missile's destination . . .



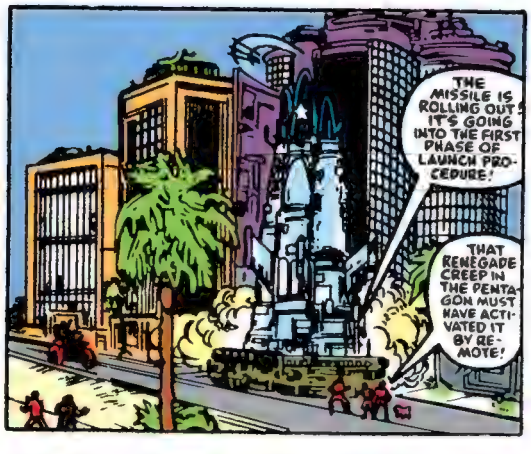
Hawk isn't the only person to find this newsworthy—



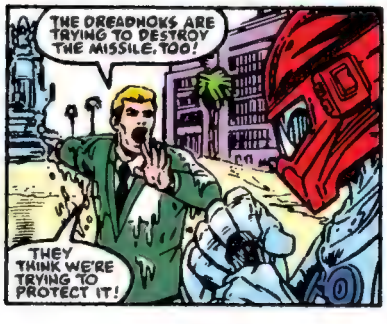
Who is that granny in disguise? None other than Zartan's sister—Zarana! And she's out of there to spread the news—back to Cobra.



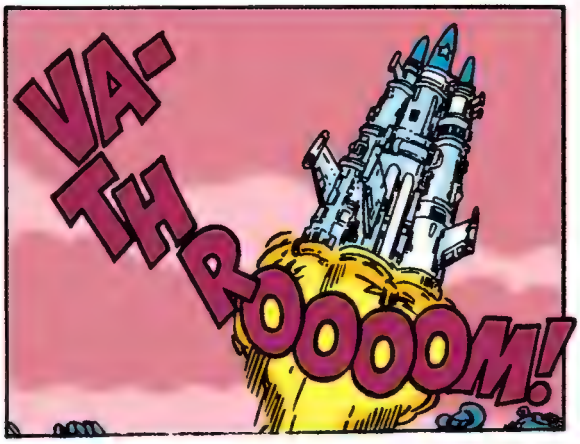
But it might be too late. The button's been pushed—



While the Dreadnoks fight the Joes, Hawk makes a discovery . . .

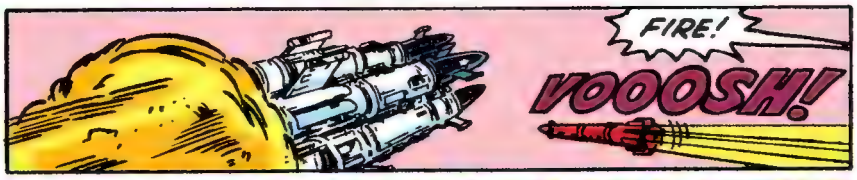


. . . that neither side has any time to do anything about. Blast off!



It looks like the Joes and the U.S. government are about to be drawn into an international incident not of their own making.

. . . but . . .



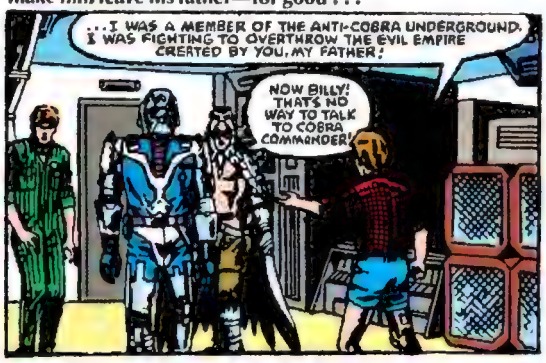
Fortunately, it's Cobra who saves the day—for a change. Seems that Buzzer got to his allies in time.

And Hawk commends the work of his new men.

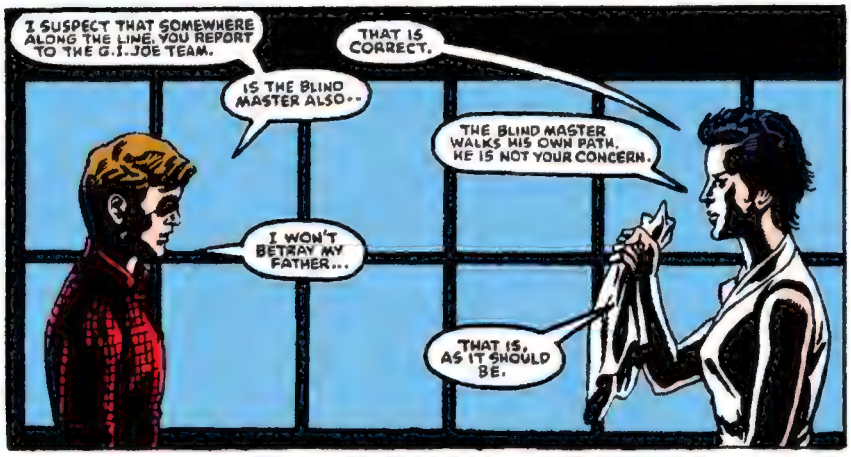
The Joes' next mission takes them to the People's Democratic Republic of Borovia, to rescue an American reporter who's been falsely arrested on an espionage charge. The following report for duty: Stalker, Quick Kick, Outback, and Snow Job. Hawk has one word of warning:

With that chilling final word, the Joes are off.

Meanwhile, in Denver, Billy remembers all. And it's enough to make him leave his father—for good . . .



. . . to seek out more ninja training with Jinx.

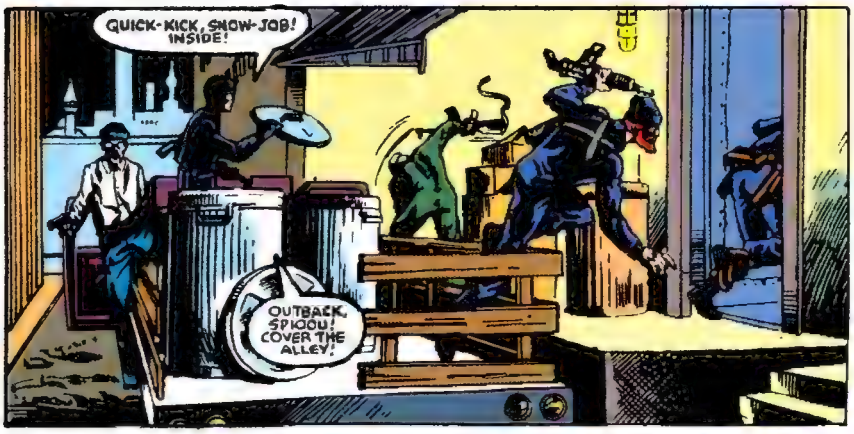


While back home, a distraught Cobra Commander decides to follow in his son's footsteps.

Too bad Fred VII has other ideas.

Cobra Commander is dead. Long live Cobra Commander . . .

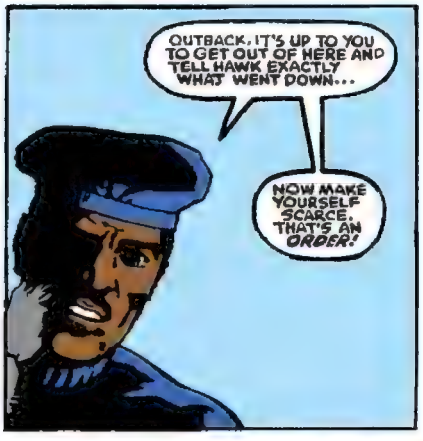
In Borovia, the Joes' mission begins...



Once inside the building, they make an interesting discovery.

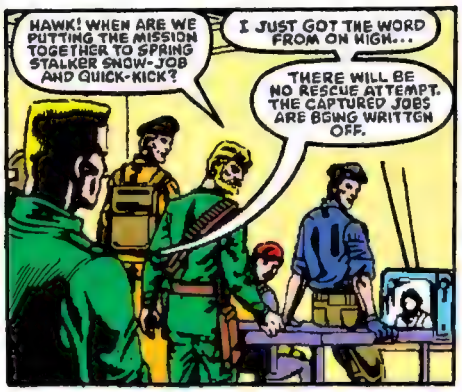
And to top it off, getting out proves very difficult. In fact, it's impossible.

Stalker has to make one of the toughest decisions of his command.



Outback makes it out just in time, down into the sewer, as the other Joes are captured after a terrifying explosion...

The Joes back home are grim when they hear about the arrest of their buddies. And just to prove things can get worse...



... the Joes in Borovia are tried, convicted, and sent to a gulag.

While back in the States, after a harrowing journey, Outback makes it home.

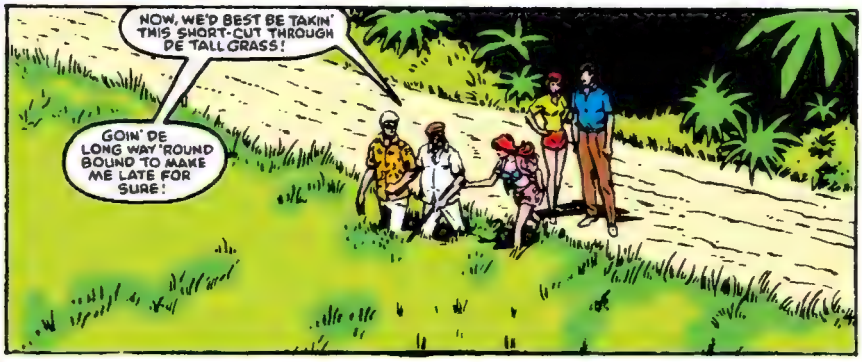
But his buddies aren't too thrilled to see him. Leatherneck, especially.

Meanwhile, Jinx takes Billy to begin training at the Defense Language Center in San Francisco. But language is just a small part of it, as he soon finds out.

At the same time, Fred takes off, to begin his new life.

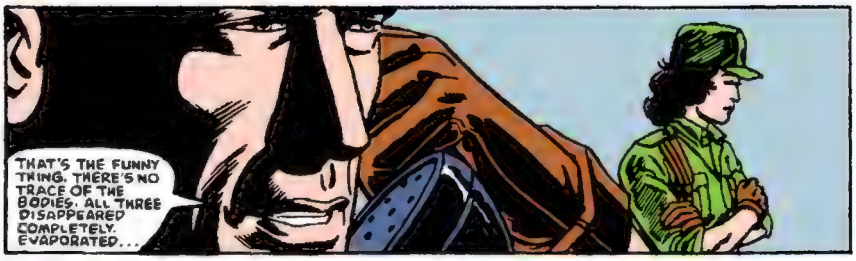
While in Grenada, Snake-Eyes, Scarlett, Flint and Lady Jaye go on leave for some R&R . . . and they meet an interesting old man.

Who is this old blind man? Snake-Eyes and Scarlett are quick to help him out, much to the puzzlement of the other two.



But Flint makes a terrifying discovery . . .

Flint reports back to Hawk of the Joe's newest tragedy.

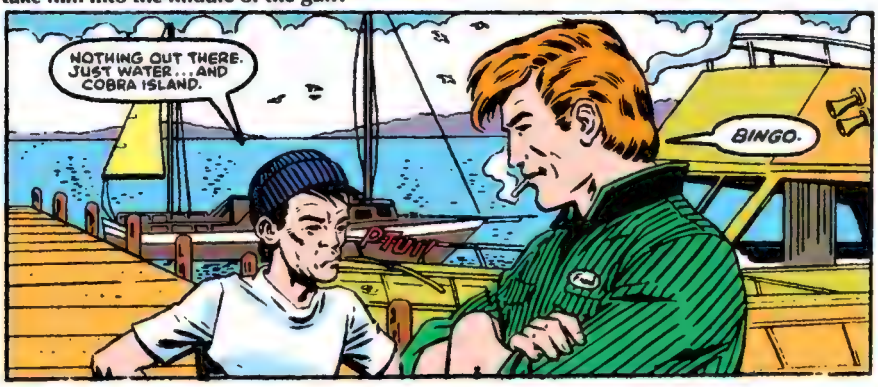


But Storm Shadow can't accept this.

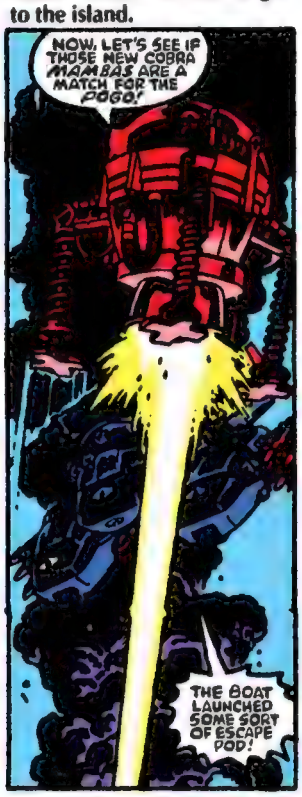
And he sheds some light on the subject.

Storm Shadow seems to know who he is, but he sure isn't telling the Joes.

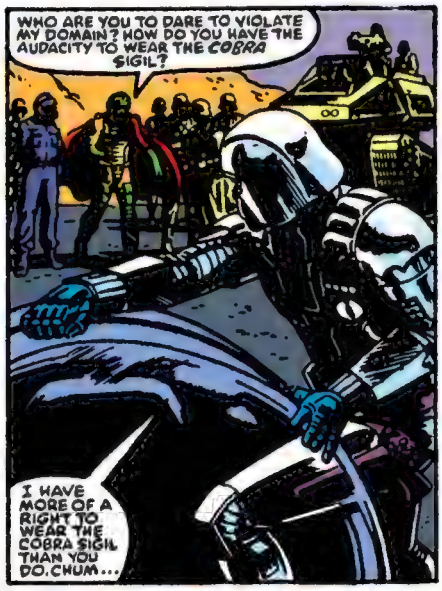
And back to Fred, who has reached the Galveston docks. So, why is he trying to get a boat to take him into the middle of the gulf?



Once he's out into the gulf, though, he has to fight his allies—Cobra—in order to get to the island.



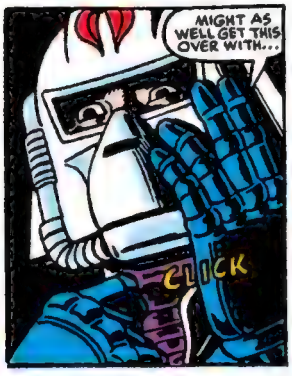
So Fred, disguised as Cobra Commander, manages to land just in time to make Serpentor's life miserable.



And Serpentor is none too pleased.

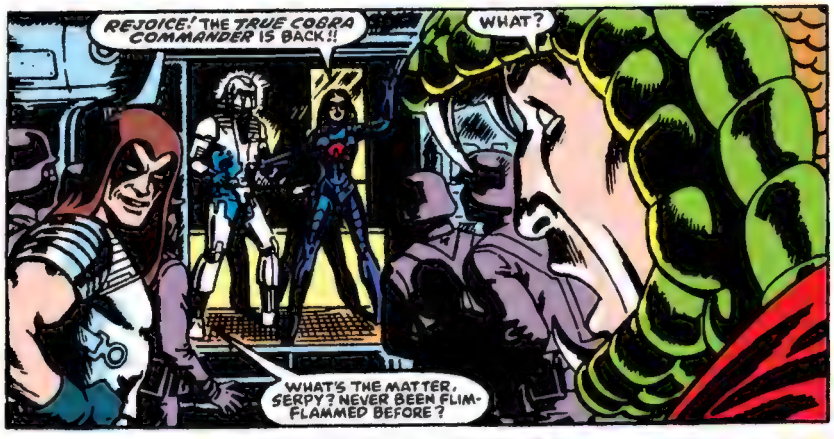
A test seems to be in order.

Fred has reason to sweat under his new mask . . .

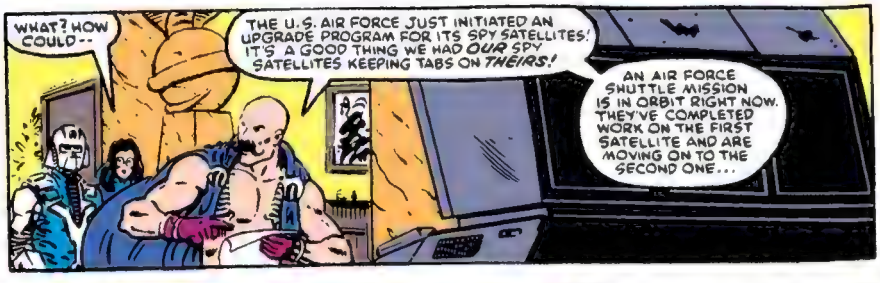


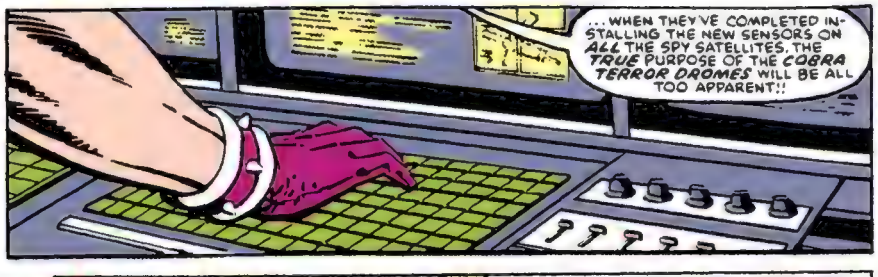
. . . as the Baroness gets an eyeful.

But the Baroness knows an opportunity—and a silent partner—when she sees one.



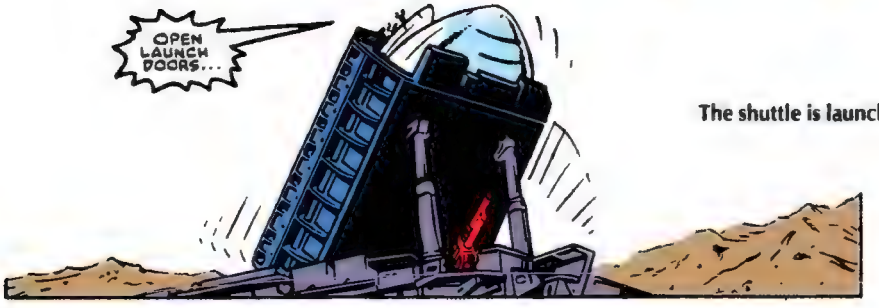
It isn't long before Fred gets a taste of what it means to be "Commander." Dr. Mindbender fills him in on his first "mission"—against the Joes.





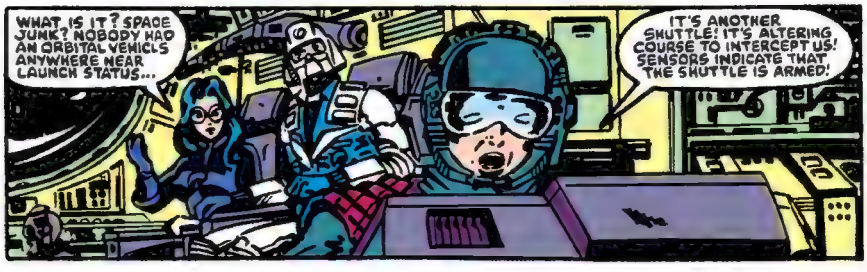
Without realizing it, Cobra Commander and the Baroness accept the mission—to launch into space and intercept the Joes before they learn the truth about the Terror-Dromes! If they don't succeed, at least Serpentor gets rid of two of his closest rivals!

Meanwhile, in the new Pit in Utah, Hawk learns of the Cobra launch towards the U.S. satellite, and arranges his own launch into space, with Payload, the Joe shuttle pilot, and his friend—

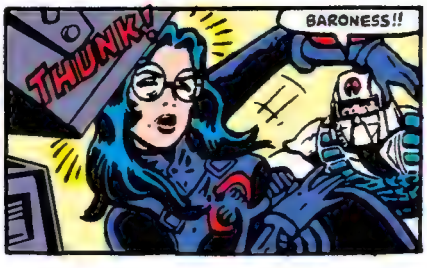


The shuttle is launched—

—and it heads for the Cobra shuttle, the Shark.



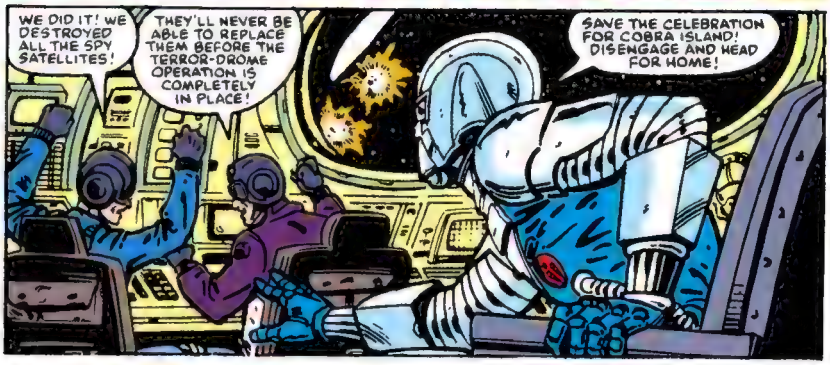
The Baroness takes charge and begins to fire on the U.S. satellite, but the Cobra shuttle receives some fire in return and—



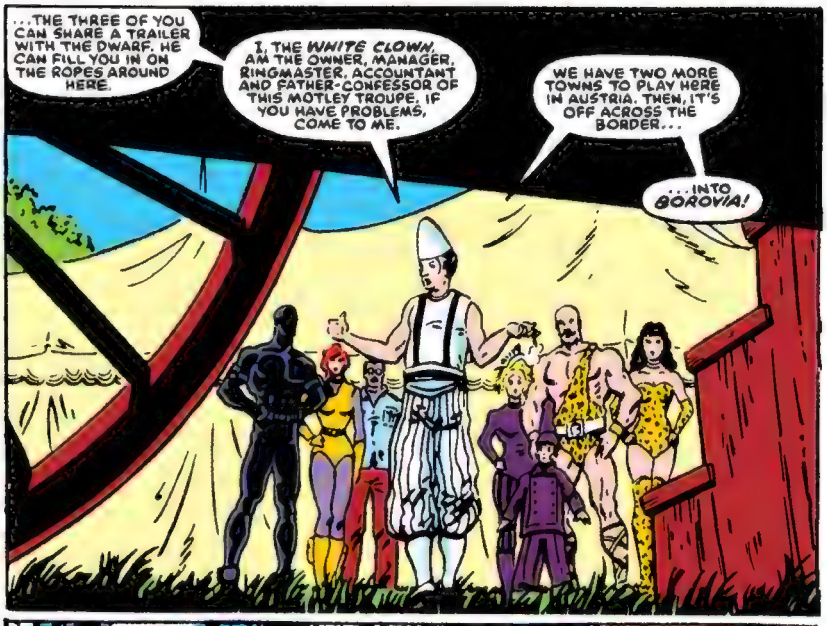
With the Baroness unconscious, a reluctant Cobra Commander takes charge.

And finds confidence in the face of adversity . . .

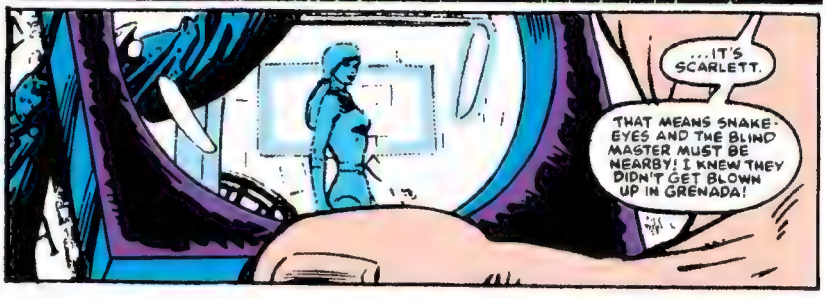
. . . blowing the satellites right out of the sky. Chalk one up for Cobra —and the new Cobra Commander!



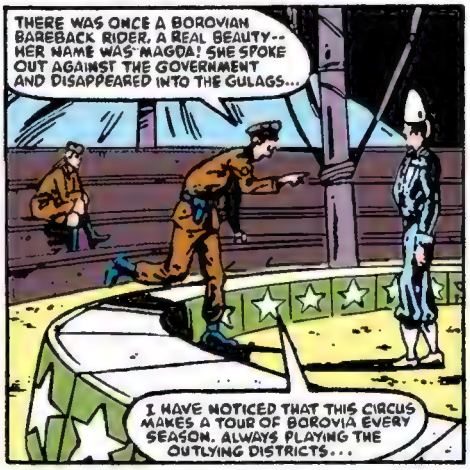
Meanwhile, look who shows up in Europe, with the circus. The presumed-dead Snake-Eyes, Scarlett, and the Blind Master join the troupe with one terrific act, whose next engagemant just happens to be—



Back in San Francisco, Jinx tells Storm Shadow and Billy of some very interesting findings—one a confirmation of the location of the Joes, and the other, a clipping of a Borovian newspaper with a circus ad—

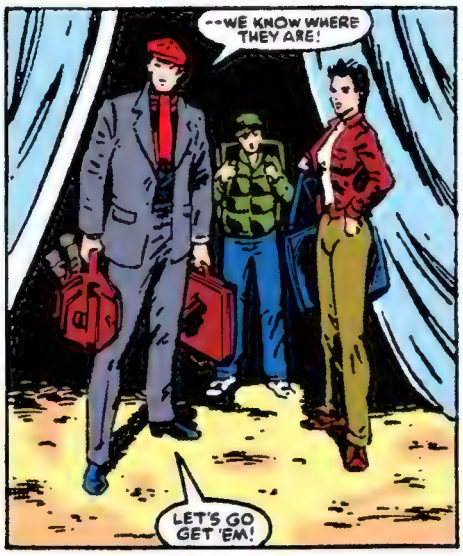


In Borovia, the White Clown gets ridiculed by Sgt. Mosiev, one of the guards of the gulag.



But when Scarlett, Snake-Eyes and the Blind Master try to help, the dwarf shows his loyalty to the White Clown.

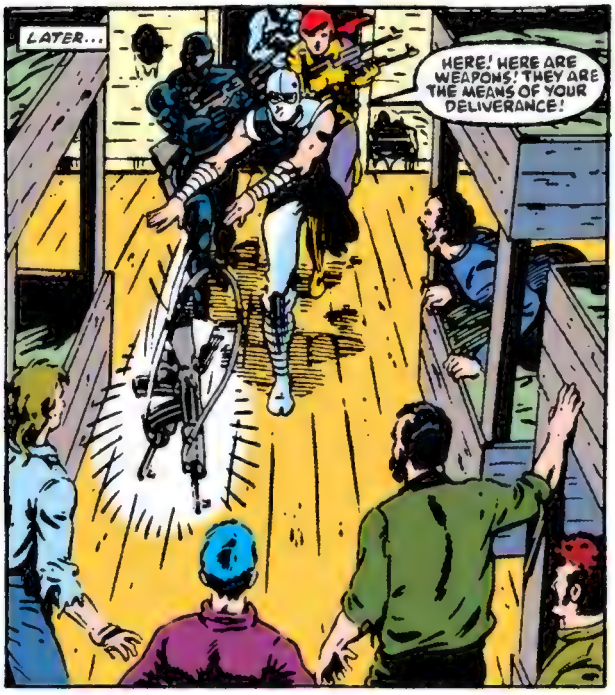
Just when the three think they haven't a friend, or a clue to the prisoners' whereabouts, look who shows up to tell them—Storm Shadow, Jinx, and Billy.



The six ninjas prepare to storm the gulag, but the dwarf spies on their preparations and...

Later that night, just inside the gulag gate—

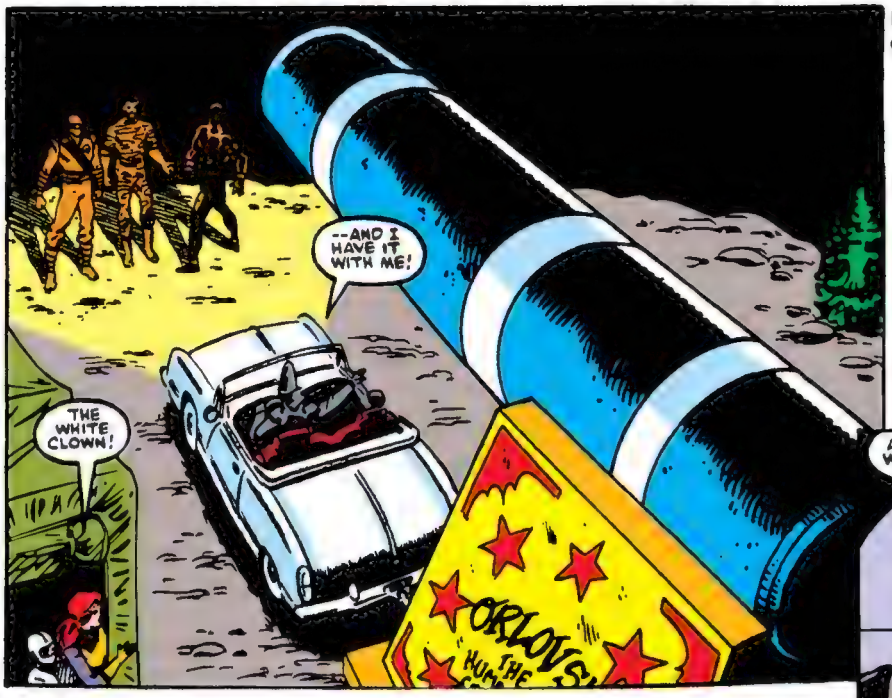
The ninjas work swiftly, taking out guard after guard, until they find what they seek.

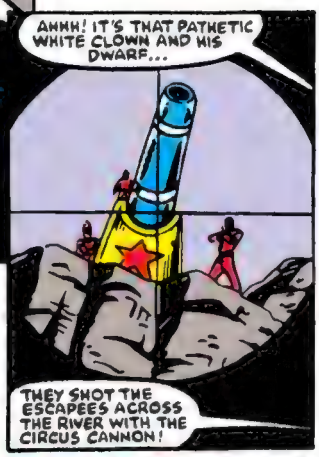


Maybe Stalker didn't give up hope after all.

The Joes all make it to the river, but find that Borovian reinforcements have come to bar the way.

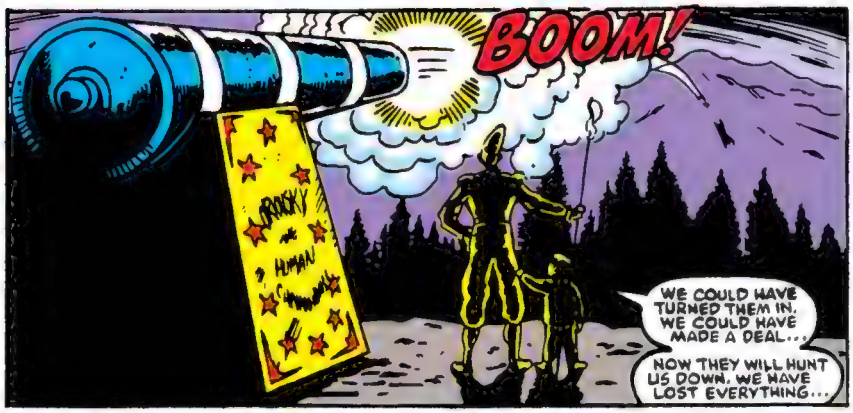
Has the White Clown had a change of heart?





Somehow the Joes have managed to cross the river, despite the soldier s' watchful eyes,—to safety, and freedom.

And now we see how.



The White Clown compromised his safety for the Joes. But why?

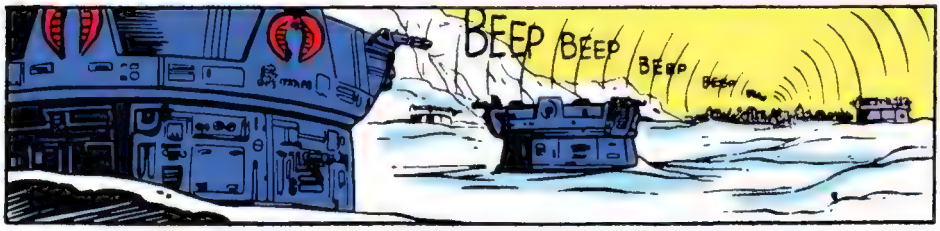
The Joes are home at last, and *everybody's* happy to see them.

Everybody except Outback, that is.

But the three ex-prisoners quickly put his mind at ease.

Meanwhile, in the country of Frusenland, Dr. Mindbender tries to sell a package deal of Terror Dromes to the country's Prime Minister Volff.

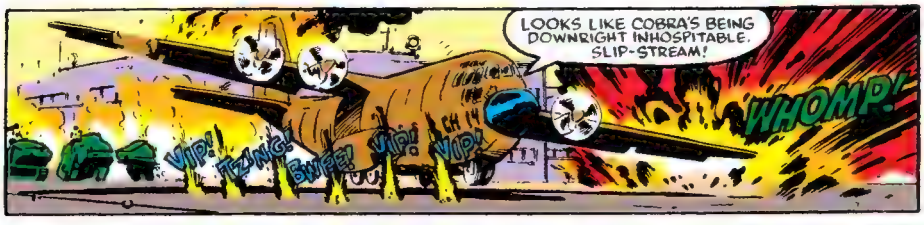
The Prime Minister's reaction leaves Cobra no choice but to activate the Terror Dromes all over Frusenland, and we learn of their *true* purpose.



They have a very funny effect on the citizens of that particular country.

The ultra-low frequencies transmitted by the Terror Dromes drive the population to riot, and as his country destroys itself, Volff realizes he has no choice . . .

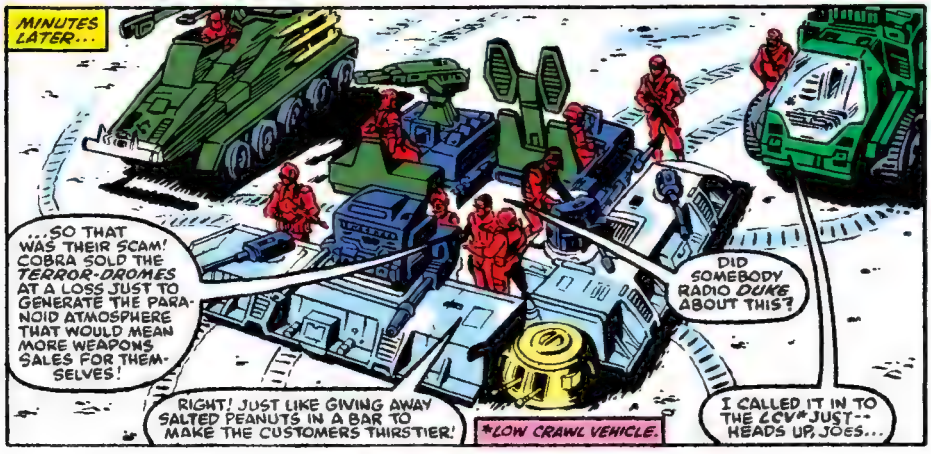
But the Joes *do* have a choice, and Hawk sends them in — on a mission to protect their interests in Frusenland. While trying to pull out, they meet with some resistance, however.



While the Baroness leads Cobra on a mission to blow up all the Joe's transport vehicles, Volff realizes what this Cobra show of fire is really about

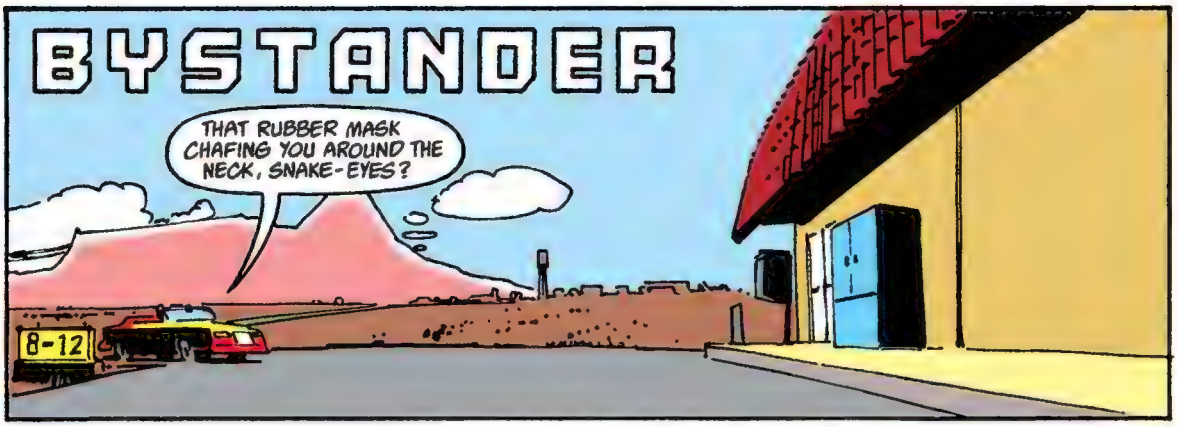
Meanwhile, as the Baroness comes down hard on the Joes, some *new* members of the G.I. Joe team come to the rescue — namely, Battle Force 2000.

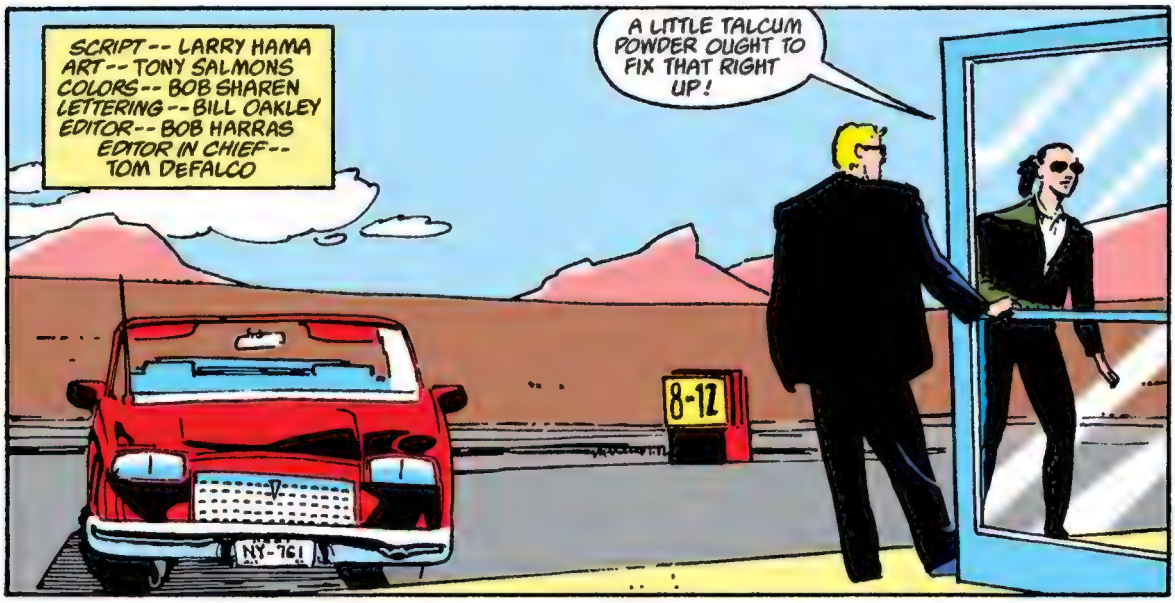
And in undoing the Terror Dromes, the Battle Force 2000 team explains that Cobra's plans have been uncovered . . .

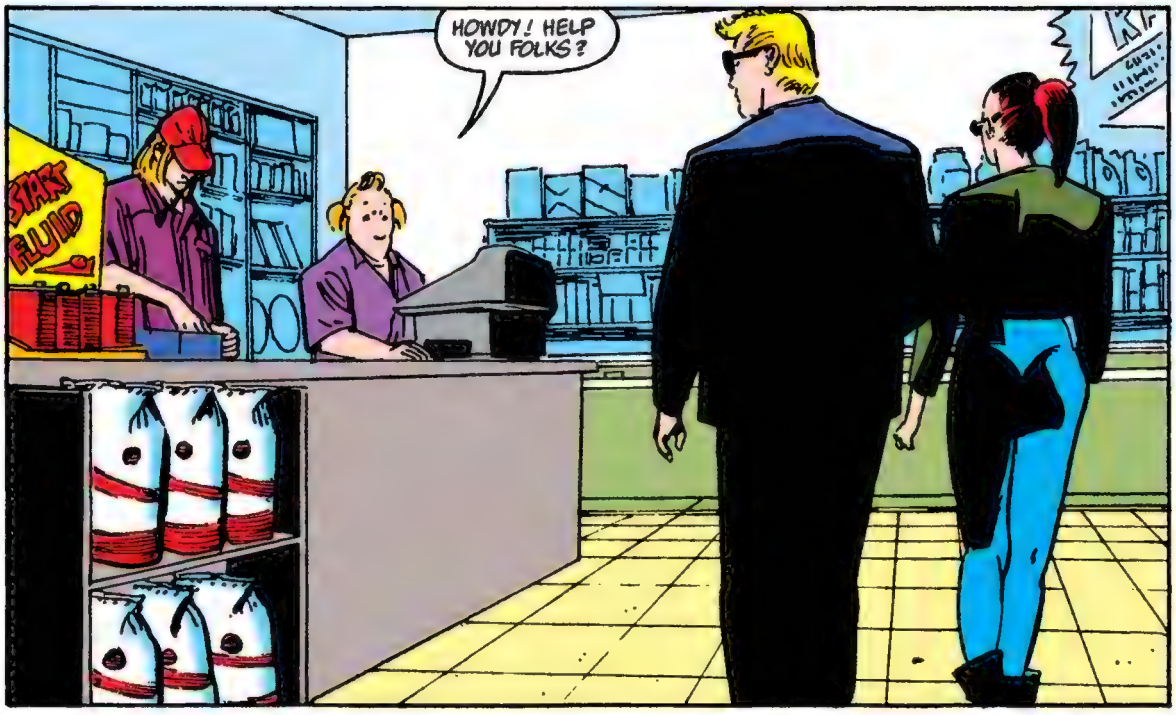


. . . and ruined.

Leaving G.I. Joe, once again, on top. Not a bad way to end another year at all!

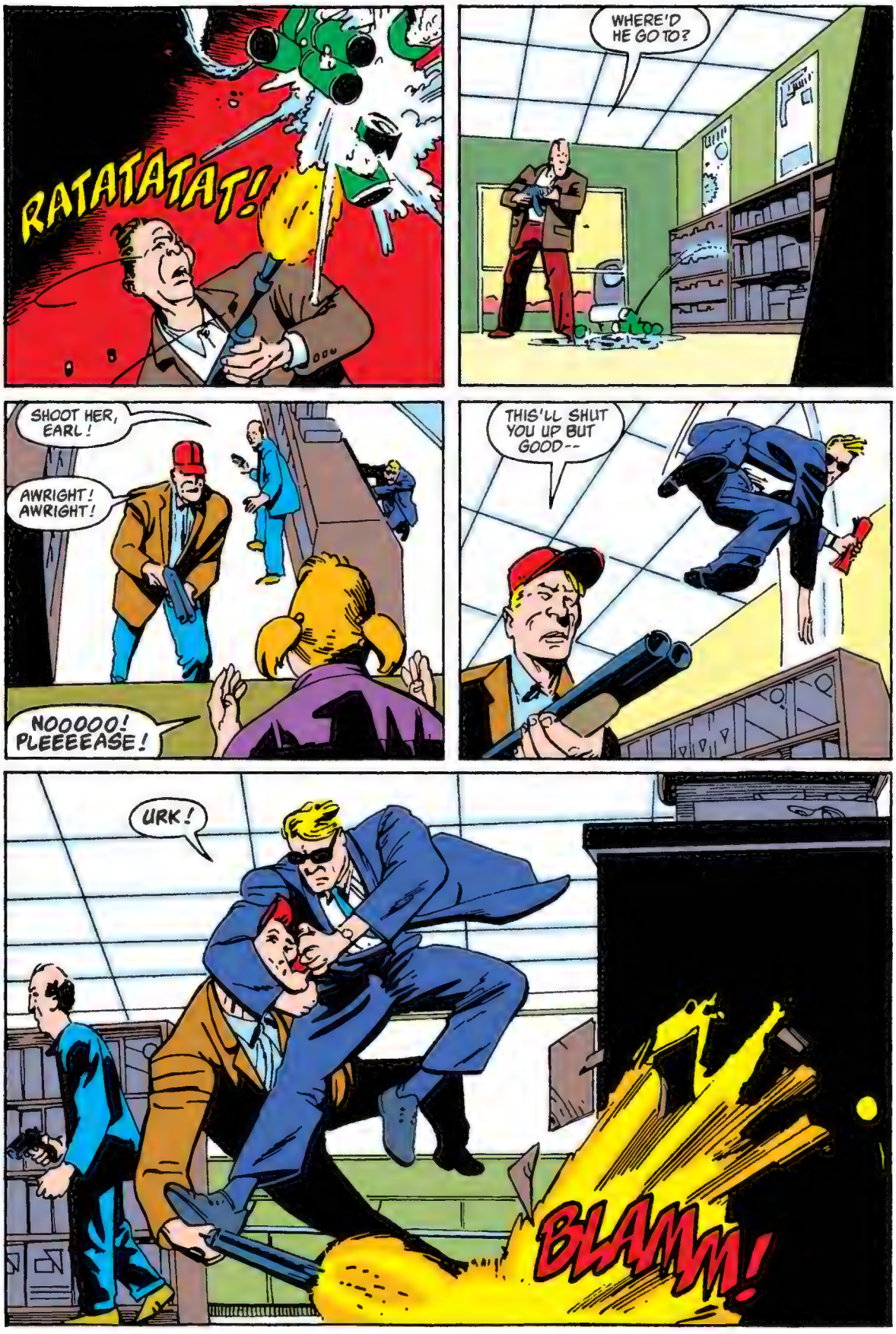

BYSTANDER
THAT RUBBER MASK CHAFING YOU AROUND THE NECK, SNAKE-EYES?
8-12

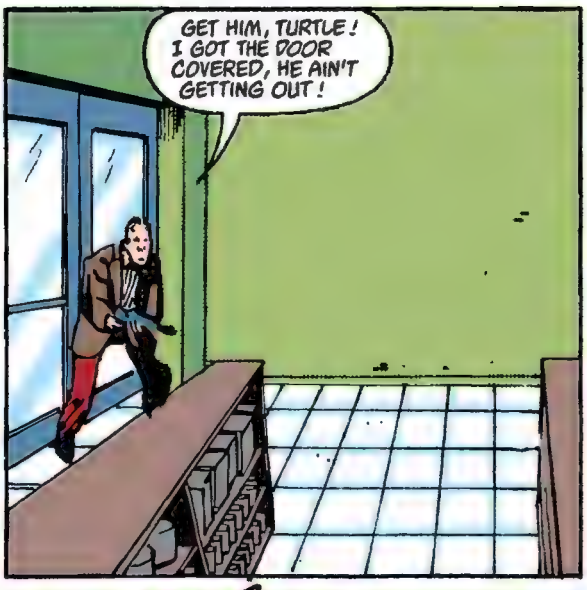

SCRIPT -- LARRY HAMA
ART -- TONY SALMONS
COLORS -- BOB SHAREN
LETTERING -- BILL OAKLEY
EDITOR -- BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF -- TOM DEFALCO
A LITTLE TALCUM POWDER OUGHT TO FIX THAT RIGHT UP!
8-12
NY-761


HOWDY! HELP YOU FOLKS?
START FLUID

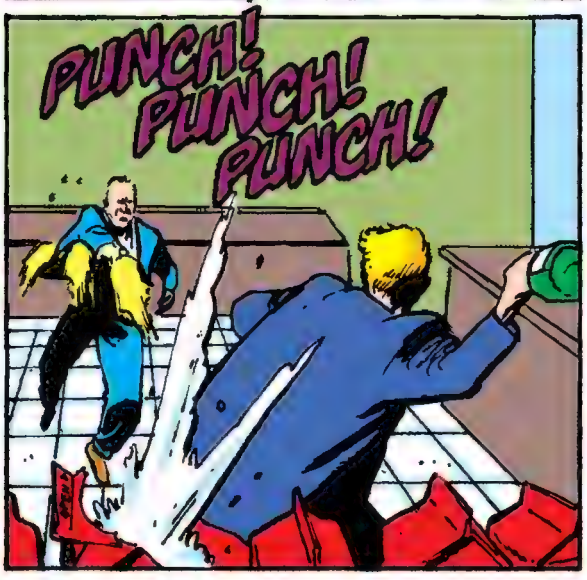
GOT ANY TALCUM POWDER? BABY POWDER WILL DO JUST FINE...
WE DON'T CARRY THOSE THINGS, MA'AM. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE SAVE-MART DRUGS TWO STORES DOWN...
HEAR THAT? YOU STAY HERE AND BROWSE, I'LL RUN DOWN AND GET IT.
JUST ONE CUSTOMER INSIDE. THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT'S GONNA GET...
HOW DO. BEEN HAVIN' A BUSY DAY?
CAN'T COMPLAIN...
THAT'S GOOD. REAL GOOD...

...THEN I'LL BET YOUR CASH REGISTER IS CHOCK FULL!
HAND IT OVER, WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, SLICK! JUST FREEZE...
THEY GOT GUNS, BOB!
I CAN SEE THAT, TRACY-ANN!
LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING HASTY, NOW, BOYS... I'M SURE WE CAN WORK SOME-THING OUT JUST--
STAY AWAY FROM THAT ALARM BUTTON--
BLAMM
WAAAAAAAA!
BEST QUIT THAT CATER-WALLING, GIRL, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME!
SHE SEEN YOUR FACE, EARL! WE CAN'T--


RATATATAT!
WHERE'D HE GO TO?
SHOOT HER, EARL!
AWRIGHT! AWRIGHT!
NOOOOO! PLEEEEASE!
THIS'LL SHUT YOU UP BUT GOOD--
URK!
BLAMM!


GET HIM, TURTLE! I GOT THE DOOR COVERED, HE AIN'T GETTING OUT!

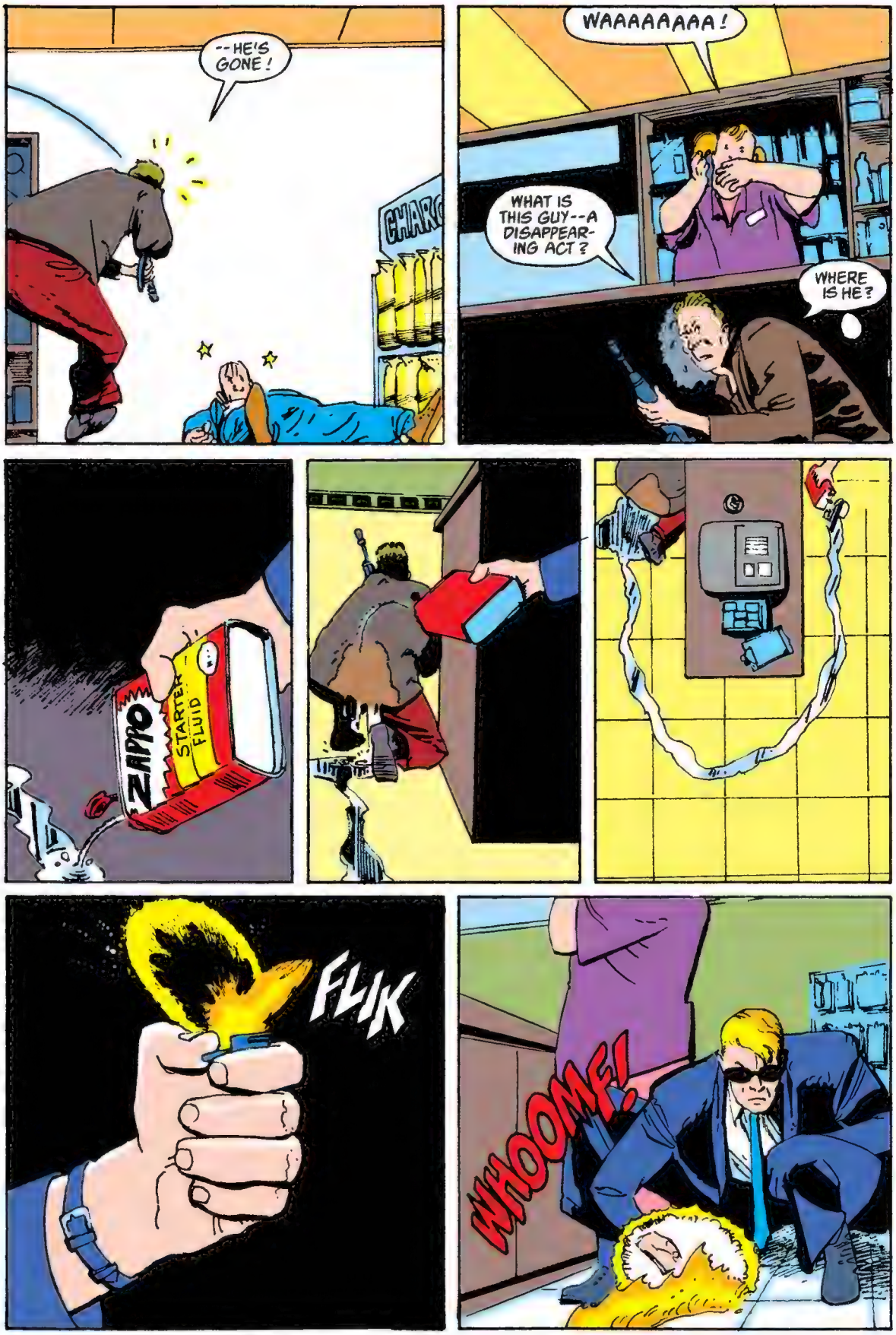
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT!
DAIRY


PUNCH! PUNCH! PUNCH!

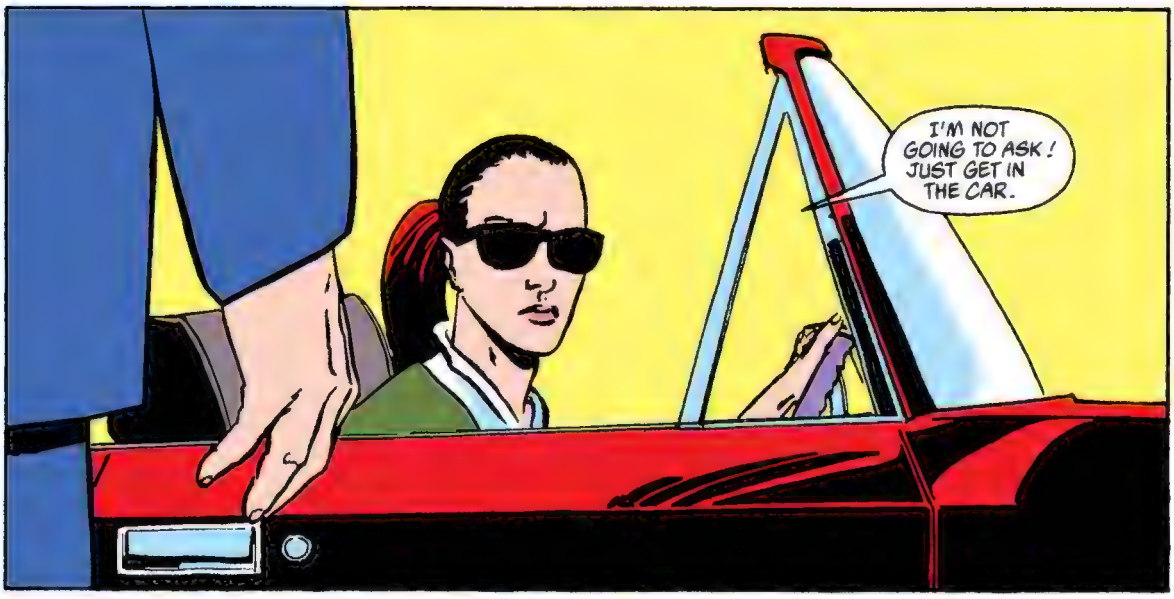
CRASHH
ARRRRRCH!

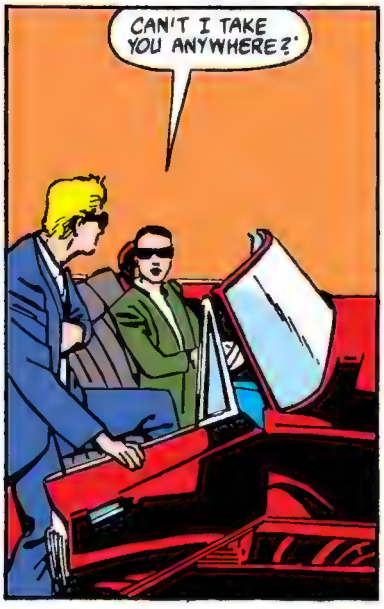
HOLD HIM, TURTLE! I'M COMING!

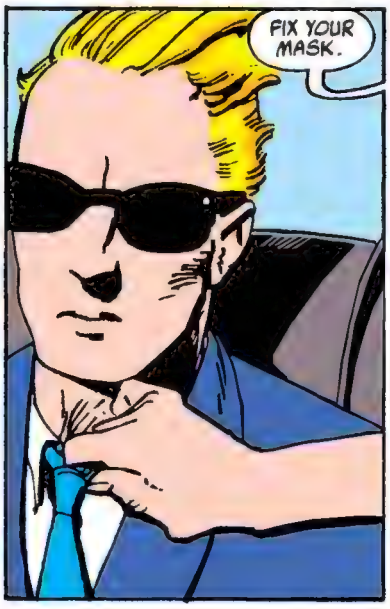
I'M--


--HE'S GONE!
WAAAAAAAA!
WHAT IS THIS GUY--A DISAPPEARING ACT?
WHERE IS HE?
ZAPPO
STARTER FLUID
FLIK
WHOOME!

AIIEEEEEEEEEE
KOF! KOF! KOF!
PULL
THERE YOU ARE!


I'M NOT GOING TO ASK! JUST GET IN THE CAR.


CAN'T I TAKE YOU ANYWHERE?


FIX YOUR MASK.

8-12
HERE'S YOUR POWDER...

MEMO

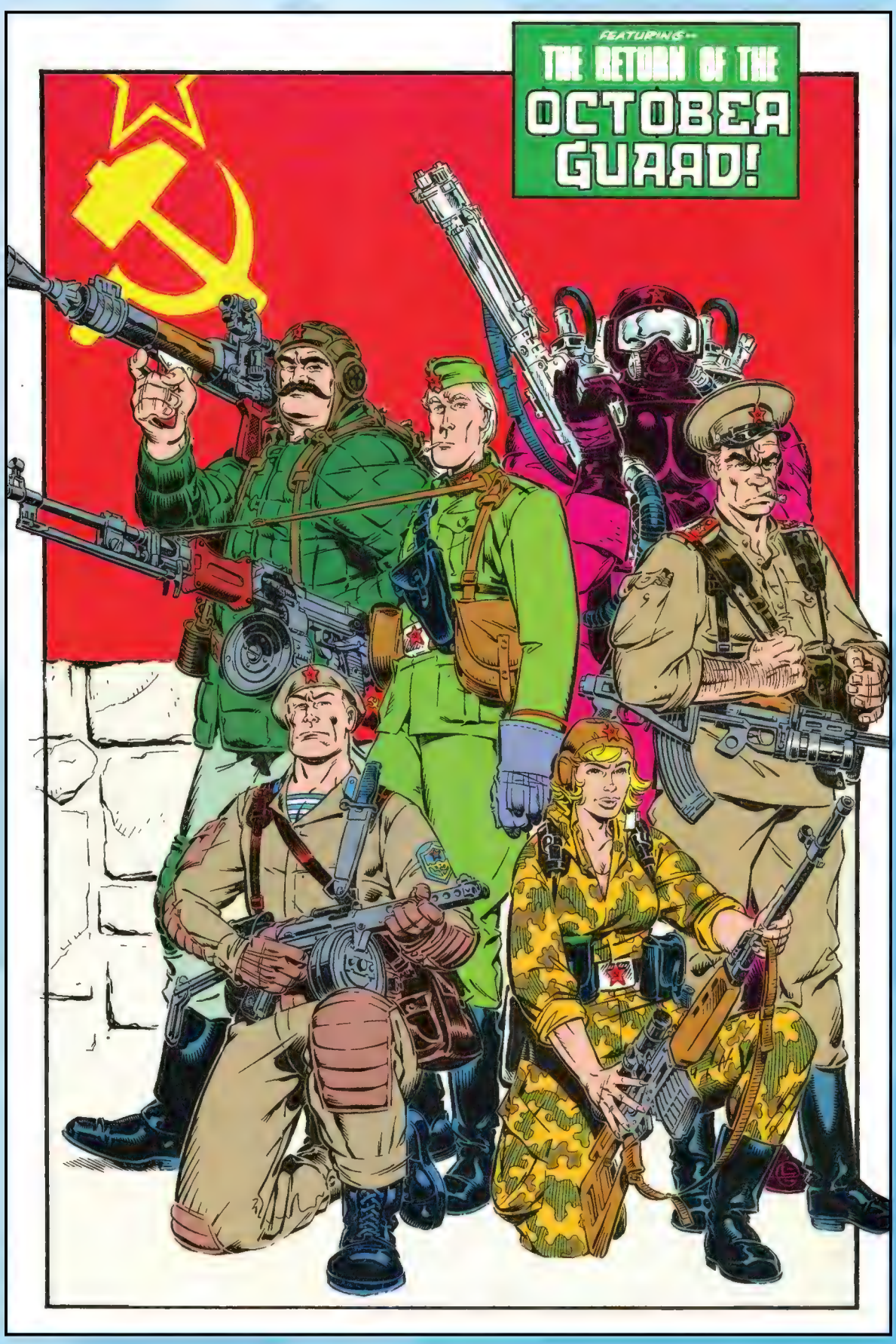
From: Hawk
To: All units
Subj: G.I. JOE

It's been 12 months of far-flung soldiering, troops! The Joes have ranged the globe from Scotland to Central America, from the Arabian Gulf to behind the Iron Curtain — we even made an orbital sortie! If military airlift command had a frequent flier plan, we'd have racked up enough mileage points for an extended R&R in Grenada!

We've witnessed dissension, political shenanigans, and great personal sacrifice. Through it all we've kept the team spirit together and resolved to carry on—

Enough of this desk-soldiering! Let's get out in the field where the rear echelon doesn't exist and the bottom line is a trooper and his weapon!

Hawk


FEATURING--
THE RETURN OF THE
OCTOBER GUARD!

YO, JOE!!
M.Z. + BMC

SKETCHES FROM ARTIST MICHAEL GOLDEN

GLOVES, RIBBING, HOOD, AND HELMET BR2

INSIDE INSIGNIA YR

VEST + BELTS YBR2

H·K· VP70

BUCKLE SILVER

PLAN SHEET

COBRA PILOT
FOR F·A·N·G· AND RATTLER

Flint

G.I. Joe 114

G.I. Joe 116

·FLINT·

·LADY J·

1 Pos
S/S to Don
DALEY
+